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THE MESMERIZER AND THE EX-PRESS MAN.

A few years ago, before the railroad company between Albany and Buffalo had provided the long and comfortable cars now used by the Mail Agents, and Livingston & Wells, the Messenger of the latter, rode in the passenger car, "just like any body," and of course, encountered all sorts of characters. One of the firm, whose love of wag-gery is well known, happened to be going to Buffalo, and was seated quietly in the car, when his attention was directed to the conversation of two individuals opposite.—One of these two was, it appeared, a travelling mesmerizer—a regular "professor" of the "science." He was dilating upon its rapid development—the wonderful phenomena it exhibited—its astonishing curative power for disease—the extraordinary discoveries developed through its agency. Finally he got upon his own superiority as a "professor,"—a congenial theme—and here he was at home. After narrating a variety of experiments—some of them astonishing of course—he spoke of the following with a *gusto* that was irresistible. Said he:

"Last week I was going through the streets of this very city, (Rochester) and saw a man just ahead to whom I was anxious to speak. He walked too fast for me to overtake him without running, so I just straightened out my right arm, concentrated my will, made a *pass* at him—*thus*—and he stopped quicker than lightning."

"Wh-wh-wh-why, mister, y-you don't call that m-m-m-m-ch of a tri-i-ick, do you?"

"Yes, sir, I rather flatter myself, sir, that it was a pretty strong demonstration."

"W-w-w-well, it don't be-g-in with wh-wh-wh-what I once did."

"Then you are familiar with the science, sir, I presume?"

"S-s-s-some."

"Might I inquire what was the case you spoke of?"

"C-c-c-cer-certainly. Y-y-you see I h-h-h-appened to be up there in Batavia once in the winter. G-g-going down to the c-c-c-c, I saw a m-a-a-n on t-t-t-top of a building, sh-ov-eling off snow; pr-etty soon his f-t-foot slipped and d-d-d-down he came; w-n-wh-wh-when he had got about h-h-half way down, I just m-made a p-p-pass at him, and it st-opped him quicker than powder. I c-c-c-came off with o-out thinking a-a-ny thing more a-bout it. If you are ge-o-ing to Batavia, I wish y-you would just l-let him down, for I pr-pr-pre-sume he is h-h-h-ang-ing there yet"

BREAD versus BULLETS. The Americans have nobly supplied food for the Irish, and we shall look at their flag with increased respect. Their stripes shall be to us significant of a gridiron, and their stars of sugared buns. Glad are we to find that the American subscriptions have been so nobly acknowledged in the House of Commons. These thanks for bread will go far to keep bullets out of fashion. The 'Indian Meal Beek' is, to our mind, a much more delightful volume than any 'History of the American War'; and the directions therein written for the composition of Hominy cakes and Slap-jacks far better than any talk of red-coat tactics. Bombs have had their day, let us henceforth try buns; and wherever America has battered our ships, let her, for all time to come, batter our frying-pans. To paraphrase the pie-man, 'Brown Johnny cakes is in—Congreve rockets is out.'—[London Punch.]

POURING HOUSE. In many gentlemen's houses in France, there is an apartment, of an octagonal form, twelve or fifteen feet across, and thirty-six or forty-five feet round, and all the eight sides, as well as the ceiling above, are of the most polished glass mirrors; so that when a man stands in the centre of the room, he sees himself in every direction, multiplied in a row of selfs, as far as the eye can extend. The humor of it is, that when the lady of the house is out of temper, when she is angry, or when she weeps without a cause, she may be locked up in this chamber to pout, and see in every direction, how beautiful she is.

THE CHINESE TAILOR; OR, THE CAPTAIN'S NEW TROUSERS.

Translated from the French of Alexander Dumas.

Amongst the different pairs of trousers which my friend had made for him before leaving Paris, there was one which was considered a masterpiece; it was one of those miracles which sometimes issue from the establishments of Humann or Vandean, and which envelope the boots, indicate the calf, abolish the knee, mark the thigh, and deny the existence of corporation.—Accordingly, thanks to the predilection which the owner entertained for them, the trousers, after having flourished along the coast, at the Cape of Good Hope, and the Isle of France, arrived at Canton, nearly worn out. Nevertheless, owing to that fashionable cut which nothing, not even the fact of being new, can supply the place of, they still looked very well, when the sailor, who served as the captain's valet, let fall half the oil contained in a lamp which he was cleaning on to the middle of the thigh of the unfortunate pair.

In spite of his philosophy, this blow had such an effect upon the captain, that he had not quite recovered from it when one of his Canton associates came as usual to smoke his pipe of opium with him. He found him in such a state of vexation that he feared some great misfortune must have happened to him, and accordingly he inquired what had taken place to alter his habitual good humor. The captain showed him the unfortunate trousers, which he had now thrown aside:—"There!" said he, "just look. The very pair you were complimenting me on yesterday."

The friend took the trousers, and turned them about with the most annoying calmness. When he was quite convinced that they could not be worn again, he observed:—

"Well, you must have another pair made."

"Another pair made!" answered the captain.

"And who's to make another pair—some of your Chinese fellows?"

"Certainly, some of my Chinese fellows!" returned the friend with imperturbable coolness.

"Yes, and get a sack sent me, made in their regular style!" continued the captain, shrugging his shoulders.

"They won't make you a sack," said the other; "and if you only give them their model upon which you want them made, they will turn you out a pair of trousers that Vandean wouldn't know from his own."

"Really," said the captain.

"Upon my honor," assured the friend.

"Well, I have heard a hundred times of the fidelity of the Chinese in imitation."

"And all that you have heard upon the subject has been less than the truth."

"By heaven, you make me anxious to try them."

"Do try, especially as it won't cost you much. How much did you pay for those trousers?"

"Fifty-five or sixty francs, I don't quite remember."

"Well, you can see what they're capable of doing here for fifteen."

"And what tailor must I take them to?"

"The first you come to. Mine, if you like; he lives at the gate."

The captain rolled his trousers under his arm, follows his friend, and arrives at the tailor's.

"Now," said the friend explain what you want, and I will translate your words to him."

The captain did not wait twice speaking to.—He spread out the trousers, pointed out their cut, and ended by saying that he wanted a pair exactly like them. The friend translated the order, and laid great stress on the directions.

"Very well," said the tailor, "in three days the gentleman shall have what he wants."

"What does he say?" asked the captain impatiently.

"He says you shall have what you desire in three days."

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE. Thursday forenoon a little girl, some 8 years of age, narrowly escaped a horrid accident in front of the Bromfield House, Bromfield street. In attempting to cross the street in front of an omnibus, through carelessness she permitted herself to come so near the team that the fore leg of one of the horses struck her in the side, and threw her a distance of some ten feet, entirely out of harm's way. The child was immediately raised by Mr. Spear, the prisoner's friend, and its injuries, which were not great, properly treated for.

"Three days! That's a long time," says the captain.

The friend translated the captain's remark to the Chinese, who looked at the trousers again, shook his head, and said a few words in reply to the interpreter.

"Well?" asked the captain.

"He says there's a great deal to do, and that three days are not too long in order to have it properly done."

"Well, three days, then; but don't let him break his word."

"Oh, as for that, there is no fear. In three days, at the exact time, he'll be at your house." And the two friends went away, repeating their directions to the artist for the last time.

Three days afterwards, as the captain and his friend were smoking their pipe of opium, the domestic opened the door, and announced the tailor.

"Oh, indeed," said the captain. "Well, let us see if he is as skilful as he is punctual."

"There they are," said the tailor.

"Let's try them," said the captain, as he took the trousers from the hands of the tailor, put them on, and, in order to be certain that they fitted well, told the tailor to draw up the blinds.

"Why, they fit wonderful," said the friend.

"I should think so," said the captain; "he has given me my old pair. But where are the others, you stupid?" he exclaimed to the Chinese.

The friend translated the remark to the tailor, who gave the other pair with a triumphant look.

The captain changed the trousers.

"Well, I must be mad!" said the captain.—

This pair now seems to be mine. Where can the new ones be?"

The friend expressed the captain's doubts to the tailor, who held out the trousers upon which he had just finished operating.

"Well, here is the new pair," said the friend.

"No! can't you see they are the old ones?" replied the captain. "Why, hang it, there's the spot of grease."

"And there's one on the pair you have on as well."

"What fool's wit can this be?"

The friend turned to the Chinese, questioned him, and, upon hearing his reply, burst into a shout of laughter.

"Well?" said the captain.

"Well, said the friend, "what did you order from this good man?"

"I ordered a pair of trousers."

"Like your own."

"Yes, like my own."

"Well, he made them so like that you can't tell the difference, that's all. But he tells me that, his greatest trouble has been to wear them out, and spot them exactly in the same places; and that he must charge you five francs extra, because he failed with two pairs before coming to a satisfactory result; now, however, he defies you to distinguish one pair from the other. You must allow that that's well worth the twenty francs."

"Indeed it is," replied the captain, as he drew a Napoleon from his pocket, and gave it to the Chinese.

The Chinese thanked him, and asked for the captain's custom as long as he remained in Canton, although, he added, if he always had such difficult work given him, there would be nothing gained by it.

From that day the captain could never tell one pair of trousers from the other, so much were they alike.

BABY WALKER. An ingenious philanthropist in New York has invented a machine which will rival the baby jumper in the affections of the infantile race. The instrument is termed a "baby walker," an arrangement for directing the orring steps of the little one, whose limbs fail to afford the requisite support for such a purpose. Its form resembles somewhat a common parlor ottoman, though in the top is cut a hole, into which the baby is placed, and secured from falling. A small saddle is suspended beneath the hole, upon which the infant rests, its feet touching the floor. The saddle is supported on springs which give the up and down movement at every motion of the little occupant. The contrivance is placed upon castors, and can therefore be pushed around the room by the youngest with the utmost ease.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

BY MARY L. GILLIES.

"Shall you be very late to-night?"

This question was asked in a soft, low voice, by a very pale, but very sweet creature, as she parted from her husband in the street.

"I do not know that I shall," he replied, somewhat coldly, as replacing his cigar between his lips he turned away.—There was carelessness rather than unkindness in his manner, and she looked after him more in sorrow than reproach.

Taking the hand of her little boy, she slowly bent her step homeward, with that drooping of the head which bespeaks sadness of heart. It was Saturday night; she had been marketing, and her little purchases were contained in a basket, which hung upon her arm. On reaching home, the very uppermost floor of the house, in a poor but decent neighborhood, she roused the fire, seated Philip, her little son, beside it, gave him a piece of bread and butter for his supper, and began to busy herself putting away the few necessities she had bought. How tenderly he was taken to his lonely mother's lap—his pretty face washed—his bright hair brushed, and he arrayed in his snowy bedgown. Pressed to her bosom, she warmed his little feet, her fond hand returning to them again from the fire to which she every now and then held her open palm, then pressing the soft foot, she kissed it playfully, and provoked the laughter so sweet to a mother's ear. These were Philip's first lessons, thus were gentleness and love awakened in his infant spirit by his capable, but uninstructed, unassisted mother. How full of meaning was his smile—how full of animation, and when kneeling in her lap, she joined his little hands, and bade him ask his Heavenly Father to bless his earthly parent, how sympathetically he caught the sweetly serious look—the calm, holy tone of his instructress. When his little prayer was said, he flung his arms about her neck, and cheek to cheek they murmured together the lulling song which concluded this little drama; for his eyes slowly closed and the smile softly passed from his face, and then he was gently consigned to his snug and snowy bed.

So far all was sweet; would it might be said all was calm; but the aching void in Susan's heart was not calmness, it was rather a craving for that mental and social aliment which is necessary to every breast, and cannot long be healthily denied to any. The more energetic spirits seek such associations or stimulants as chance presents to them, the gentler submit and suffer, often perish in silence.

Susan put a little fuel softly on the fire, trimmed her candle and sat down with the lonely woman's companion, her work-basket. A deep sigh stole from her bosom. Still the ceaseless needle was plied. Now and then she paused, it was to wipe away the tears that would gather on her lashes. She was just two-and-twenty, and had been four years married, during all of which time, with a brief exception of a few weeks previous to their settlement in town, she had thus been left night after

night in loneliness. Philip Morris, her husband, was an honest, industrious man, with a hundred good qualities; sober and solicitous of securing his family all the comforts his means afforded, he brought his weekly earnings, with a small reservation for some trifling indulgences for himself, to his wife, and, with the utmost trust in her management and economy, left them to her disposal. But while thus trusting and liberal, he seemed to consider that he acquitted himself of all that Susan might demand of him. While he sought improvement for himself it never occurred to him that it was her equal advantage. While he sought the interchange of thought with other minds, he

never reflected on the utter privation he had entailed on her. He had taken her from the home of her father, a small farmer, where her mother, a pains taking woman, had brought up Susan and several brothers and sisters, for their station, remarkably well. Her father's heart was one ever flowing with the milk of human kindness; and thus, aided by the cheerful spirits of their cherished children, a moral sunshine had ever lighted up their lowly home, and given it a thousand claims upon her love and memory. At moments Susan would look back upon the brief time that had been employed to woo her from it, as a dream; the whispered words of love—the promise of devotion—of endeavors for her happiness—the mighty city in which she was to dwell (which now appeared to her a maze of mud and stone, ill exchanged for the daisied fields, with their sweet breath and bright atmosphere) had all tended to an undefinable disappointment; yet, in the innocent ignorance of her heart, she could hardly have stated of what she had to complain. She loved her husband! she was proud of his superior abilities; and made no mean estimate of his high moral character undebased in the slightest degree by the gross vices which, secluded as was her life, she could not but perceive marked many around her, subjecting their wives to brutality and privation. Compared with such offences, she persuaded herself that Philip's neglect was very light and venial, and blamed herself for feeling it so much. But Susan was one of those flowers of humanity that would have amply repaid cultivation and that needed the sunshine of sympathetic kindness, the air of the social atmosphere to keep them in health and life.—Daily food, was scarcely more necessary to her physical nature; all this her husband's habits and the unsocial plans of life in England, and especially in London denied her. It is true, except morally, she was uncultivated, but she had talent and temperament that would soon have repaid a little kindly care. Too timid, too ignorant to plead her own cause, or urge her claims to him who had precluded appeal to all others, she uncomplainingly lived on without change, without stimulus or excitement; shut up within the four walls of her humble home, walking the unrelieved, the unvarying, round of her domestic duties, with her spirits full of capabilities unexplored and unexpanded. She grew nervous and hectic, her appetite and spirit failed, her frame wasted, while, quite and unrepining, almost unconscious of her malady, or its causes, consumption was rapidly developed. She was deemed delicate; medical advice was sought, and medicine and care assayed, while none guessed the quick current of feeling that flowed beneath the quiet bearing of that subdued, decaying woman; it wore the channel through which it made secret way, but seemed to brighten the spirit it was soon to extinguish.

Susan, after a time, felt that she was passing through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. This conviction did not depress her energies—it awakened them. She had communed with her own meek heart, lifted it to her Maker, and remembered with consolation that it said—"those also serve who only stand and wait."

She struggled on from day to day in the performance of her duties, amid many privations, the worst of all privations that of mental development and social cheer; yet she had a conscious account in her own heart, and her sincere and unassisted endeavor had no doubt a register amidst the higher achievements of more favored minds. With the certainty that she was not long for this scene, she redoubled her exertions to put her little household in order. She repaired and made clothes for her child, and, as she laid them away, embalmed them with her tears. In the same manner her needle toiled for her husband, and the savings which her frugality affected were employed to purchase

him sundry little comforts.

"This will keep him warm when I am cold," she thought; "he will little think that while he forgot me for better company 'tis true, my only happiness was to remember him, and that I shall scarcely be more solitary in the grave to which I am going, than I have been in the home to which he has brought me."

Sometimes a little ink bottle was taken from the mantle shelf, and a sheet of paper from her little table-drawer, and then with effort, a few lines were traced, and the paper hidden carefully away, as if she had committed a crime. One night she had made more endeavors of this kind than usual, and the struggling, unassisted spirit of intelligence was burning in her bright hazel eye, and glowing on her beautiful cheek, when she was startled by an unusual noise. The paper was hurried into the drawer, the ink bottle restored to the shelf, and taking the candle, she went out to the landing-place. She beheld her husband, assisted by two men, slowly ascending the stairs. He had met with an accident; had broken his arm—it had been set—he had fainted during the operation—and, with ghastly aspect incident to such circumstances, appeared before her.

This event prostrated Philip Morris for some time, during which Susan nursed him with unremitting care. It was long before he was able to return to work, but his employers were liberal and considerate, and did not forget in his weakness the man who had toiled for their advantage in the days of health and strength. But though unable to incur his manual labors, Philip Morris soon made an effort to get abroad in search of mental occupation and social enjoyment. He went to the club, to the Mechanic's Institute, to the coffee shops, where he could find the best selected books, and the most newspapers. All this was well done; he nobly determined to rescue himself from becoming the mere machine of toil, the drudge for so much trash as can be grasped thus. Alas! had he but thought of her whom he promised to love and cherish till death should part them—had he considered whether she had not a soul of equal value with his own—perhaps an intellect as capable of repaying culture—then had he been twice blessed—blessed in the act and in its reaction. But, selfishly devoted to his own objects of pursuit, habituated to the wan looks of his quiet wife, he failed to perceive her cheeks grow paler, and voice weaker—not that he had been insensible or indifferent to her cares and anxiety during his illness; but with renovated health he returned to his old habits, and, accustomed to receive sacrifices without making any, he sinned against gratitude and good feeling almost unconsciously. Gradually Susan found herself unequal to even the daily walk with little Philip, or the effort of going up and down stairs, and then there was some talk of her returning home for a time, and trying the effects of her native air. She smiled feebly as this was spoken of, yet left it unattempted; she knew that she was going to a farther and a better home, and often did she wish to say as much; but she was not eloquent of words, nor sufficiently strong in spirit, and after two or three fruitless attempts she desisted, and pursued, as far as she was able, the even tenor of her way.

Philip Morris recovered his health, and was restored to work and full wages; again he talked the country for Susan, and insisted on her trying a new doctor; he sought to tempt her appetite by such rarities as he could afford, but still he could not resign his own peculiar habit and enjoyments; and among the evils, these entailed, were late hours. One night he returned home as usual about midnight, when, on opening the door, instead of the small bright fire, the trimmed candle, and the pale, content worker he was accustomed to behold, there was darkness and silence.

he paused a moment—an indelible sensation of cold crept over his frame; and fear, like a paralysis, invaded his heart.—At length he exclaimed—

"Susan! Susan, my dear!"

There was no reply; he stepped farther into the room; he repeated her name still louder; all was still. He groped his way to the fire-place—on the mantle-shelf he found a box of lucifer matches—he obtained a light and lighted a candle. He now beheld Susan, with her hand resting on the table, seated in her usual place. He approached and took her hand. "Oh Heaven! its icy coldness! He flung himself on his knees on the floor, and looked up into her face; there was a sweet placid smile upon the lips, for a forgiving, gentle spirit had passed from them, but the eyes were fixed, and—Susan was dead—had been dead some hours!—The distracted man rushed down stairs, alarming all the inmates of the house as he passed. A medical man was soon present, and the chamber in which that young creature had almost lived and died alone, was thronged by a crowd, any one of whom, inspired by a better social system, would willingly have sustained her to a longer life, or cheered the brief time allotted her. All were horror-struck; particularly when the child, awakened by the tumult, scrambled out of his little bed, and rushed for protection to his lifeless mother. Not even that voice, eloquent as it had been to her, could awaken her again! The surgeon declared that her death had been sudden, and from natural causes, but that was a case which demanded an inquest.

An inquest was held. Among the evidence was a singularly affecting memorial: it was the little journal which Susan had for some time kept, like the poor dungeon prisoner, who daily notches a stick that he may be able to number the monotonous days of his captivity. The angel of death had arrested her hand just as it had feebly traced the following words—

"It will not be long now—my child—my poor little Philip. He who calls away your mother, will care for you. Philip Norris—my husband—my dear husband—I wish you were beside me now.—You have been good and kind, and generous,

and I was not the wife you should have had. Be a kind father to our child when I am gone. You will—yes, surely you will one day take another wife. Philip! that which you never gave to me, give to her—your society, your counsel. If she has been untaught, teach her—at least do not leave her to continual loneliness. You never knew it, and therefore cannot tell how sad the long, dull hours."

As the reading of this little paper proceeded, Philip Morris struck his heart as if he sought to crush it within his breast. That heart had not been fashioned for severity or unkindness; on the contrary much that was mild and generous mingled in its formation, but the second nature induced by habit had encrusted his original feelings and faculties; he had grown up to regard woman as the mere machine of domestic life, with neither necessity nor capability for higher things, and which to 'spirit masculine' he deemed so essential that he made much sacrifice to secure cultivation to himself. Too late conviction had dawned upon him, but it came accompanied by a contrition that accompanied him through the remainder of his life; and if at any moment he felt the promptings of self-concentrated satisfaction which the self-taught and isolate man (unable to compare himself with the more gifted and more endowed) is apt to do, he thought of Susan, and felt more humble; he thought of her and looked around him with a desire to participate, not appropriate, the feast that has been furnished for all.

Have you told Jesus?

Elizabeth attended a Sabbath school in England, and was very fond of her teacher, who took great pains with her, and was most anxious that all her scholars should make Jesus Christ their friend and should tell him all their desires and all their troubles. One day Elizabeth had a very mournful countenance. Being asked what was the matter, she replied, bursting into tears, "Oh, teacher, I cannot get any money for my missionary card; I have asked everybody I can think of, and I do not know what to do."

Teacher. My dear, do you remember what the disciples did, when they had toiled all night, and could not catch any fishes?

Elizabeth. Yes, teacher, they told Jesus Christ about it.

T. And what did Jesus say to them?

E. He told them where to cast the net, and they caught a great many fishes.

T. And do you not think that Jesus Christ knows where the money is, as well as he knew where the fishes were?

E. Yes, of course he does; I never thought of that before.

T. Well, then, my dear Elizabeth, dry your tears, and go home, and pray to Jesus, and ask him to help you, and come to me again in a week, and tell me what you have done.

Before the week was ended, the little girl came again to her kind friend, her face beaming with joy, and exclaimed, "Look at my card, teacher, it is quite full, I have seven shillings. I went home and told Jesus my trouble, and afterwards I thought of so many persons whom I had not asked before, and I went to them, and they all gave me some money. Now I am quite happy."

Now my dear young friends, we may learn from this little anecdote, how kind and gracious the Saviour is; he hears and answers the prayers even of a little child. You need never think that your troubles are too trifling to bring to Jesus, for he will fill your hearts with comfort, while you are seeking to do his holy will; he will ever guide you in the right way in fulfillment of his promise: "In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he will direct thy paths."—*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

INCIDENTS OF A PRINTING OFFICE.—The eternal "click," "click," of a printing office is sometimes interrupted by ludicrous incidents, arising from the ignorance of some people of the principles of the "black art." One or two of these, in our short experience, we shall give.

A son of the Emerald Isle once came into our office with the request that we should print him a single copy of the Catholic Bible, the Protestant version being unsuited to his notions. He generously offered us fifty cents for the trouble, but we couldn't make him comprehend how it would cost nearly as much to print a single copy as a thousand. He went away grumbling about Protestant intolerance.

Here is a horse of a very different color. A gawkey came swaggering into the office some months since and enquired if we could "print a picture" of his horse? Of course we could. Thereupon he commenced, "Well, print him 16 hands high, well muscled, splendid action, a dark bay, with a whitespot on his forehead." He had us there.—*Greenburg Press.*

The above brings to mind one of the many adventures of the days of our apprenticeship.—We were at the time, the "devil" of the office—the subject of all practical jokes inside, and of course expected to play off all the practical jokes upon outsiders. We could relate a score of these, but such is not our present purpose; we only wish to give another illustration of what the world knows of the mysteries of the craft. One day a jolly green looking chap walked into the office, and coming up to the case where we were "a setting up pi," demanded to know for what sum we would print him an "American Preceptor," "seeing it's you we'll knock the price right down to a dollar," was the reply. "And when will you dew it?" Here was a poser of a question. It was evident the bumpkin intended to stay and see it done. So we bantered him with a bet, (the printing office always wins,) and started him off after a pint of "black strap," to a neighboring store; and in his absence, went into the bookstore below, got the book "at cost," and on greeney's return, had the "American Preceptor" all printed to his mind! "I swow!" said he, "I'd no idea you could print the thing so d—d soon, or I wouldn't a gone after the black strap." But he launched out his dollar—we made fifty cents by the operation, and had a good subject to laugh about until something else turned up.—*Boston Mail.*

Bare Shoulders

The ladies' fashions, this winter, are to show more of the person than ever before, and a Parisian writer traces the downward movement to the following little bit of aristocratic gossip: It appears that Marshal Soult has received, with all the dulled sensibility of age, his recent grand appointment to the entire command of the French armies, an office which makes him the High Constable of France, as were Turenne and Villars before him. Not so insensible, however, is Madame High Constable-Duchess Soult, who, quite intoxicated with her new honors, as the better-half of so great an officer, insists upon an entire revival of the honors and privileges accorded to the wives of the High Constables of old. She has assumed, promptly, the solemn and ministrative manners becoming to her station, and insists on coming from her chateau to Paris, to be invested with the proper ceremonies. The privileges of Madame High Constable are:—to sit on the right of the King in public assemblies; to exercise a certain jurisdiction; to be saluted with thirteen guns, and to have stationed at her door, a guard of fifty men, commanded by a Captain and Lieutenant. Of course there is a period of waxing greatness, when the words that fall from its lips, become laws for those below. The Duchess-Constable recently received a visit at Soult-Berg, from a very high official personage. During the stay of her distinguished visitor, she dressed as she conceived was suitable to the antique dignity revived to do honor to her husband. Her guest, after the first day's astonishment was over, ventured to express his dissent from her taste by guarding her against such a most unaccustomed exposure of her person to the cool winds of Autumn. "What would you have, General?" was the reply, "nakedness is itself a dress!" The infantine simplicity with which this spiritual costume (long ago described as that of the Medicean Venus) was transferred, as a propriety, to living proportions, has so delighted the Parisians that the phrase was at once adopted, and made, by the *modistes*, the ground of a change in the fashions. It is heard all over Paris—in every ball-room, in every dress-maker's apartments, wherever and whenever fashions are discussed—"nakedness itself dresses." (*Le nu seul habille.*)—*Home Jour.*

Fanny's Roses.

"On, mama, look at those lovely roses in the hedge," said little Fanny, as she walked along a green lane with her mother.

"Please walk slowly, dear mother, while I gather some of them." And Fanny ran off, and plunged both hands into the hedge, catching eagerly at the roses. But she soon came back to her mother with tears on her cheeks and her hands torn and bleeding.

"Oh see, dear mother," she cried, "my hands are all scratched and torn with those ugly thorns in the hedge, and the roses are not half as pretty as they looked to be from here."

"So it is in life, my daughter;" answered her mother, "the pleasures and follies of this world tempt the young. All looks bright and beautiful, and they enter into them eagerly; but alas! there is always a thorn concealed under the rose, as all who have tried earth's pleasures will testify. Sorrow and disappointment come in their train, and like your roses, Fanny, they never give the pleasure they promise. There is but one thing that will give true happiness,—but one that never disappoints or deceives,—but one Rose in life without a thorn. And this is Religion. Here is no disappointment—no unhappiness. Religion alone, my daughter, affords true pleasure in this life, and gives the promise which is sure to be fulfilled, of happiness beyond the grave."

A visit among the Poor.

One cold morning in the early part of the last spring, I went forth in search of a poor family, who I heard were suffering from poverty and disease. Never shall I forget that morning, for I had not imagined that this beautiful village could contain such deep misery as I then witnessed! As long as life continues, those scenes of degradation and wretchedness, which I could not relieve, will haunt my midnight pillow, and flit before my eye at noonday.

In one house which contained a family in every room, I inquired in vain for the object of my search, and was about to leave, when a little girl about nine years old, came up to me and earnestly inquired if I "could pray to God!" I was surprised to hear such a question, for I knew I was among Catholics, who look to their priest for salvation; and my curiosity was excited by the neat appearance of the child, whose clean but scanty clothing strangely contrasted with the filthy beings around her. As I answered her question, she took my hand and led me to a small room where her mother lay in the last stages of consumption.

It would make my story too long were I to relate the history of that poor woman, though it was one of thrilling interest, and plainly displayed the fearful results of disobedience to parental authority. Suffice it to say, she had been the idolized daughter of a rich merchant, had married without the consent of her parents, who died a few years since insolvent, leaving her only sister and herself alone in the world; for her husband had proved a worthless rake, and soon found a drunkard's grave. She had come to this place, hoping to support herself and child with her needle; but her health rapidly declined, and she was at last compelled to send for her sister, to take care of her. Her afflictions had evidently been sanctified, and the *Christian's hope* had enabled her to meet with cheerfulness the pains of sickness, and the trials of poverty.

But now a far greater trial awaited her, and her spirit sank under it. Before her sister arrived, they had suffered severely from hunger, and her little girl had resorted to theft to supply the pressing wants of na-

ture. She had hoped that when they were provided with comfortable food, she would not again yield to the temptation; but alas! for the human heart! He who sees the depth of its villainy, has pronounced it deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked! She had again been detected in taking candy, and nuts, and now her mother's cup of sorrow was full. Her child had forfeited the care of her heavenly father, and she felt that she must soon die, and leave her with no friend to advise and protect her, except her aunt, who was not pious herself, and therefore but ill prepared to direct a youthful mind to the path of peace. I strove to comfort the afflicted woman, and did all that I could to smooth her pathway to the grave.

Several weeks passed away, when one morning I entered the humble dwelling, where an heir of glory lay waiting her passport to the realms of bliss. Her voice was gone—her tongue no longer performed its office, but the joyful, triumphant expression of that pale countenance, spoke of faith and hope that overcometh the fear of death, and pointed the departing soul to a glorious immortality beyond the grave. She looked at her child, who sat weeping beside her, with a smile that led me to believe that a change for the better had taken place. On conversing with her, I found that we had indeed reason to hope that this dear child had given her heart to God. She informed me that a lady had given her a paper, in which she read about a little boy who was ruined by stealing. She said "it made her heart ache to read it, and she begged that God would keep her from such a dreadful sin." I asked for the paper, and she gave me the "Well-Spring" for Feb. 5th, and pointed to the story of "Edgar."

As soon as Mrs. — was laid in the grave, her sister removed to another part of the village, and for some weeks, ill health prevented me from visiting her. At length I heard that her youthful charge was dead! I hastened to find her, to ascertain the truth, and found it was indeed true. My dear little Sarah had gone to meet her mother in a better world! Her aunt informed me that she was sick but two days, and from the first expressed a wish to die. She earnestly exhorted her to repent and prepare to die. She had a pair of silk gloves

of her mother's, which she wished her aunt to give to me in her name, and also a little card with the motto, "Home, sweet home." On the back of the card she wished her aunt to write after her dictation, "To my dear Miss — from her affectionate friend, Sarah S. M. — I am going home to Jesus' breast. Will thou meet me there in that land of rest? Fare thee well!" When the card was finished, she said, "Miss — will keep that for my sake; and O tell her that I want all the children to read the Well-Spring." Worcester, Aug. 23, 1847. E. W. A.

AN INTREPID ACT.—A letter from an officer on board the ship *Natchez*, Capt. Hall, of this port, Pernambuco, Nov. 14, relates the following instance of personal intrepidity, which has rarely been surpassed. The wife and children of Capt. Hall were on board the *Natchez* as passengers, when near the line on the passage out, while the vessel was sailing at the rate of four knots an hour, a little daughter of the captain, while amusing herself on deck, accidentally fell overboard. Her father, who chanced to be near the spot, immediately leaped from the side of the vessel, caught the sinking child, and sustained her in his arms, while a boat was lowered from the vessel for their rescue. Capt. Hall had become almost wholly exhausted when the boat reached them, but with characteristic presence of mind in a concentrate effort he succeeded in raising his hand above the surface of the water, which was eagerly grasped from the boat, and father and child were happily rescued from their perilous situation. — *N. B. Mercury*

The Germantown Telegraph says that Mr. John Good, of that borough, upon examining recently a potato vine that had prematurely died, found it to have been destroyed by a worm penetrating the heart of the vine, and eating out its vitality nearly twelve inches, down nearly to the face of the ground, where the worm died. Other vines are affected in the same way, and the opinion is expressed that this is the real cause, not only of the blight on the potato but of the rot itself.

PROLIFIC. A pair of old swallows have this year produced, in a nest in sight of the window before which our desk is placed, twelve litter of young, five in each litter, and the second litter are about large enough to fly, and will be off in a day or two. The season will be long enough for them to produce another litter, if they hurry up matters as they have done with the other.

SONG.

Although his voice no love express'd,
Its soft and tender tone
Said more than love, or else I guess'd
His feelings by my own.

We danced—his hand touch'd mine—it shook,
He heaved a tender sigh;
Met his gaze,—its thrilling look
Was mute, for friends were nigh.

He came, he poured his vows, in sound
Like angel's hymns above;
But ah! more sweet and dear I found
That first mute look of love!

A GOOD ONE.

An old Frenchman yesterday saluted a man on the corner of State and Washington streets, with—

"Monsieur? volez vous inform me where I shall get

—ze—vat sal I call him—ze, ze Russia—Russia?"

"Oh, Russia what?" says the man.

"No, no, no—not ze Russia what; ze Russia, Russia, vat you puts on ze—ze—ah, sacra!—you know vat I mean ask?"

"Can't say I do, unless you are after Russia leather, want to go to Russia?" said the man.

"No, no, I not sal vat ze leasair, nor go to Russia; vants go to ze store of Mons. Red-ding & Compa-nee, ze king so quick cure ze burn, ze scald, ze sore, ze cut as so-fort; he sal be 25 cents a box—I forget his name!"

"Oh, the Russia Salve!"

"We, Monsieur!—dat's him, ze Russia Salve; mai I call get him now! right away directly," and away he bolted for 8 State street.

A witty auctioneer was trying to sell an old hand organ. To that end he was grinding on the music; and the crowd, in sport, began throw out pennies, when a countryman standing by said, "Sir, you ought to have a monkey." "My good fellow," said the auctioneer, "so had step right up here."

Good Wife.

That young lady will make a good wife, who does not apologise when you find her at work in the kitchen, but continues at her task till the work is finished.

When you hear a lady say, "I shall attend church and wear my old bonnet and every day gown, for I fear we shall have a rain-storm," depend upon it she will make a good wife.

When a daughter remarks, "Mother, I would not hire help, for I can assist you do all the work in the kitchen," set it down that she will make somebody a good wife.

When you hear a young woman saying to her father, "Don't purchase a very expensive or showy dress for me, but one that will wear best," you are certain she will make a good wife.

When you see a female rise early, get breakfast and do up her mother's work in season, and then sit down to sew or knit, depend upon it, she will make a good wife.

When you see a female anxious to learn a trade, so as to earn something to support herself and perhaps assist her aged parents, you may be sure that she will make one of the best of wives.

The best qualities to look after in a wife are—industry, humility, neatness, gentleness, benevolence and piety. Where you find these there is no danger. You will obtain a treasure, and not regret your choice to the latest period. — [Portland Tribune.

Advice to Mothers.

Mothers! if you would train up your children to be useful members of society, keep them from running about the streets. The great school of vice is the street. There the urchin learns the vulgar oath or the putrid obscenity. For one lesson at the fire-side, he has a dozen in the kennel. Thus are scattered the seeds of falsehood, gambling, theft and violence. Mothers, as you love your own flesh and blood, make your children cling to the hearth-stove. Love home yourself, sink the roots deep among your domestic treasures; set an example in this, as in all things, which your offspring may follow. It is a great error, that children may be left to run wild in every sort of street temptation for several years, and that it will then be time enough to break them in. This horrid mistake makes half the spendthrifts, thieves and drunkards. No man would raise a colt or an ox, on such a principle; no man would suffer the weeds to grow in his garden for any length of time. Look at the matter parents! See, more especially, that your children are not out at night, loitering around some coffee house or theatre.

A man with a red face, and looking rather shabby, called at a house in the country, on Sunday and asked for a drink of cider. The good lady of the house refused, telling him that she would not. He urged, telling her she had better, for some persons had entertained angels unwares. "Yes," said she, "I know that; but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sunday."



WONDERFUL SAGACITY OF ELEPHANTS.

In the Island of Ceylon, the value of elephants to perform heavy labor can scarcely be estimated. A late traveler saw a troupe of them at work near Colombo, in the commissariat timber-yard, or the civil engineer's department, in removing or stowing logs and planks, or in rolling about heavy masses of stone for building purposes. I could not (says he) but admire the precision with which they performed their allotted task, unaided, save by their own sagacity. They were one morning hard at work, though slowly, piling up a quantity of heavy pieces of ebony. The lower row of the pile had been already laid down with mathematical precision, six logs side by side. These they had first rolled in from the adjoining wharf; and, when I rode up, they were engaged in bringing forward the next six for the second row in the pile. It was curious to observe those uncouth animals seize one of the heavy logs at each end, and by means of their trunk lift it up on the logs already placed, and then arrange it crosswise upon them with the most perfect skill. I waited whilst they thus placed the third row, feeling a curiosity to know how they would proceed when the timber had to be lifted to a greater height. Some of the logs weighed nearly twenty hundred weight. There was a short pause before the fourth row was touched; but the difficulty was no sooner perceived than it was overcome.—The sagacious animals selected two straight pieces of timber, placed one end of each piece on the ground with the other resting on the pile, so as to form a sliding way for the next logs, and; having seen that they were perfectly steady and in a straight line, the four-legged laborers rolled up the slope they had just formed the six pieces of ebony for the fourth layer on the pile. No the least amusing part of the performance was the careful survey of the pile made by one of the elephants, after placing each log, to ascertain if it was laid perfectly square with the rest. The sagacity of these creatures in detecting weakness in the jungle bridges thrown across some of the streams in Ceylon, is remarkable. I have been assured that in carrying a load, they invariably press one of their fore-feet upon the earth-covering of the bridge to try its strength; and that if it feels too weak to carry them across, they will refuse to proceed until lightened of their load. On one such occasion a driver persisted in compelling his elephant to cross a bridge against the evident wish of the animal; a was expected by his comrades, a structure gave way, elephant and driver were precipitated into the river, and the animal was drowned.

A Lawyer not over young nor handsome, examining a young lady witness in court, determined to perplex her, and said, 'Miss upon my word, you are very pretty?' The young lady very promptly replied, 'I would return the compliment, sir if I WERE NOT ON OATH.'

How far is it to Franklin Square? was the interrogative to a son of the Emerald Isle, recently.

'Purthy well, thank yer, how is yours?' said Pat.

'I want to find Franklin Square, can you tell me where it is?'

'Och, indade, and afther finding something; I is a sorry man for yer, an' niver a bit did see it at all at all.'

Our inquirer pushed ahead laughing at the stupidity of our imported inhabitants.

'This is what I call flat burglary,' said a policeman who caught a rogue in the act of blowing open a safe the other evening.

'Yes, and d——d unprofitable!' replied the burglar.

Two friends, who happened to be Judges of different courts and who are quite opposed to calling each other by their titles as unnecessarily ceremonious, meeting one day in the street, Judge F. said to the other, 'good morning, Judge S.' who immediately replied,

'Judge not, that you may not be judged.'

'Which do you prefer taking, chloroform or ether,' said Dr. Hitchcock to a patient, whose aching tooth he was about to extract.

'I dont take e(i)ther!' was the ready reply.

A COLD AND FATAL JOURNEY.—A party of seventeen gentlemen, started during the snow-storm of Tuesday from Buffalo to Cincinnati and intermediate points. Before reaching Erie it was discovered that one of the passengers was about closing his eyes in the sleep of death. He was taken into a tavern on the road, and by proper restoratives brought to conscience. On inviting the driver of the sleigh into the house, he made no reply, and upon examination, he was found to be stone dead, having been frozen by the extreme cold.

An Ohio paper says, there is a post-master in the town of Palestine that does not know the use of postage stamps. He thinks that they are "merely a city ornament." He has charged five cents on all letters, and which were prepaid—making eight cents on each letter.

FRIENDS ARE ALL AROUND US.

Friends are all around us;
Even the little child
Loves the stranger whom he met,
Who looked on him and smiled.
Friends are all around us,
If as friends we greet
Those whom in our journeying
On life's worn way we meet.

Friends are all around us;
By a kindly word,
By a look of sympathy
The loneliest heart is stirred.
Do not all our footsteps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

Does the pure dew, glistening
On the fair wild rose,
Shun the dark, unlovely weed
That beside it grows?
Does the sun-beam, shining
On the stately dome,
Lose its lustre when it rests
On the peasant's home?

If one heart grows lighter,
By our words made glad—
If one weary spirit,
Drooping faint and sad,
Half forgets its anguish
For a little while—
Is it vain for us to speak
Vain for us to smile?

One word kindly spoken,
Simple though it be,
Is often sweetest music
In the hour of agony;
One look, kindly given,
When the lips move not,
May be treasured in the heart,
Ne'er to be forgot.

There's an "open sesame"
To each human heart,
At whose magic sound, at once
Freely thrown apart,
Are the close-barred portals
Of its deepest cell,
Bidding us, in Friendship's name,
Enter in and dwell.

Friends are all around us;
There's a gentle tone
Wheresoe'er we wander,
Answering to our own.
Do not all our footsteps
To the same home tend?
Why should not each one of us
Be to each a friend?

that is worse than a bad one.

spending the evening around—cross enough in all conscience.

OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business, especially in grain.—One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay at the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distress; and he accosted him with—

"Hey! my man, what is the matter with you this morning?"

The negro lifted his eyes, and looking at Mr. B., replied—

"Ah, massa, I'm in great trouble."

"What about?"

"Kase I've fetched up here to be sold."

"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"

"No, no, massa, none o' dat; it's because I didn't mind de aude's."

"What kind of orders?"

"Well, massa stranger, I tell you. Mass Willum very strick man, and very nice man too, and ebery body on de place got to mine him; and I break trow de rule; but I didn't tend to break de rule, doe; I forgot meself, an I got too high."

"It is for getting drunk, then, is it?"

"O no, sah, not dat nother."

"You are the strangest negro I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard, you had better tell me what you did."

"Please, massa, don't trow the poor flitted nigger in de wata."

"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."

"For prayin, sah."

"For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"

"O yes, sah, he let me pray easy; but I hollers too loud."

"And why did you halloo so in your prayer?"

"Kas: de Sperit comes on me, and I gets happy fore I knows it, den; den I gone; can't tol meself den; den I knows nothin bout massa's rule; den I holler if old Sattin hissef come, wid all de rules of de quisition."

"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"

"O yes; no help for me now; all de men in de world couldn't help me now; kase wea Mass Willum say one thing, he no do anoder."

"What is your name?"

"Moses, sah."

"What is your master's name?"

"Massa name Colonel William C—."

"Where does he live?"

"Down on the Esin Shoah."

"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"

"O yes; Massa Willum good; no better massa in de world."

"Stand up and let me look at you." And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and as Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.

"Where is your master?"

"Yander he is, jis comin to de warf."

As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him so unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Colonel C. did. He introduced himself, and said—

"I understand you wish to sell that negro man yonder on board the schooner."

Colonel C. replied that he did.

"What do you ask for him?"

"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."

"How old is he?"

"About thirty."

"Is he healthy?"

"Very, he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of the ague."

"Is he hearty?"

"Yes, sir; he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."

"Is he a good hand?"

"Yes, sir, he is the best hand on my place. He is steady, honest and industrious. He has been my foreman for the last ten years, and a more trusty negro I never knew."

"Why do you wish to sell him?"

"Because he disobeyed my orders. As I said he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him, I built his quarter within a hundred yards of my own house; and I never have rung the bell at any time in the night or morning, that his horn did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he termed family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarter every night and morning; and when he began his prayer, it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if (as he learned it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters and their children, and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes, when we would have visitors, Moses' prayers would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would set me almost frantic; and even after I had retired, it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours after he had finished. I bore it as long as I could, and then forbid his praying so loud any more. Moses promised obedience, but he soon transgressed; and my rule is never to whip, but when a negro proves incorrigible, I sell him. This keeps them in better subjection, and is less trouble than whipping. I pardoned Moses twice for disobedience in praying so loud, but the third time I knew I must sell him, or every negro on the farm would soon be perfectly regardless of all my orders."

"You spoke of Moses' quarter; I supposed from that he has a family."

"Yes, he has a woman and three children—or wife, I suppose he calls her now, for soon after he got religion, he asked me if they might be married, and I presume they were."

"What will you take for her and the children?"

"If you want them for your own use, I will take seven hundred dollars; but I shall not sell Moses nor them to go out of the State."

"I wish them all for my own use, and will give you the fourteen hundred dollars."

Mr. B. and Col. C. then went to B.'s store, drew up the writings, and closed the sale, after which they returned to the vessel; and Mr. B. approaching the negro, who sat with his eyes fixed upon the deck, seemingly wrapt in meditation of the most awful forebodings, said—

"Well, Moses, I have bought you."

Moses made a very low bow, and every muscle of his face worked with emotion as he replied—

"Is you, massa? Where is I gwine, massa? Is I gwine o Ge rgy?"

"No," said Mr. B. "I am a merchant here in the city; yonder is my store. I want you to attend on the store; and have purchased your wife and children too, that you may not be separated."

"Bress God for dat! And, Massa, kin I go to meeting sometimes?"

"Yes, Moses, you can go to church three times on Sabbath, and every night in the week; and you can pray as often as you chose, and as loud as you chose, and as long as you chose, and get as happy as you chose; and every time you pray whether it be at home or in church, I want you to pray for me, my wife, and all my children, and single-handed, too; for if you are a good man your prayers will do us no harm and we need them very much; and if you wish to you may pray for everybody of the name of B. in the State of Maryland. It will not injure them."

While Mr. B. was dealing out these privileges to Moses, the negro's eyes danced in their sockets, and his full heart laughed right out for gladness, exposing two rows of even clean ivory-ries as any African can boast, and his heart's response was, "Bress God, bress God, all the time, and bress you too, massa. Moses neber forgit bout he gwine to have all these comodationers; it make me tink bout Joseph in de Egypt." And after Moses had poured a few blessings on Colonel C., and bidding him a warm adieu, and requesting him to give his love and farewell to his mistress, the children and all the servants, he followed Mr. B. to the store, to enter upon the functions of his new office.

The return of the schooner brought to Moses his wife and children.

EPIGRAM ON A DOCTOR.

A doctor, well skilled in the medical art,
Among others, for Europe resolved to depart,
And leave his domestic concerns;
"But what will become of the patients the while?"
"O, fear not," a neighbor replied, with a smile,
"They will live—till the doctor returns."

Early the next spring, as Mr. B. was one day standing at the store door, he saw a man leap upon the wharf from the deck of a vessel and walk hurriedly towards the store. He soon recognized him as Colonel C. They exchanged salutations, and, to the Colonel's inquiry after Moses, Mr. B. replied that he was up stairs measuring grain, and invited him to walk up and see him. Soon Mr. B.'s attention was arrested by a very confused noise above. He listened and heard an unusual shuffling of feet, some one sobbing violently, and some one talking very hurriedly; and when he reflected upon Col. C.'s singular movements and the peculiar expression of his countenance, he became alarmed, and determined to go up and see what was transpiring.

When he reached the head of the stairs, he was startled by seeing Moses in the middle of the floor, down upon one knee, with his arms around the Colonel's waist, and talking most rapidly, while the Colonel stood weeping audibly. So soon as the Colonel could sufficiently control his feelings, he told Mr. B. that he had never been able to free himself from the influence of Moses' prayers, and that during the past year he and his wife, and all his children had been converted to God.

Moses responded: "Bress God, Massa C, doe I way up hea, I neber forget you in my prayers; I ollers put de ole massa side de new one. Bress God! dis make Moses tink about Joseph in de Egypt agin."

The Colonel then stated to Mr. B. that his object in coming to Baltimore was to buy Moses and his family back again. But Mr. B. assured him that that was out of the question; for he could not part with him; and he intended to manumit Moses and his wife at forty, and his children at thirty-five years of age.

Moses was not far wrong in his reference to Joseph. For when Joseph was sold into Egypt God overruled it to his good, and he obtained blessings that were far beyond his expectations; so with Moses. Joseph eventually proved the instrument of saving the lives of those who sold him. Moses proved the instrument in God's hands of saving the man's soul who sold him.

Old Moses is still living, and doing well. He long since obtained his freedom, and at present occupies a comfortable house of his own; and I suppose sings and prays and shouts to his heart's content.—Methodist Protestant.

Why is a general who throws up breast works when he looks for an attack like those who perform pilgrimages?

Because he expects to be saved by his works.

A new medicine for scolding wives have been invented. It so draws up the tongue that when the lady begins to scold, the unruly member sends forth only a confused and unintelligible noise.

Some men dig their graves as effectually with their tongues as others do with their teeth; for when that little member scatters its squibs among others they commonly recoil and scorch the author also. Some men cannot speak but they must bite: they had rather lose a friend than their quibble. But such scoffers would do well to remember Cassio's caveat:

'Play with me, but hurt me not; jest with me, but shame me not;' for snarling curs seldom go without bitten ears.

NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

BY MRS. REMANS.

Night sinks on the wave,

Hollow gusts are sighing;

Sea-birds in their cave

Through the gloom are flying.

Oh! should some storm come sweeping,

Thou, in Heaven, unsleeping,

O'er thy children vigil keeping,

Hear, hear and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,

Few, and sad, and shrouded;

Faith our light must be,

When all else is clouded.

Thou, whose voice came thrilling,

Wind and billow stilling,

Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling—

Power dwells with Thee!

Dear Miss do you know, how and from whence,
We men know a coquette, from a woman of sense,
I know it by this, it's an excellent plan,
Every man courts the one, 'tother courts every man.

Change of thought with other minds, he gently uttered a st. eulogy on a person

PERILS OF WHALING.

Sometime since, the boat's crew of the whaling bark Janet, Capt. Hosmer, of Westport, were separated from their vessel in passing a shoal of whales off the coast of Peru. The New Bedford Mercury has received a letter from Capt. Hosmer, furnishing a most thrilling account of the crew's privations and sufferings. As the Mercury observes, it is almost without parallel in the annals of the whale fishery. The narrative is too intensely interesting to be cut down. It is as follows:—

On the coast of Peru, 23d June, 1849, in Lat. 3° N, Longitude 104 W, while cruising for whales, a shoal of sperm whales appeared in sight from the Janet, and three boats lowered in pursuit. Capt. Hosmer's boat's crew consisted of himself, Francis Hawkins, third mate, Edward H. Charles, Joseph Cortez, Daniel Thompson, and James Fairman, seamen. It blowing fresh at the time the boats soon separated, each having made fast to a whale. After Capt. Hosmer had succeeded in "turning up" his whale, and was towing him to the ship, from some inadvertence on the part of the third mate in putting about, the boat capized with the loss of boat keg, lantern keg, boat bucket, compass, paddles, &c. The crew succeeded in righting the boat and lashed the oars to the thwarts across the boat to prevent her from overturning, she being filled with water and the sea continually breaking over her.

Two waifs, or flags, were immediately set as a signal of distress, the other two boats being in sight at a distance of about one and half miles. Capt. H. saw the other two boats take their whales alongside of the bark, which was then kept off in the direction for his boat, but to his surprise and horror, when within about one mile of him they kept off on another course until sundown. The crew of the captain's boat then got upon the whale alongside and tried to bail the boat, but could not succeed. They then cut the line attached to the whale, and succeeded in setting some pieces of the boat sail and steered toward the bark, then about three miles distant.

During the night they saw a light at intervals, but in the morning the bark was at about the same distance off. Every expedient was resorted to, by making signals, to attract the attention of those on board the bark, but in vain. They saw them cutting in the whales, and apparently indifferent to the fate of their comrades. In this perilous condition the unfortunate boat's crew made another attempt to bail the water from the boat, but owing to their consternation they did not succeed. They then continued on their course as above, hoping to regain the bark, but soon found that she receded from them, and it was determined to put about to the wind and remain, whatever the consequences might be.

On the second morning, the weather being more favorable, all the whale craft was thrown overboard, and another attempt was made to bail the boat, which resulted in the loss of one man, without accomplishing the purpose. The effort was again renewed in the afternoon, the weather being yet more favorable, and they finally succeeded in freeing the boat from water, but with the loss of another of her crew; all having been up to their arms in the water during the last 48 hours. Two of the survivors were seized with delirium; all of them having been without a morsel of food or drink, and suffering painfully from thirst.

Thus disabled, no one being able to ply at the oars, and with only a small fragment of the boat's sail remaining, it was determined to make for Cocos Island, on the Peruvian coast, a distance of about 1,000 miles, as the nearest land. Accordingly the piece of the sail was used to the best advantage, and the sailing of the boat was torn up and also employed as a wind propeller, and steering in a north-easterly direction.

Capt. H. says nothing occurred worthy of remark until the seventh day, the crew having in the meantime been without a particle of food or drink, and not a drop of rain having fallen. In this dreadful state of suffering it was mutually agreed to cast lots as to which of the number should be sacrificed to prolong the lives of the companions, and the victim upon whom the lot fell met his fate with a perfect resignation and willingness. At the close of the day a shower of rain proved a very great additional relief.

Being without compass or instruments of any kind, Capt. H. was compelled to rely entirely upon his judgment respecting the course, aided only by an occasional glimpse of the North star and the rolling swell of the sea from the South. On the eighth day another of the number died from exhaustion. It was necessary to pursue a more northerly course in hope of rain, none having fallen during the last four days.

On the next day we were favored with another shower, and this benefaction was followed up by the remarkable circumstance of a dolphin leaping from among its finny companions directly into the boat. Several birds also approached so near to the boat as to fall a prey to the necessities of the crew, administering greatly to their relief. On the 13th of July land was discovered in an easterly direction, which proved to be Cocos Island (uninhabited) lying in lat. 5° 27' N. lon. 87° 15' W.

Capt. H. and the other survivors succeeded in reaching it, but in a most helpless condition. They however secured strength, and drank its blood which revived their exhausted strength, and also obtained a plentiful supply of birds and fresh water. After remaining two days upon the island they were overjoyed by seeing the approach of a boat, which proved to belong to the ship Leonidas, (whaler) Capt. Swift, of this port, then lying in Chatham Bay, for the purpose of procuring wood and water, and were relieved from their dreadful sufferings by being taken on board the ship and treated with every possible attention and kindness.

The names of those who perished on board the boat are Francis Hawkins, 3d mate, of Augusta, Me.; James Fairman, seaman, of Ohio; Henry Thomson, seaman, of Philadelphia, Pa.; Edward Henry Charles, place of residence unknown.

TWO WAYS TO TELL A STORY.

We hope there are many readers of the Daily Mail who have had practical evidence that a little kindness, however homopathic the dose may be, goes five times as far towards making those around you happy, as cargo goes of sour answers or surly rebukes. There are two very distinct ways of telling the same story. Some men will make hosts of friends, where others will find it impossible to discover one. Bluntness and frankness may do very well at times, but as a general thing it is prudent to study effects as well as causes. Jones may say to Smith:

"Smith, are you going to pay that note to-day?"

"No I shan't; don't suit me, and I shan't do it."

"Then I'll see if you don't!" says enraged Jones. A lawyer gets a case, a squabble follows—and they both pay dearly for a lesson in civility. How different Brown would fix it.

"Smith, what's the state of your finances this morning; do you feel as though you could let me have the \$50 to-day?"

"Well, no, I can't," says Smith, "I'm very short can't you wait on me a few days, it would be an accommodation."

"Well, says Brown, "let it stand; do something for me as soon as you can, will you, Smith?"

"Certainly I will." They part friends and brothers.

"Go away with that noise!" says some bullet-headed fellow, to the poor itinerant organist and his money. The poor fellow goes away, mortified and sore against his species; how differently the good heart, the peace maker, does it—

"My man, your music is pleasant, but it disturbs us now; there are a few pennies, play for some other further on your way."

The organist goes along, smiling at the man who has ordered him off. There is five times the force in kind words and generosity, than there is in morose sulkiness and arbitrary measures. We cannot too long nor happy among our species, without the aid of kindness and generosity. It is not necessary to knock a man down to convince him he is in error, or hold a knife at his breast to assure him his life is in your power. Politeness and civility are rare jewels; they render two-fold good, blessing him that giveth and him that receiveth. It is quite astonishing, when we calculate the entire safety and splendid percentage it yields, —that so few invest in that capital stock—good humor and kindness.—*Boston Mail.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. NOTT, OF UNION COLLEGE.

On the evening preceding Thanksgiving, not many years ago, two students left the College with the most "foul" intent of procuring some of the Doctor's fine fat chickens, that roosted in a tree adjoining his house. When they arrived at the spot, one ascended the tree, while the other stood with the bag ready to receive the plunder. It so happened that the Doctor himself had just left his house with the view of securing the same chickens for his Thanksgiving dinner. The rogue under the tree hearing some one approaching, immediately crept away, without notifying his companion among the branches. The Doctor came up silently, and was immediately saluted from above as follows:—"Are you ready?" "Yes," responded the Doctor, dissembling his voice as much as possible.

The other immediately laying hands on the old rooster, exclaimed—"Here's old Prex, will you have him?" "Pass him along," was the reply, and he was soon in the Doctor's bag. "Here's Marm Prex," said the all-unconscious student, grabbing a fine old hen, "will you have her?" "Yes," responded the Doctor. "Here's son John, will you have him?" "Yes." Here's daughter Sal, take her!" and soon until he had gone regularly through with the Doctor's family of chickens. The old man then walked off in one direction with the plunder, while the student, well satisfied with his night's work, came down, and streaked it for the College. Great was his astonishment to learn from his companion that he had not got any chickens, and if he gave them to any one it must have been Dr. Nott.

Expulsion, fines and disgrace were uppermost in

their thoughts until the next forenoon, when both received a polite invitation from their President, requesting the presence of their company to a Thanksgiving dinner. To decline was impossible; so with hearts full of anxiety for the result, they were pleasantly received by the old gentleman, and with a large party were soon seated around the festive board. After asking a blessing, the Doctor rose from his seat, and taking the carving knife, turned with a smile to the rogues and said—"Young gentlemen, here's old Prex, and Marm Prex, son John, and daughter Sal, at the same time touching successively the respective chickens, "to which will you be helped?" The mortification of his guests may be imagined.

LADY JANE.—The following beautiful verses on a favorite horse, were written by the late Mrs. Frances S. Osgood:

LADY JANE.

Oh! saw ye e'er creature so queenly, so fine,
As this dainty, arial darling of mine?
With a toss of her mane, that is glossy as jet,
With a dance and a prance, and a frolic curvet,
She is off! She is stepping superbly away!
Her dark, speaking eye full of pride and of pleasure,
Oh! she spurns the dull earth with a graceful disdain,

My fearless, my peerless, my loved Lady Jane!

Her silken ears lifted when danger is nigh,
How kindles the night in her resolute eye!
How stately she paces, as if to the sound
Of a proud, martial melody playing around,
Now pauses at once, 'mid a light caracole,
To turn her mild glance on me beaming with smile,
Now fleet as a fairy, she speeds o'er the plain,
My darling, my treasure, my own Lady Jane!

Give her rein! let her go! Like a shaft from bow,
Like a bird on the wing, she is speeding, I trow!

Light of heart, lithe of limb, with a spirit all true,
Yet swayed and subdued by my idlest desire—
Though daring, yet docile, and sportive but true,
Her nature's the noblest that ever I knew.
How she flings back her head, in her dainty disdain!

My beauty! my graceful, my gay Lady Jane!

Somebody, who writes more truthfully than poeticality, says: "An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

Whenever we drink too deeply of pleasure, we find a sediment at the bottom which embitters what we relished at first.

FEMALE POLITICIANS. A woman who troubles herself and others by handling politics, is like a monkey in a chair-shop; can do no good, and may do much harm.

A man cannot possess anything that is better than a good woman; nor anything that is worse than a bad one.

A fox is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

They have a new way of hatching eggs in the West. They fill a barrel with eggs and then put a hen on the bung hole.

The way to obtain fame or notoriety is to do very little and make a tremendous noise about it; as lean women make themselves look like somebody by the aid of bustle.

Were you ever cross questioned? "Yes, when questioned by my wife, after spending the evening abroad—cross enough in all conscience."

The majority of the injured are likely to recover; but very few limbs were broken, and many of those dead were suffocated, and not killed in the fall.

The banisters of the stairway were of heavy mahogany, and were fastened in the usual manner, two rails confining each clamp on the end of the step. The height from the floor to the wall to where the banisters first gave way, is about twenty-five feet, and the children's bodies were piled up ten feet, at least.

When the dead and wounded had been recognized, they were taken home by their friends; but as the news of the occurrence spread, an excited crowd surrounded the school-house, and station-house, eagerly watching for every new item of information which might throw light on the casualty.

Of course, no blame can be attached to the teachers. But the responsibility must lie somewhere—where, the investigation will probably reveal. Miss Harrison, we are happy to learn, had last evening somewhat recovered from her paralytic fit.

A telegraphic despatch dated on Friday evening, says:—

I p to the present time, the number of deaths ascertained is fifty, and the list of injured is materially increased.

Justice Bleakley, the acting Coroner, and the jury have been all day inspecting the dead bodies at the houses of their parents, and granting certificates of burial. To-morrow morning the investigation will commence. The accounts of the agony of families and the bereavement of parents are heart rending, and several persons, it is feared, will become maniacs, from the suddenness of the accident and the acuteness of the pain produced. Various reports are in circulation as to the cause of the banisters giving way—one of which is, that some firemen who got into the building, finding the stairway blocked up, climbed up outside the banisters, and thus broke them down. The calamity is due, in a great degree, to the thoughtless firemen and others outside, who raised the alarm of fire, and surrounded the building with shouts and cries well calculated to create a panic among the children.

Billy Boy.

O, where have you been,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!—

O, where have you been,

Charming Billy?

"I have been to seek a wife—

She's the joy of my life!—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother

Did she bid you to come in,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!—

Did she bid you to come in,

Charming Billy?"

"Yes, she bid me to come in—

There's a dimple in her chin—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother

Did she set for you a chair,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!—

Did she set for you a chair,

Charming Billy?

"Yes, she set for me a chair—

There are ringlets in her hair—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother!"

Can she make a cherry pie,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!—

Can she make a cherry pie,

Charming Billy?

"She can make a cherry pie,

Quick as a cat can wink her eye!—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother!"

How tall is she,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!

How tall is she,

Charming Billy?

"She's as tall as any pine,

And as straight as a pumpkin-vine—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother!"

Are her eyes very bright,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!—

er eyes very bright,

Charming Billy?

"Yes, her eyes are very bright,

But, alas! they're minus sight!—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother!"

How old is she,

Billy Boy, Billy Boy!—

How old is she,

Charming Billy?

"She's three times six, four times seven,

Twenty-eight and eleven—

She's a young thing that cannot leave her mother!"

TO AN ABSENT ONE.

BY J. R. BARRICK.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,

In our home at close of day,

I miss thee in the morning's hour,

In the glow of evening's ray;

And the earth seems dark and dreary,

With a dreary sky above,

Since thy smile has wandered from me,

With its joyousness and love.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,

Where'er I chance to stray;

I miss thee in the hush of eve,

When its shadows dim my way;

For thy presence wove a halo

Round my lone and weary hours,

As the spirit art of beauty

Weaves a glory round the flowers.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,

In the day and in the night;

I miss thee in the twilight hour,

When the stars are shining bright;

Where'er I chance to wander,

Where'er I chance to be,

On my heart and on my spirit

Steals a burning thought of thee.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,

In the shadowy realm of sleep;

I miss thee in the night's deep shades,

That across my spirit creep;

And the silent land of slumber

Liath no pleasant dream for me,

Since I wander 'mid its shadows,

Lonely, and afar from thee.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,

Where'er my footsteps roam;

I miss thee in the world abroad,

In the quiet of our home;

And there rests a lonely shadow

On the face of nature now,

And a shade of care is stealing

On my heart and on my brow.

I miss thee—oh, I miss thee,

In my own deep solitude;

I miss thee in the weary hours

That above my spirit brood;

And to me all nature's dreary,

As in eclipse the while,

Since thou art not here to bless me

With the sunshine of thy smile.

The Infant's Prayer.

At early dawn, an infant's voice

Broke sweetly on the breeze;

Its beating heart with fervor glowed,

Its hands were joined, its eyes were raised,

And bent were its little knees.

"Father above! my anxious prayer

Would fain to thee, O Lord, ascend;

O deign to hear my feeble voice,

My Father, God, and Friend!

O Thou who suffered little ones

To approach thy sacred, sacred knee,

Look down on those whose tender cares

Are imitating Thee.

May length of days, with honor crown'd,

On earth the happy portion be;

And smiling cherubs whisper peace

When death their souls sets free."

Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean—roll!

Ten thousands fleets sweep over thee in vain;

Man marks the earth with ruin—his control

Stops with the shore;—upon the watery plain

The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,

When, for a moment like a drop of rain,

He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,

Without a grave, unkenn'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form

Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,

Calm or convuls'd—in breeze, or gale, or storm,

Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—

The image of eternity—the throne

Of the Invisible, even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone

Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

"Why, they are ripe, ma'am."

A lad in C., climbed a fence close by a window of a lady's house, and began to help himself to her choice plums. The lady saw him, and hastily opening the window, called to him, "Boy, what are you picking those plums for?"

"Why, they are ripe, ma'am," was his ready reply.

True, they were ripe, but all our young friends will agree with us in saying, that was hardly a good reason why he should steal them.

Eggs Hatched by Machinery—A curious exhibition is opened at No 160 Nassau street, where there is a machine which hatches eggs at the rate of thirty or forty thousand a year. It consists of a square box, containing seven or eight drawers, on which the eggs are placed, and which is heated throughout at a gentle and uniform temperature, by means of warm water. About one thousand eggs can be thus artificially incubated in the course of twenty-one days. The chickens produced are apparently as healthy as those brought out by the natural process. It is certainly interesting to the physiologist to observe the nascent animal in all the stages of its embryo development, from the first little white speck on the yolk, to the completely formed and organized body, ready to pick the shell and run about the floor. This machine is simple in its construction, and so small that it could be conveniently used in any farm house. The proprietor is willing to dispose of patent rights, by which he estimates that large amounts of money can be made.

N. Y. Evening Post.



Lion and Aspidochelone.

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE.

Away to the School of the Prophets, ye called
Of the Lord, his gospel of might to proclaim;
Away to the school, by his spirit installed,
Gird on your strong armor to fight in his name.

Drink deep of the fountains of truth from his word,
Of Biblical lore dig the uttermost mine;
With ardor's warm glow let your bosoms be stirred,
To lay up the treasures of wisdom divine.

Shall ignorance flattered lift up her dull head,
And, blind as the blindest, lead on without aim?
Shall wisdom's best blossoms lie withered and dead,
For lack of the waters of knowledge? O, shame!

No! God giveth talents, says out the wide field
Of mental endowment, and then, it is plain,
Our duty, as clear as the light lies revealed,
To improve on our gifts, like the usurer's gain.

The School of the Prophets is open—O hear,
Ye workmen preparing to work for the Lord;
Like clouds, and as doves to their windows, appear
To seek for the riches hid deep in his word.

Hail! lights of the church! hail! ye sons of devotion,—
A banner is ready to float on the air;
And its motto is "Knowledge!" behold with emotion,
True holiness gratified places it there.

Ah! would that the invalid writer could seize,
With health in his veins, on the flag as unfurled,
And flinging the pennon abroad to the breeze,
Declare the glad tidings of truth to the world.

LOSS OF SHIP BRITISH QUEEN.

The ship which we spoke of in our last as being ashore near Maskeget, proved to be the British Queen, Capt. Conway, from Dublin, Oct 22d for New York, with 240 Irish emigrants on board. She has experienced, for four or five weeks, exceedingly rough weather, having encountered a series of gales of wind ever since she left the Banks of Newfoundland. She grounded some two miles from the shore on Wednesday night at 12 o'clock, and her fore and main masts were almost immediately cut away. Early on Friday morning, in accordance with arrangements made the evening previous, steamer Telegraph, with schooner Game Cock in tow, and schooner Hamilton, went out to the British Queen, for the purpose of rendering her assistance and saving life. The passengers and crew of the ship were all put on board the Game Cock and Hamilton as soon as possible after they arrived alongside of her, and were landed on our wharves early on Friday evening, presenting one of those very sad pictures which have so frequently been described to us, but which we have never before witnessed; a scene well calculated to excite the sympathy of a community unused to such things.

The ship bled soon after she grounded, and as the water gradually filled her hold, the wretched passengers were obliged to leave their quarters below, poor enough under any circumstances, and flee to the deck of the ship, where they were kept in suspense for twenty-four hours, half frozen and half starved. According to the accounts of some of these people, the night previous to their deliverance was a dreadful one indeed. One of their number died from exposure and neglect, on Friday morning, before the vessels reached the ship. His corpse was brought in and interred here and was followed to the grave by a large number of his fellow passengers. The Captain of the British Queen had been sick for ten days previous to her being wrecked, so that he had not been on deck, and her long and rough passage has been the cause of much suffering. Capt. Conway is at present quite sick at the Ocean House in this town. When the ship was abandoned on Friday afternoon, she had 14 feet water in her hold and will of course become a total loss. She is an old ship, had no cargo on board, but was in sand ballast. Her hull will be sold at auction this afternoon at 2 o'clock, by order of the agent. Our Selectmen, with very commendable promptness, commenced making arrangements for the reception of the miserable emigrants as the vessels which had them on board neared our shores, and provided comfortable quarters at Pantheon Hall, Sons of Temperance Hall, and the rooms of Engine Companies No. 8 and 11, all of which places were thrown open to them without hesitation. They have remained at these places up to the present time. Since they came amongst us every possible exertion has been made by the Selectmen and other citizens, to make them comfortable, and we believe, with one or two exceptions, they are all now in the enjoyment of usual health. The British Consular Agent in this town, who is also a member of the Board of Selectmen, has made the necessary provisions for the crew of the ship. Taking it altogether since the ship was first discovered in distress, this has been quite an exciting affair for our usually quiet town, and has given our citizens an opportunity to exercise their humanity for which they have received from these poor destitute foreigners, sincere and heartfelt thanks, and many blessings. Probably they have fared better since they came amongst us than they would have done in most places.

But what is now to be done in order to get them to New York, their original destination, and to which place they have all paid their passage? It belongs to the Captain or agent of the ship to procure a passage for them to New York, and we are informed no such provision has yet been made. This matter should be attended to at once, for many of the passengers are anxious to reach their places of destination as soon as possible. The uncertainty of the weather at this season renders it peculiarly urgent that no time should be lost in fulfilling this engagement. Our

town has done its duty to these unfortunate individuals most faithfully, and it now only remains for the agents of the ship, if such persons are to be found, to fulfil, in like manner, their duty to them. Besides the more general hospitalities extended towards them, all of the more destitute have been supplied with clothing by our citizens, and in one or two instances women with young children have been furnished with boarding houses, at the expense of the town.

The cabin passengers are Mr. Delaney, of Dublin, brother of the owner of the ship; Mr. Murphy and wife, of Dublin; and Mr. Armstrong, of do., Mr. Nelson T. Johnston, of Pilsboro, Avenue, Dublin, and 66 others were passengers in the second cabin. There were also about 175 passengers in the steerage.

P. S.—We learn that there are three or four cases of ship fever among the passengers.

HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.—When the wrecked ship British Queen was abandoned by her crew on Friday afternoon last, James McGuire and Charles Holmes, belonging to Smack Republican, of this port, which was at anchor near the ship, remained on board, very imprudently, for the purpose of saving rigging &c. For some cause, not very satisfactorily explained to us, the men on board the Republican got her underway and came in, leaving their partners on board the ship until Saturday morning, when they launched the ship's boat and decided to leave for home in her. In getting away from the ship, however, McGuire unfortunately put his ankle out of joint; still they left, and made the best of their way for Great Point, where they hoped to land, but the way through ice on the shore prevented them from doing so. On Saturday forenoon they were discovered in the offing at Great Point, and several unsuccessful attempts were made to reach them from the shore through the ice. The news of their perilous situation was brought to town about dark by Mr. Allen Hallett, who procured assistance, returned to the Point, and kindled fires on the beach abreast the situation of the boat when seen at dusk. Immediately on seeing these fires in her knees before the wood, bade Ellie go into the town, schooner Hamilton, with Capt. David G. Patterson and Walter Allen and others on board, started for the Point with the hope of rescuing the suffering men before they should perish. They reached the shore with some difficulty, and after some time discovered the boat, and by hallooing awoke McGuire and Holmes. It was then proposed that a part of their number should go in pursuit of boards &c., to make a raft, upon which they hoped to reach the boat, and Mr. George Robinson remained opposite her for the purpose of keeping them awake, while the others executed the plan. McGuire and Holmes soon got out of the boat, and crept some distance on the ice when Robinson determined after some time had elapsed, not to wait for the return of his comrades, but waded off through the ice to them and brought them both ashore in his arms, reaching the beach the second time just after his associates returned. McGuire and Holmes were brought to town yesterday, both very badly frost-bitten. When they were found they were asleep, and a very few moments more would in all probability have terminated their earthly existence. Very much credit is certainly due all who exerted themselves for the rescue of these men, and they are entitled to the warmest thanks of McGuire and Holmes for such heroic exertions in their behalf.

Riches.—A young man once expressed his surprise to Dr. Franklin that the possession of great riches should ever be sought with undue solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who although in possession of unbounded wealth, was as busy, and much more anxious, than the most industrious clerk in his counting house. The Doctor, in reply, took an apple from a fruit basket, and presented it to a child in the room, who could scarcely grasp it in his hand. He then gave him a second, which filled the other; and choosing a third remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the three apples, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears. "See," said Franklin, "there is a little man with more riches than

From Dickens' Household Words. THE GOLDEN FAGOTS.

A CHILD'S TALE.

An old woman went into a wood to gather fagots. As she was breaking, with much difficulty, one very long, tough branch across her knee, a splinter went into her hand. It made a wound from which the blood flowed, but she bound her hand up with a ragged handkerchief, and went home to her hut.

Now this old woman was very cross, because she had hurt herself; and therefore when she arrived home and saw her little granddaughter, Ellie, singing and spinning, she was very glad that there was somebody to punish. So she told little Ellie that she was a minx, and beat her with a fagot. But the old woman had for a long time depended for support upon her granddaughter, and the daily bread had never yet been wanting from her table.

Then this old woman told little Ellie that she was to untie the handkerchief and dress the wound upon her hand.

"The cloth feels very stiff," said the old woman. And that was a thing not to be wondered at, for when the bandage was unrolled, one half of it was found to be made of a thick golden tissue. And there was a lump of gold in the old woman's hand; where otherwise a blood clot might have been.

At all this Ellie was not much surprised, because she knew little of gold, and as her grandmother was very yellow outside, it appeared to her not unlikely that she was yellow the whole

body through. But the sun now shone into the little room, and Ellie started with delight:—"Look at the beautiful bright beetles there among the fagots!" She had often watched the golden beetles, scampering about the fagots and fro, near a hot stone upon the rock. "Ah, this is very odd," said little Ellie, seeing that bright specks did not move. "These poor insects must be all asleep!"

But the old woman who had fallen down upon her knees before the wood, bade Ellie go into the town and sell the caps that she had finished; not forgetting to bring home another load of flax.

Grannie, when left to herself, made a great many curious grimaces. Then she scratched another wound in her hand, and caused the blood to drop among the fagots. Then she hobbled and screamed, endeavoring, no doubt, all the while to dance and sing. It was quite certain that her blood had the power of converting into gold whatever lifeless thing it dropped upon.

For many months after this little Ellie continued to support her grandmother by daily toil. The old woman left off fires, although it was cold winter weather, and the snow lay thick upon the cottage roof. Ellie jumped to wash herself, and her grandmother dragged all the fagots into her own bed room. Ellie was forbidden ever again to make Grannie's bed, or to go into the old woman's room on any account whatever. Grannie's head was always in a bandage; and it never required dressing. Grannie could not hurt Ellie so much now when she used the stick, her strength was considerably lessened.

One day this old woman did not come out to breakfast; and she made no answer when she was called to dinner; and Ellie, when she listened through a crevice, could not hear her snore. She always snored when she was asleep, so Ellie made no doubt she must be obstinate.

When night came, Ellie was frightened, and dared not sleep until she had peeped in.

There was a stack of golden fagots; and her grandmother was on the floor, quite white and dead.

When she alarmed her neighbors they all came together and held up their hands and said, "What a clever miser this old woman must have been!" But when they looked at little Ellie, as she sat weeping on the pile of gold, they all quarrelled among each other over the question—who should be her friend?

A good spirit came in the night, and that was Ellie's friend; for in the morning all her fagots were of wood again.

Nobody then quarrelled for her love; but she found love, and was happy; because nobody thought it worth while to deceive her.

Deal gently with the motherless,
Oh, ye who rule their homes;
Cast not a shadow on the brows
Of those deep stricken ones.

Speak softly to the motherless;
A saddened stream is stirred,
From the deep founts of memory,
With every unkind word.

There is a yearning in each heart,
For the sweet strains of yore;
A longing for the mother's voice,
Which sounds for them no more.

Be kind unto the motherless;
Beside the hearth of glee,
Should there some little lone ones rest,
Give them thy sympathy.

Look, parent, on thy own fair ones,
And think a mother's smile
Once shed a sunshine o'er the brow
Of every orphan child.

Think of the hand which rested,
Once fondly on each head,
The eyes which gave back looks of love,
Now silent, cold, and dead.

And give thee to those craving hearts,
The little love they claim;
Be mothers to the motherless,
In hearts as well as name.

A STORY FOR MOTHERS.

THE CHILDREN AND THE NOVEL.

BY MRS CAROLINE A. SOULE.

'Well there,' muttered Mrs. Lee, in a somewhat petulant tone, as she laid down her babe; 'thank fortune, as the last one is abed and asleep. Now for a little comfort.'

Carefully drawing the blankets around the tiny form, she rested one hand for a few moments upon the gently heaving breast, stirred the cradle with the other, singing the while a low lullaby.

Assured from its soft breathing, and quiet limbs, that it was indeed asleep, she turned from it quickly, drew her low rocker to the stand, picked up the light, and took, from underneath, a miscellaneous pile in her work-basket, an uncured novel.

'What a beautiful title!' said she, all traces of weariness vanishing with electric rapidity from her countenance. As her eye glanced over its pages, the dull book they had worn all day disappeared, and the light of anticipated joy flashed in its stead.

'I know that I shall be pleased with it. I feel that it will be interesting,' continued she.

'What charming names the author has chosen. None of your Johns and Hannahs, your Roberts and Margarets—oh no! here is noble Rodrigo, poetic Clarence, sweet Florilla, saintly Therese: why there is not an ordinary name in the book.—The writer must be one of unusual taste!'

Having hastily cut the leaves, she shaded her brow with one hand, grasped the charming book with the other, as though it were polished gold and she a miser, and commenced, in the phrase of enthusiastic novel readers to devour the pages.

Rapidly did her eyes run over the first chapter. But then—she turned her head with a quick, impatient movement. Did she not hear a noise in the cradle? Yes, a little hand was lifted from beneath the cover.

'Too bad, too bad; he'll be awake all the evening now;' and she glided with a noiseless step to the child's side.

But the eyelids were still closed—the measured breath of slumber stole gently from the half-parted lips, and the offending hand rested in quiet beauty upon the soft neck.

It was a fair, sweet babe, whose little heart had throbbled but one short summer. As it lay there, the spell of sinless sleep upon his brow, it seemed the type of all things pure and blest. Eden, with all its loveliness, never charmed the gaze of Eve with such a picture. The holier feelings of the mother's breast were touched, as if by a hand from heaven. The angel began to trouble the deep waters of her soul as she stood beside that cradle bed; and when, after a vigil of several moments, the child still sleeping, she bent her head and imprinted upon its lips the kiss of love, the

healing wave flowed for an instant, then ebbed, for the novel was not yet read.

Resuming her seat, Mrs. Lee again took her book. But the fiction seemed to have lost some of its fascination. For some time her glance vacillated between its finely printed pages and her heaped-up basket. She even put on her thimble and threaded a needle. But a moonlight scene, where, in a honeysuckle bower, the noble lover draws a trembling girl to his bosom, and pours into her ears the bewitching words of wild courtship, acted like magic on the reader's mind, and she became absorbed in the glowing picture.

The second and third chapters were soon perused, and she was entering with interest upon the fourth, when a sweet voice from the trundle-bed called out, 'Mother, mother, mother.'

Her ear caught the sound, but it made no impression upon her mind till it had been several times repeated; then turning quickly, in no very gentle voice, she exclaimed, 'what do you want, Lizzie? I thought you were asleep an hour ago.'

'I have been asleep, mother,' answered the daughter, in a timid tone. 'I waked up because—'

'Because you were a naughty girl and wanted to plague me. Strange that I can't have a minute's comfort,' and going hastily to the bed, she drew the clothes around the child, and made her shut her eyes and go to sleep.

'I want a drink, mother; I can't sleep, I am so thirsty.'

The mother looked around; there was neither pitcher nor glass in the room.

'It's always just so. I never forget to bring water but you are sure to want some. Why didn't you drink last night, when I had a whole pitcher full for you?'

'I wasn't thirsty last night. Do please give me a drink, and I'll go right to sleep.'

'I'm not going to run down stairs to-night; so turn over and shut your eyes.'

And she sat down again to her novel, leaving the thirsty child to its thoughts, or dreams, as the case might be.

Lizzie, as she said, wanted a drink very much,

and so she turned and tossed, and tried to think of everything but water, while that was all she could think of.

'If I only had one little swallow,' murmured she to herself, 'I think I could get along till morning.' But she might as well have wanted a 'pailful'; there was no prospect of getting any. By-and-by, she spied upon the stove hearth a tin cup. 'The baby's milk!' said she. 'Perhaps that would be as good as water. I wonder if mother would let me have it?' She looked toward the parent. She was absorbed in her book; her very being seemed bound up in it. The child knew too much to disturb her.

But perhaps she could get it without disturbing her mother, and she did want a drink so much. She hesitated awhile, then crept silently out of bed, stole to the cup, seized it eagerly, and took a swallow. But it tasted better than she thought it would, and her thirst was such that she drained it. Alarmed at what she had done, she was in such haste to put it back that it slipped from her trembling hand, bounding against the stove, falling on the hearth, and rolling thence on the carpet.

'Why, Lizzie Lee!' screamed the mother, dropping her book and running to the child. 'I should like to know what you've been about; spilt all the baby's milk, I'll warrant,' as she took up the empty cup. Then seeing the carpet was quite dry, she seized Lizzie by the shoulder, exclaiming in an angry voice, 'What have you done with the milk, you little plague? Tell me this minute what's become of it?'

'I was so thirsty, mother,' answered the child in a pleading voice, tears starting to her eyes, 'I could not go to sleep, and so—'

'So you drank, did you! you naughty girl,' continued Mrs. Lee with increased vehemence of tone; 'drank it, and I haven't another drop of milk in the house. I'll teach you to do such things,' and her hand came down heavily upon the shrinking shoulder, one! two! three times! A wild scream of pain burst from the child's lips. Another and another, and angry and excited as the mother was, they pierced her heart with deep arrows.

The noise started another child who slept in the same bed with Lizzie. Frightened from its sound slumbers, it shrieked in alarm, when the babe, waking at the same moment, joined its voice with the others, not in harmony, but in discords which echo so often in the nursery, stunning the ear and bewildering the brain.

With quick steps, quick hands, and a softened tone, Mrs. Lee strove to calm the tempest she had raised. Lizzie's cries soon merged into piteous sobs, but Willie and the babe continued their loud screams till the mother, in her perplexity, would fain have wrung her hands and sat down and wept with them. She ran from one to the other, soothing, singing and caressing. But they would not hush in the least, till, as a last resource, she took the baby in one arm, Willie in the other, and, thus burthened, paced the chamber. Her limbs ached with the effort, her voice grew plaintive, her heart sad and sore with the upbraidings of conscience which she had striven too long to stifle. She breathed sweet music in the ears of the little sobbing creatures who struggled in her arms, but not a word of anger escaped from her pale lips. She felt she was the guilty cause of all her trouble. A little forethought, a little self-denial, a little discipline of temper, and all had been well.

It was a long time ere she ventured to sit down and rock the children, and they did not soon close their eyes in sleep. They would start and scream, then draw back such long sighs, that the tears which trembled in the mother's eyes would flood her cheeks.

When, at last, they rested in a sweet, calm slumber, she was at a loss how to put them down to release her weary arms, without the risk of new confusion. There was no one whom she could call upon for aid. No one? Yes, there was the little trembling creature whose tender skin still smarted with the chastisement of an angry mother.

'Lizzie,' called the mother, after a long while, in a very low, gentle tone.

The child was quickly beside her.

'Bring your little chair, and sit down close to me and see if you can draw the baby on your lap without waking him.'

Lizzie did as directed, and the babe was soon clasped to her heart, her lips breathing childish words of affection over its unconscious form.

Very carefully did Mrs. Lee lay down her little Willie, and for some moments she sat beside him, smoothing gently his fair brow, twining his golden locks around her fingers, and pressing the softest and sweetest of kisses upon his still lips.

Then going to Lizzie, she took from her arms the sleeping babe, and placing it in the cradle, bent over it, whispering the fondest terms of endearment.

Sitting down beside it, she covered her face, and thought grew busy. By-and-by, Lizzie stole quietly to the chair, knelt beside it, and buried her head in her mother's lap. Mrs. Lee's hands toyed with the soft brown curls that fell over it in such rich profusion, and several times pushed them off the forehead, when the child felt the mute pressure of her lips. For some time both were silent. At length Lizzie looked timidly up, saying, in a touching voice,

'I am so sorry, mother, I made you so much trouble. I'll try and never be thirsty again when you are reading.'

The mother's heart started; she drew the child to her bosom, embraced it fondly, closely, as though she thought by pressure to still its painful throbbings. Then bearing her to the bed, she sat her down and hastily left the room. She soon returned, a glass of water in her hand. 'Thank you, mother,' said Lizzie, when she had quenched her thirst, 'you will have a good time to read now, for I shall go right to sleep.'

With her eyes brimful of tears, the mother bent over her child, and kissed her again and again. And Lizzie, feeling that she was quite forgiven, and not dreaming that she had been more sinned against than sinning, threw her arms around her parent's neck, and gave back kiss for kiss; then nestling on the warm pillow of her little brother, she closed her weary eyes and in a few minutes was sound asleep.

THOUGHTS FOR A YOUNG MAN.

[AN EXTRACT FROM MR. MANN'S NEW BOOK.]

Let me ask, whether, among all the spectacles which earth presents, and which angels might look down upon with an ecstasy too deep for utterance, is there one fairer and more enrapturing to the sight than that of a young man, just fresh from the Creator's hands, and with the unspent energies of the coming eternity wrapped up in his bosom, surveying and recounting, in the solitude of his closet or in the darkness of midnight, the mighty gifts with which he has been endowed, and the magnificent career of usefulness and of blessedness which has been opened before him; and resolving, with one all-concentrating and all-hallowing vow, that he will live, true to the noblest capacities of his being, and in obedience to the highest law of his nature? If aught can be nobler or sublimer than this, it is the life that fulfils the vow. Such a young man reverences the divine skill and wisdom by which his physical frame has been so fearfully and wonderfully made; and he keeps it pure and clean, as a fit temple for the living God. For every indulgence of appetite that would enervate the body, or dull the keen sense, or cloud the luminous brain, he has a "Get thee behind me!" so stern and deep, that the balked Satans of temptation slink from before him, in shame and despair. If obliged to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, or by the sweat of his brain, he is not "slothful in business." Fired with energy himself, he energises all around him. He is a Leyden jar always charged to a plenum; and whenever he comes in contact with dead things, or lifeless men, he emits a spark so potent that they are electrized into celerity. Holding punctuality among the major virtues, he is ever true to the appointed place and hour; and as he goes and comes, men set their watches by him, as though he were a clock-face of the sun, and moved by solar machinery. In selecting his vocation for a livelihood, he abjures every occupation, and every profession, however lucrative they may be, or however honorable they may be falsely deemed, if, with his own wealth, they do not also promote the common weal; and he views the idea with a deep religious abhorrence, that anything can advance the well-being of himself which involves the ill-being of others. However meagre his stock in trade, if he engages in business, he will not seek to enlarge it by entering conscience and honor in his books under the head of "Merchandise;" nor will he begin the sale of goods to customers, by selling his soul to Satan. If he ever ventures to embark on the perilous sea of politics, he steers his course by the eternal lights in the skies; and not, by the Will-o'-the-wisps, or by any meteor glare, which popular fermentations, or party heats, may engender. He labors earnestly for all the means of health, comfort, and improvement, but scorns the parade and ostentations of wealth; shuns pomp and poverty with equal solicitude; and in a figurative, if not in a literal sense, he avoids those streets of our cities where cholera rages and fevers consume, and also those other streets of Fashion and Pride, where the prevailing epidemic is an ossification of the heart. Holding an affection of saintliness to be the worst of wickedness, he does not, like Pilate, take water and wash his hands, when about to consummate a deed that blackens and defiles his soul. The locks and bolts and bars, by which men seek to secure their property, have no relation to him; for, the nearer he is brought into contact with another's goods or gold, the more he is filled with an opposite polarity; and a farthing, a mill, an infinitesimal, of another man's wealth, would burn his palms with so fierce a heat, that red-hot balls would be more tolerable. The honor of man is holy, the chastity of woman is twice holy, in his keeping. When he has acquired that golden mean of property which carries his possessor out of the temptations of want, without casting him into the temptations of wealth; and which, as a patrimony for his children, will nourish and not blast the vigor that is in them,—he leaves the money-making treadmill, and betakes himself to some walk of public usefulness most congenial to his taste;—either to adorn literature by his genius, or to advance science by his studies, or to organize charities for supplying the privations of sense, or relieving the loss of sanity, or to combine and strengthen the conservative and progressive forces of civilization; or to combat, hand to hand, with some of those terrific monsters that infest society,—ignorance, bigotry, intemperance, slavery, or war,—which need some hunter mightier than Nimrod for their extirpation. Or, if he still continues to gather in the golden harvests of wealth, he opens a set of books with Heaven, becoming the Lord's steward for men's redemption from suffering and crime, and laying up his treasures where moth, nor rust, nor thieves can approach them. He is so passionate a lover of the Fine Arts, that he discovers diviner forms of beauty, and more celestial harmonies of coloring, than mortal sculptor or painter ever dreamed of. Not a cultured imagination alone, but reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him that the finest and most elegant of all the arts, earthly or supernal, is to paint smiles and ruby joys upon the wan cheek of suffering infancy; to quench the demon-fire of passion that blazes from the eye of precocious wantonness, and kindle in its stead the serene light that radiates from a fount of inward purity; to hang round and pre-occupy the chambers of the juvenile mind with all types and images of loveliness and excellence, and to build up all the glorious faculties of the soul, as in colossal arch-

itecture, to some nearer resemblance to the Divine Original. Reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him, that he who crowds the walls of his own dwelling, or the city's ampler galleries, with the painting and statuary of all the great masters, while orphanage sinks to ruin around him, in default of Christian care, and while all the hideous images of depravity and shame are daily and hourly frescoed into the souls of lost, abandoned childhood, only proves with what daubs and impostures and caricatures the walls of every mansion in his own soul are covered. Reason, conscience, religion, all have taught him, that when the starving babe shall no longer wait for sustenance upon the starving mother's breast; when blasphemy and obscenity shall no longer be the lullaby with which the intemperate father or mother lulls infancy to sleep; when parental wickedness shall no longer teach falsehood to the youthful tongue, and theft and violence to the youthful hand; when the infinite woes and agonies of earth, which its superfluous wealth and its wasted time might so easily prevent, shall cease to be,—then may opulence and taste and leisure devote their time and means to galleries of art, and saloons of music, and halls of dancing and festivity, without enormous guilt. And while hypocrisy and pharisaical pride are infinite,—loathsome to the young man of a true heart, yet he rejoices to be known, at all times and everywhere, as a religious man; for, not less in the marts of business and the hilarities of social intercourse, than in the sanctuary or on the death-bed, he feels how infinitely unmanly it is to be ashamed of the noblest and divinest attribute in all his nature. And when, in the fulness of patriarchal years, crowned with clustering honors, and covered with the Beatitudes, as with a garment, he brings his heroic life to a triumphant close, the celestial light that bursts from the opened and welcoming gates of heaven, breaking upon his upturned countenance, is reflected into the paths of all surviving men.

THE CLOCK STRUCK FIRST.—George the third was extremely punctual, and expected punctuality from every one in this respect. The late lord H. was the most punctual person who attended on his majesty; he never was a second behind his time. He had an appointment one day with the king at Windsor, at twelve o'clock; on passing the hall the clock struck twelve, on which his lordship, in a rage at being half a minute too late raised his cane and broke the glass of the clock. The king reminded him that he was a little beyond his time, which he excused as well as he could. At his next audience the king, as he entered the room, exclaimed: "Why H. H. how came you to strike the clock?"—The clock struck first, your majesty." The king laughed heartily at the grave manner in which lord H. justified himself, the mock solemnity of the answer adding zest to the bon mot.

A COOL REPLY.—An acquaintance of ours was robbed in California, some time since, by a friend whom he deemed far above the commission of such a crime. He accidentally met him in the street the other day, and seizing him by the coat collar, exclaimed,—

"Ah, H——, I've found you at last—you played me a scurvy trick—I was very much surprised at it."

"I thought you'd be," coolly replied H——, swinging himself out of his coat, which he left in the hands of his friend and walking off, leaving the aggrieved one lost in astonishment. As soon as he recovered from his surprise he gave chase, but "the bird had flown" round the first corner, and our friend "saw his loved form no more."

TOO MANY SCARECROWS.—"We were lately amused," says a waggish cotemporary, "at an apt criticism" delivered by a raw and unsuspecting Jonathan, who had been quietly gazing at a garden in one of our suburban villages, which, among other ornaments, boasted several handsome marble statues.

"Just see what a waste!" observed our rural friend; "there's no less than six scarecrows in that little ten-foot garden patch, and any one of 'em alone would keep off all the crows from a five acre lot!"

"That would have been a pretty criticism for the sculptor himself to hear, wouldn't it. He would n't have sculptured again, we don't think."

For a long while the mother knelt beside the low couch, and when she rose and sat down again by the stand, she left the novel where she had dropped it, but took from her basket an unfinished doll, and with rapid fingers plied her needle.

It was long ere she placed her head upon her pillow. When she did, the doll, completed and neatly dressed, lay by the side of Lizzie, the novel, half read, upon the Lehigh in the stove, a handful of light ashes.

My Mother.

It was a very cold day in December, 1830. My mother was sewing, and my brothers and myself were very pleasantly engaged in our comfortable sitting room, when my mother desired me to go to her room and bring her a part of her work. I very petulantly exclaimed,

"Can't Charles go? I'm so cold."

"No," said my mother meekly, "I wish you to go."

This irritated me very much, and I said,

"I always have to do every thing," jerking open the door, and slamming it violently after me.

My mother called me back, and I stood in the door, allowing a current of cold air to blow upon her, while she lifted her blue eyes to mine, and with a look of sadness I shall never forget, said—

"Soon my little daughter will have no mother, then she will feel sorry for this behavior."

I started up stairs, muttering—

"No, you won't die; you only say that to act on my feelings."

I returned, handed the parcel to my mother, and remained cross and sullen for some time, yet I loved my mother very much, but could not bear to yield my will to hers.

Several weeks passed away—I forgot the occurrence; nor had my mother alluded to it—when she was taken suddenly and dangerously ill; and very soon all hope of recovery was gone. Then my sin rushed upon my mind,—causing the deepest regret. The nature of my mother's disease caused delirium nearly all the time, and I had no opportunity to ask forgiveness. I would sit by her bedside, while tears poured down my cheeks, and her eyes fixed on me. But, ah! no glance of recognition,—no beaming forth of a mother's love was there; Vacant, vacant, still vacant was that gaze, and I would rush from the room and wish I could die.

Once, during a short interval of consciousness, she looked round the room and asked for me. I was with my brothers, for I felt as if I must constantly watch over them, and, when sent for, hastened to her bedside. But alas; too late! That same fixed, vacant stare had returned, nor did she ever again recognize me. At the expiration of eleven days from the commencement of her illness, Death loosed the "silver cord," and "the weary wheel of life stood still." I was present at the beginning of the last struggle, which was long and very severe, but the sight of his almost motherless girl was more than my already agonized father could bear, and he sent me away. I sought my little brothers in the sitting room, and as they hung round me with anxious inquiries about our dying mother, I was indeed sorry for my behavior. The agony I endured was too great for tears of utterance, and I thought, when all was over, and my father led me to look upon her form, as it lay calmly and peacefully in the embrace of Death, with a heavenly smile upon those lips that had never spoken aught but words of love and kindness, that my heart would break, and I wished it might.

When I pressed my lips upon that marble brow, it seemed as if its icy coldness would congeal my very heart's blood, and I thought, "Oh! if my blessed mother could be restored to me for even a single month, that I might anticipate every wish, and by prompt obedience and love, show her how inexpressibly dear she was to me, and how sorry I was for past follies!"

But, all my wishes were fruitless, and it was now too late to repair the injury I had done. I was the only daughter and oldest child,—the constant companion of my mother, who, during the eleven years that I had lived, had kindly watched over me, and instructed me; nor could I call to mind a single instance of unkindness or impatience. When I did wrong, she would fix her expressive blue eyes upon me without a word, while the tears would glisten in them, and I could not resist their sad reproof. The instance I have named is the only one that I remember, in which I conducted myself so badly towards my mother.

Twenty years have passed since then, and I am myself a mother, but that meek, sad look of wounded love, still haunts me, and of all things I regret having done in childhood, that carries with it the

deepest sting. I have often seen girls, and boys, too, act towards a kind and gentle mother as I then did; and if such children should read this true, sad story, I beg them to change their course; become kind and obedient to their parents, and then they will be spared the deep sorrow, which I still feel, when I think of my unkindness to my departed mother.

The Merchant and his Neighbor.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A certain merchant of Persia or China, it matters not which, going one day on a journey, placed in his neighbor's charge a hundred weight of iron. Not having had the success for which he hoped, he returned home. The first thing he did on his arrival was to go to his friend's house.

"My iron," said he.

"Your iron! I am sorry to tell you bad news. An accident has happened that nobody could foresee; a rat has eaten it all. But what can be done? There is always in a granary some hole where the little animals enter and commit a thousand depredations."

The merchant is astonished at such a miracle, and pretends to believe it. A few hours after he finds his neighbor's child in a by-path, takes him home with him, and shuts him up in a room under lock and key. The next day he invites the father to sup with him.

"Excuse me, I pray you; all pleasures are lost to me. They have stolen my son. He is my only one—alas!—what do I say—he is mine no more."

"I am sorry to hear this news; the loss of an only son must affect you much. But, my dear neighbor, I will tell you that last evening as I was going out, I saw an owl carry off your child."

"Do you take me for an idiot, to wish to make me believe such a story? How! an owl, which weighs at most only two or three pounds, carry off a child that weighs at least fifty? The thing is absurd—impossible!"

"I cannot tell you how it was done; but I saw it with my own eyes, I tell you. Besides, how do you find it strange and impossible, that the owls of a country where a single rat eats a hundred weight of iron should carry off a child that weighs only half a hundred weight?"

The neighbor, upon this, found that he was not dealing with a fool, and returned the iron to the merchant in exchange for his son.

It is ridiculous to impose upon a person with impossibilities. When a story is exaggerated, one is wrong to attempt to combat it with arguments.—*Literary American.*

THE FOP OUTWITTED.—In one of our country taverns, a few years since, there happened to be a number of respectable farmers clad in their usual habits, when a spruce young gentleman came in, rigged in the highest style, with a watch in his pocket, who strutted about the room with great pomp, dangling his watch keys and seals in the most foppish manner. After swaggering about the room for a few minutes, he cried out and challenged any man in the room to drop money with him, one piece at a time, and the man whose purse held out the longest should take the whole and treat the company. No one at first appeared to accept the challenge, which only tended to render the fop more inflated with an idea of his superiority in wealth, and he became more earnest. At length a rusty looking, but shrewd old farmer, observed if no one else would accept the offer he would do it. "It's done," said the fop, and immediately called on the third man to hold the hat. The farmer then put his hand into his pocket and took out what he called a bung-town copper, and dropped it in the hat. The fop dropped in his second piece, and the farmer feeling in his pocket for another piece but finding none, gravely observed, "I am beat. I have no more; you may keep the whole and treat the company."

SHIPPING AN IRISHMAN.

A few days since, a tall, robust son of the Emerald Isle made his appearance on the deck of a merchantman, lying at the end of India Wharf. The first person he encountered was the cook, a portly, thick-lipped Ethiopian, with a complexion as dark as a thunder-cloud.

"Can ye be afther tellin' me where's your master?" said Pat.

"In de cabin, sah!" replied cookey, grinning at the rather green appearance of the Irishman.

"Plaze be afther axin' him if he wants to hire a hand. If he duz Jimmy Doolin is the boy 'ad like to spake wid 'im."

"I tell 'um, sah," said blackey, as he went aft into the cabin.

In a few moments the captain came on deck, and after measuring the somewhat stalwart proportions of the Irishman, addressed him:

"So, you wish to ship, do you?"

"Yes, yer 'onor, 'if that manes hiring a sailor, I 'ud be afther tryin' my loock on the salt sae," answered the applicant.

"In what capacity?"

"In a capacity, did ye say?" queried Pat. "In a ship to be shure, yer 'onor, and niver in a capacity."

"Mean do you wish to go as mate, steward, or before the mast?" asked the captain.

"Divil a bit duz Jimmy Doolin mind whither he goes before or 'hind the mast, if it's arl the same to yer 'onor—I wish to be a say-man."

"I suppose you don't pretend to be an able-bodied seaman?"

"Pre-ind—able-bodied, did ye say, now!—Look at me, and sae for yourself if yer don't call Jimmy Doolin, able-bodied. Show me the sailor that's in bitter condishin than Jimmy Doolin!"

"I mean, are you an experienced seaman?"

"Experience, is it? Faith, and 'tis the experience ye'd be afther. Thin I'm a man afther yer own heart. Indade, yer 'onor I've had the command of a whole flate!"

"What flate!" queried the captain, good-humoredly.

"The flate of mudscows to be shure, runnin' in back bay," answered Jimmy. "If that's not experience, sich as ivery sailor don't git, thin I'm no Doolin, yer 'onor."

"Can you hand, reef and steer?"

"I can handle ivery thing, from a childher, to Teddy Murtagh, the best man at a shillala in the whole fleet. Fath! he's a broth iv a by, but net a match for meself, yer 'onor."

As for starein' there's no man kin beat me at that same. "I would do yer sowl good to sae me stare the ould scow atwixt the piers o' Cragy's bridge, and luff up under the lee of the toll-'ouse, whin the wind was blowin' blue murder, and the tide was runnin' like a race-'orse, and the waves were washin' the mud from the ould scow faster'n Teddy, and I and the whole crew could shuvel it in."

"I think you'll do for a green hand," said the captain, amused at Jemmy's eloquence touching his nautical experience.

"Divil a bit do I care about the color, ony Jemmy Doolin wouldn't like to go as a nagur."

"To be into the cabin and sign the articles," said the captain.

It was a flower of a fellow, and he became a first-class sailor, and instead of the captain being a fool, he was a very good one.

QUEER PATCH.—A very benevolent gentleman, a resident of the upper part of the city, received, early—very early—on Monday morning, a basket of peaches sent to him—so the messenger said—by a friend in New York. He paid the fellow 50 cents for his trouble, and with a grateful heart proceeded to open the basket. Before he had removed the covering, a sound struck his ear that sent him bounding off at the rate of a couple hundred knots to the hour. Could it be possible? Yea, truly! the basket of peaches was nothing less than a basket of baby! It contained just the handsomest little blue-eyed creature that ever was in a peach basket. It was neatly apparelled, plump as a nectarine, and in full unrestricted possession of an active and healthy pair of lungs. Our friend, who is a childless man, caught a glimpse of the hand of Providence in this visitation, and when the first shock of the discovery had passed off, and his anger had tumbled below fever heat, resolved to adopt as his own the lovely occupant of the peach basket—as sweet and as rosy-hued as a peach blossom.—*Albany Express.*

BE IN TIME!

Your journey may be long, but pay your fare—A hiss! a shriek! a rumble!—you are there.

If you were five minutes too late for the carriage or wagon, you might overtake them; if five minutes past the proper time by the mail coach, it is quite possible it might not have started; but if five minutes too late by the railroad, there is no hope for you! The steam is up, the bell rings to the minute, the shrill whistle is heard, and in five minutes the train is nearly five miles off. Be in time! Be in time!

Fidelity.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round—when sickness falls on the heart—when the world is dark and cheerless—it is the time to try true friendship. The heart that has been touched with the true gold will redouble its efforts when the friend is sad and in trouble. Adversity tries real friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress, betray their hypocrisy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you—who has studied your interest and happiness—be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists in the heart. Who has not seen and felt its power? They only deny its worth and power, who have never loved a friend, or labored to make a friend happy. The good and kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the heavenly principle. They would sacrifice wealth and honor to promote the happiness of others, and in return they receive the reward of their love by sympathizing hearts and countless favors, when they have been brought low by disease or adversity.

A Cool Operation.

"Hallo, there, Captin'," said a brother Jonathan to a captain of a canal packet on the Erie canal, "What do you charge for passage?"

"Three cents per mile, and boarded," replied the captain.

"Wall, I guess I'll take passage, captin', seein' as how I am kinder gin out walkin' so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan set down and began to demolish the 'fixens' to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleaned the table of all that was eatable when he got up and went on deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, captin', from here to where I came aboard?"

"Nearly one and a half miles," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, captin', I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare here; I guess I'll go ashore now I'm kinder rested out."

The captain vamosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more 'way passengers' the remainder of the summer.

[Yankee Blade.]

Poisoned.—A Warning.—Mr. Henry H. Whitcomb, his wife, two children, brother and sister, were all poisoned on Tuesday evening last by eating plum sauce, in which a german silver spoon had been used for stirring while cooking. They ate of the sauce about 5 o'clock, and about 10 o'clock the same evening the nursing child commenced vomiting and cramping, having imbibed the poison from its mother, and soon after the rest of the family were taken in the same way. They were all very sick for several hours, and it was doubtful what would be the termination, but we are happy to state that they have all recovered and are now nearly or quite well.—[Jefferson (N. Y.) Democrat.]

A man lately confined in a jail in Scioto county, Ohio, for stealing cattle, managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday, and being captured by the sheriff on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer: "I might have escaped, but I had conscientious scruples about traveling on Sunday."

AMY BRYANT.

BY ELEN.

It was evening. Nature, as though wearied with the exertions of the day, had sunk calmly to rest. Every thing was hushed to silence, save the low murmuring of the sweet waterfall, or the sighing of the gentle zephyrs, as they floated slowly through the trees. The 'silvery queen of night,' with the myriads of sparkling attendants, looked forth from the sky, and with their gentle influence on all around, seemed endeavoring to soften the heart and draw the affections to Him who is 'love.' All looked thoughtful, yet happy. All, did I say? No; there was one gentle being o'er whose head scarce sixteen summer suns had shone, who was far otherwise. She sat alone in her chamber, apparently in deep meditation. Her head rested upon her hand, and from her eyes tears—unbidden tears—fell profusely. Oh, there is a depth in the heart's first grief, which no after years, with all its changes, can bring. Amy had never, ere this, known any real sorrow. Her parents died while she was an infant, and left her in the care of an uncle, who had been to her as a father. His eldest daughter, Helen,—who was but a few years older than Amy,—was one of those favored ones whom nought ever disturbs, and between her and Amy there had ever existed the most perfect confidence. Until Amy was fifteen, they had never been separated. At that time she was sent to a distant village to attend school. Her grief on parting with her uncle's family was soon forgotten amidst the cares and pleasures of a school girl's life. New friends sought her favor. She was handsome, lively, kind and affectionate, and soon became a universal favorite.

Edward Grey, a young practitioner of law, saw and loved Amy. He soon sought to win her love in return; and in this he was successful. A pure child of nature was this young and lovely being, all artless, affectionate and confiding. The love of Edward was the first that had ever been breathed on her ear, and it fell sweetly. Ere she was aware, he had made a deep impression on her too confiding heart, and she believed that to him she had given her 'first and best affections.' When he was with her, it mattered not whether in a crowded assembly or alone, she was happy. She scarce knew pleasure or happiness unless it was shared with him. In short, she loved—as many have thought they loved—with her whole soul. He was her all on earth, and even worshipped before her Heavenly Father.

When the term at school closed, Edward wished her to spend the winter with his widowed mother and only sister in the city. Here all was new to Amy, and amid its bustle and confusion, her uncle's family was for a while forgotten. All the time which Edward could command, was spent with her. They rode, walked, visited, and in short, all their amusements were shared together. The happiness of one seemed indispensable to the happiness of the other. But soon a change came over the feelings of Edward. There was a coldness, a reserve in his manner, hitherto unknown. 'Tis true he yet treated her with politeness, but there was a want of feeling, of affection in his manner, which pierced the heart of the gentle Amy; yet she bore it in silence. No word of explanation was given, and she requested none. Free and open-hearted herself, she thought not that others could be deceitful, and still

believed that Edward loved her. His manner, however, became more and more estranged, till she could no longer bear it. She informed them of her determination of leaving, and soon bade them farewell. The mother and sister were much affected; but Edward evinced not the slightest emotion. With a heavy heart she returned to her Uncle's; and it was the first evening after her return that we found her thus alone and in tears. She had remained thus for nearly an hour, when the door suddenly opened, and Helen came bounding to her side.

'Tis a beautiful evening, sweet Amy, come, let us go forth and enjoy it,' said she, drawing her cousin's arm within her own, and leading her forth 'neath the broad blue sky. 'It may, perchance, cheer thy drooping spirits,' said she, playfully, 'and make thee even happy as your cousin Helen.'

'Oh, Helen!' replied Amy, 'you are ever happy. Nought ever disturbs that even temperament of yours. But with me it is far otherwise. Fate frowns upon me, and I wither beneath her cruel glance.—Oh, Helen, you know not even now what sorrow is preying upon my heart and rendering me so unhappy!'

'Then tell it me, dearest Amy, and be it what it may, I am ready to share it with you. I have beheld sorrow written on your brow, from the first moment of your return, and have longed to inquire the cause, but delicacy forbade me. But now, Amy, tell it me, and you shall find sympathy and consolation, too, I trust. But first, whither shall we direct our footsteps? along by this gentle waterfall, or to yonder towering hill-top? Which would you prefer, Amy?'

'Along by this waterfall,' replied Amy, 'its low, sweet murmuring will best accord with my own feelings, and I love to have all things in unison.'

'Now, Amy,' said Helen, throwing her arms affectionately round her cousin's neck, 'unveil thy heart to me. We have ever been as sisters, and let not now one thought be concealed from me. I cannot be happy while I see you unhappy.'

'Oh, Helen, you are kind, too kind to me, poor and unworthy creature as I am. Why need I pain you with a recital of my private sorrows? Better that I conceal them in my own breast, and let none else suffer, save myself.'

'No, Amy, it must not be so. I must know all, and then I will cheer and comfort you, sweet cousin.'

'Then, Helen, I will tell you all. Edward Grey has deceived me. I thought him to be the very soul of truth and honor, but have been disappointed. He no longer loves me. I loved him deeply and devotedly as ever woman loved, and oh, how can I bear this change? My heart is woman's, and it will break.'

'Amy, you have indeed been deceived, and with your tender feelings, it is hard for you to bear it. Yet, cheer up, for believe me, a brighter day is yet in store for you. You will love again, and with a purer, deeper love.'

'Oh, no, Helen, I cannot. I can never love another.'

'Two years hence, Amy, believe me, you will tell a different story,' replied Helen, as they entered their low, sweet cottage.

Ah! how many a one has thought like Amy, how many have loved, or thought they loved, and been deceived. And yet have they loved, deeply and devotedly loved? Can there be a perfect union of souls, and then a disunion? Can one garner up all his purest and best affections in one fond heart, and then withdraw them? Such a thing may be, where one finds his affections unworthily placed, yet oftner 'tis but fancy, the shadow of a something real; and in the end they will acknowledge that they never loved.

Two years after the above conversation, might be seen two persons walking slowly along by the side of the low, murmuring waterfall, where we last listened to the conversation of Amy and Helen. One was a gentleman of tall and commanding form, a clear blue eye, and a fine forehead, shaded by a profusion of dark brown hair. Though not handsome, there was an irresistible something which won upon the beholder at first sight. One felt that in that form was enshrined a pure heart;—it spoke forth in every look, in every motion; and as soon would one have thought that the rays of yon beauteous star, are but the reflection of a 'piece of ice in the rays of the moon,' as to have thought the smile that lighted up those eyes, anything but truth itself. And such it was with Clarence Walters. His companion, a female, was small, but beautifully formed, and every motion was free and graceful as the mountain bird. A calmness rested on that broad, high forehead, and in the depths of those deep blue eyes, which spoke of a heart at happiness in itself and with the world. Her hair, of that fine, glossy brown which varies with every passing ray, hung in unconfined ringlets about her face and neck. Her dress was modest and simple, and at once told the beholder that hers was a pure heart; for may not dress be considered a criterion of the heart? And Amy's—for it was none other than Amy's—was a criterion. Clarence bent his looks upon that fair one, and addressed her in those soft, low tones so peculiar to him. The blush that mantled Amy's cheek told of what he spoke. She was about replying, when a gentle step was heard, a light laugh, and the voice of Helen arrested them.

'Oh, Amy,' said she, 'I've just come from your room, as mother told me whither you'd gone, and thither I hastened with all the benevolence of a Howard, at the risk of tearing my frock, soiling my new shoes, and being called a *romp*, and all for your sake,' continued she, looking archly at Clarence, who stood wondering at what she could be meaning.

'And pray tell me, my benevolent one,' inquired he, 'in what manner I am connected with this sudden visit? Really, I think it must be something very important.'

'Ah,' said Helen, laughing, 'I feared you were but giving to my cousin Amy, here, your heart's best affections; and depend upon it, she can never love you.'

'Helen,' exclaimed Clarence, half smilingly, half fearfully, 'what mean you? Is not Amy's heart the very seat of love? Is she not ever ready to love everybody? Is she not—'

'Hold, hold!' said Helen, 'tis as I expected, but,' added she, with much gravity, 'Amy cannot love you.'

Amy was about to reply, but the hand of Helen laid playfully on her lips, arrested the sound, and she continued, 'I am, Sir Oracle, and shall acknowledge no arbiter, till my purpose be accomplished.' Then turning to Clarence, with a grave but meaning look, she commenced again, 'Now, Clarence, I really pity you, for I plainly perceive you are 'over head and ears in love,' as the saying is, and am most deeply sorry that there is any likelihood of your suit being rejected. 'Tis a sad and bitter thing,' said she, affecting deep feeling in her tone, 'for one to garner up all his affections in a heart where there is no probability of a return. The heart thus disappointed shrinks back within itself, and feels an almost utter desolation, and this, Clarence, I fear will be your portion.'

Clarence looked first at Helen, and then at Amy, hardly knowing whether to think it jest or earnest. 'Now, Helen,' said he, 'pray unravel this mystery. You speak in riddles, and I am in no mood for interpreting them.'

Suddenly the truth flashed upon Amy, and again she attempted to speak, but

On Sunday evening last, as Mr. Green was proceeding to Woonsocket in a wagon, a man suddenly stepped from behind a bush and seized his horse. Mr. Green sprang from his vehicle and struck the man a violent blow with his fist, killing him instantly! The affair has produced much excitement in Woonsocket, and will undergo a legal investigation.

Helen shook her head in token of silence, and continued, 'Now, Clarence, I had the assertion which I gave you from my cousin's own lips, and was not that sufficient? Yes, she herself told me she *could never love another*;' and with a laugh and a meaning look, she bounded away and left them alone. Her last words had unsealed the mystery, even to Clarence; and he smiled to think he had not sooner understood it; for Amy, with her usual frankness, had told him of her former attachment, and of the feelings which were then indulged, not even screening one thought. He threw his arms round her waist, and imprinting a kiss upon her cheek, drew her to a rustic seat beneath the bough of a spreading oak, and long and earnestly they talked of past, present and future. But this conversation was for themselves alone, and suffice it to say that Clarence *did* feel that he was loved as had not been another. As twilight deepened, they arose and returned home. The heart of each was full; and which way soever they turned their eyes, they read of love and happiness. The stars each seemed smiling kindly upon them—the stream mirrored forth the joyousness of their own souls, and all nature was in unison with their feelings. At the door they parted, and Amy hastened to her cousin.

'Now, Helen,' said she, 'you were cruel to-night—a miniature Tantalus—thus to trouble us.'

'Ah, well,' replied Helen, 'I wanted to punish you a bit for what I have always considered your former foolishness; and I have succeeded. Hereafter, may all the happiness which kind heaven can bestow upon the loved and loving, be yours. But tell me, Amy, is there one trace of that love which you once cherished for Edward Grey, left in your heart? To see him, would it awaken there one feeling which you once had in his presence?'

'O, Helen, how can you *ask* such a question? Think you I would deceive Clarence? Would I profess to love him, while I cherished one thought of *another*? No; sooner would I lay down my life than be guilty of such baseness. Clarence has a heart which would be satisfied with nought but one's whole love, and such he has. True, I respect Edward Grey, but love him, never. And yet I appreciate the motive which induced him to desert me; or rather, I rejoice that he did so. Between us there could never have been perfect confidence, and without it, no real happiness. In my pursuits he could have taken no part, nor I in his. He saw this, and hence his coldness. And yet he took an unwise course. Had he told me freely, frankly, and had the understanding been mutual, it would have saved me much misery. But I forgive, even as I hope to be forgiven.'

'There, Amy, said like your own dear self,' replied Helen. 'But tell me, dost think that Clarence prizes your love as highly as though 'twere a "*first love*?" You know most men prize a female heart which has never expended its treasures upon another; and think you he casts no lingering regrets over your former attachment? Think you he is satisfied?'

'You do him injury, Helen,' said she, warmly. 'You do not know Clarence if you suppose him capable of such regrets, now that he has professed to love me, knowing all. His whole heart goes with his profession. True, he had much to overlook, but he has forgiven all, and knows, *feels* that he is loved.'

'But did you not, two years since, Amy, tell me you could never love another?'

'Yes, Helen, I did; but I knew not then my own heart, or the strength of my own affections. My girlish affection for Edward was not love as it should be. True, he had my respect, has it now, and I loved him, perhaps, as well as I could love any one so dissimilar. But ours was not a union of *souls* such as I conceive an attachment should be, to be happy and last-

ing. If it had been, it could not have been sundered so lightly. It had its seat more in the imagination than in the heart.'

'And what proof,' asked Helen, still determined to sound her heart to its very depth, 'have you that your attachment for Clarence is not the same?'

'Every proof,' replied Amy with enthusiasm. 'My feelings are entirely different. Between us there is the most perfect confidence. The aim of each is to render the other happy. Our tastes, our pursuits and our pleasures, are the same. Both feel that in ourselves we are weak, and together can rely upon the strength of an Almighty arm. Together we are striving to inherit that rest which is prepared for "those who love the Lord." And this is one of the strongest bonds of our love. Oh, Helen, could you but *know* how I feel—could you but *see* my heart, you would not again even *ask* such a question.'

'And Amy, I will not; I am satisfied. Indeed I was ere I began; but I wanted you to see your own heart,—see it as it is,—for I knew you shrunk from its analysis. Amy, forgive me,' said she, tenderly embracing her, 'for wounding your feelings. I intended no harm, and may Heaven bless thee in thy love—thy "*first love*," for, Amy, I believe 'tis truly so.—And now, dear one, may Morpheus woo thee sweetly in his arms, and Somnus give thee bright visions of the future,' said she, gliding softly from the apartment.

In one year Amy became the wife of Clarence; and truly, theirs *was* a love which knew no change. Their lives have been those of happiness in themselves, to each other, and of usefulness to the world.

Reader, art thou mourning over the prostration of a first attachment? Think that it may be like Amy's; and that like her you will yet love with a deeper, a purer and a holier love. Yield not to this, thy first sorrow, but remember that 'oft from apparent ills our blessings rise,' and that this may be but the dawning of a brighter, happier day.

LATEST FROM CALIFORNIA.

I promised, dear Kate, to write a few lines And tell you my luck, when I reached the gold mines—

So first I will tell you, to make a beginning, How very romantic the way we are living. We commence our digging as soon as it is light, And, excepting our meals, don't leave off till night. I find the work is very laborious— But I work very hard, *that's* quite notorious. I've been pretty lucky in finding the gold, For I've got a cart load, this summer, all told. For breakfast we always have salt junk and pork, Which we eat in our hands for we've no knife nor fork.

This only requires a very slight warming, And then we dine on what's left from the morning. If none of its left when supper is through, We cook a new piece, and begin all anew; You must know how I dress in this outlandish place—

I'll describe it all to you in a very short space. First, a broad brimmed hat, much the worse for the wear—

No shoes on my feet—they're cooler when bare— The rest of my suit is a shirt that is torn, And continuations very much worn. So I'm poor as old Job in spite of my wealth, But as a general thing have enjoyed good health. I'm sure you'll be glad when you know my success, For I'll be home to marry you in six months or less.

These chicken tracks you must please to excuse, For I've written so little my hand's not in use. I enclose you my portrait, its flattered 'tis true— But I know how you'll prize it, so I've sent it to you.

I preferred it should be in my every day trim— With the whiskers and all you'd scarce know your own Jim:

And with it I send you a heart that's most true— And I anxiously wait for a letter from you.

ADIEU.

Procrastination.

"I will go by and by," thought a little girl to herself, after she had been solicited to do a favor by her mother.

Margaret was an obliging child, and was usually willing to do what her friends required, but she had indulged a habit of procrastinating, or of deferring until another time that which should be done at the present moment. This had already occasioned those around her much uneasiness; as it often happened that she quite forgot to do what she really intended.

This afternoon her mother had prepared some little niceties for a poor, infirm woman, and wished Margaret to carry them to her. Margaret readily consented to do so, but as usual decided to delay it for a short time. "I want to play a little longer," she thought, "and then I will go."

She continued her play until the afternoon hours were nearly spent.

"Have you carried those things to Mrs. M., Margaret?" asked her mother, who chanced to see her child as she was amusing herself in the garden.

"No, mother," answered Margaret, "but I will very soon go." The mother of M. returned to her domestic duties, while the little girl thought, as before, that she would go by and by. It was quite pleasant in the garden, and the flowers which were blossoming there looked very beautiful, and Margaret remained among them until it was so dark she could not play any longer. She did not think of her mother's wishes until she laid her head upon her pillow, and then the sad remembrance came that she had neglected her duty by unwise procrastination. She recollected that poor Mrs. M. had scarcely any thing for her supper, and she had promised to carry it. These reflections made Margaret very unhappy, and when she thought how anxiously the poor woman had looked from her solitary dwelling, vainly watching her approach, she could not sleep.

At an early hour the next morning, Margaret took the little basket from the place where she had the day before left it, and started with a rapid pace on her errand of charity. It was a pleasant morning; the

dew-drops were glittering on the leaves and grass, and the birds were pouring out their joyous songs, but Margaret had no eye for the beauty, no ear for the melody. Her mind was wholly occupied with the disappointment of the poor woman, who had been vainly expecting her the preceding day.

When she reached the place of her destination, she found Mrs. M. looking quite sick and feeble. As she took the articles from the basket in which her mother had placed them, a look of gratitude beamed from the countenance of the recipient of her bounty, and she said, addressing Margaret,

"You know not how much good what you have brought will do me, and you can never know unless you are without a supper, as I was last night."

"Had you no supper to eat?" asked Margaret timidly, recollecting her own negligence had occasioned this deprivation.

"No," was the meek reply, "I had nothing which my poor appetite could relish."

Margaret thoughtfully pursued her homeward way, resolving for the future to guard herself against her besetting sin, procrastination.

"Mother," she said, as she reached her own happy home, "I will never again put off any thing until another time."

A few weeks afterwards, Margaret was sitting with her mother in the quiet evening hour. "My child," said her mother, "you have very well kept the promise you made the morning you returned from Mrs. M's, and have mostly overcome your procrastinating disposition. Still there is one thing which you have never yet done, though your best friends have many times earnestly desired it, and which you know is your duty."

"And what can this be, dear mother?" asked the little girl.

"It is no duty which you owe your earthly friends," answered the mother, "but something of far more importance. Your Father in Heaven has commanded you to give him your heart, with its young affections. He has bidden you consecrate yourself early to his service. This you have not done. You have ever procrastinated this most important duty until another hour, or a more advanced age. Very many years ago, there was a man high in office, who listened, while a faithful follower of Christ talked of the things which related to his immortal soul. But his worldly mind did not wish then to hear of such subjects, and he said to the holy Apostle, 'Go thy way for this time, when I have a more convenient season I will call for thee.' My child, procrastinate this important duty no longer, nor suffer the golden hours of youth to pass and witness you a stranger to the love of God."

Belleville, Mass.

H. S. G.

[For the Journal of Missions.]

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE RECENT EMBARKATION OF MISSIONARIES.

There's love within thy pleasant home,—

Stay, lady fair!

Why leave it, o'er the seas to roam?

Thou'lt miss it there.

A mother's love, a mother's prayer,

Here lights thy brow;

A father's heart, a father's care,

Thou sharest now.

Brothers and sisters gather round

At evening hour;

Upon thine ear, their voices sound

With music's power.

Stay with the loved! oh wander not

From home so dear,

And friends that cannot be forgot!—

Stay, lady, here!

The trees, and flowers, and murmur'ing streams,

Thou lovest well,

Must call upon thee in thy dreams,

With them to dwell.

A country blest is surely thine,—

Why haste away?

The sun will elsewhere never shine

With kindlier ray.

There's wealth and honor for thee here,

And ease and bliss;—

Abroad, thou'lt shed the bitter tear,

All these to miss.

Then stay! these voices evermore

Will follow thee;—

Can they upon the stranger's shore

Forgotten be?

And oh, will not thy heart oft ache,

When far away,

At thought of what thou didst forsake?—

Stay, lady, stay!

'Twas vain;—she stood with a look serene,

And a courage firm and high;

There was no faltering in her mien—

No tear-drop dimmed her eye.

And the words of the Master now above,

Gave forth her full reply,—

"Go ye unto all in the world I love,

Give the gospel to them that die."

SONG OF THE DYING OLD MAN TO HIS YOUNG WIFE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

KATE, there's a trembling at my heart, a coldness on my brow,
My sight is dim, my breath is faint, I feel I'm dying now;
But ere my vision fadeth quite, ere all of strength be o'er,
Oh! let me look into thy face, and press thy hand once more!

I would my latest glance should fall on what I hold most dear;
But ah! thy cheek is wet again—wipe, wipe away the tear.

Such tears of late have often gemmed thy drooping eyelid's fringe,
Such tears of late have washed away thy young cheek's ruddy tinge.

I brought thee from a simple home to be an old man's bride,
Thou wert the altar where I laid affection, joy, and pride;
My heart's devotion, like the sun, shone forth with dim-
less power,
And kept its brightest glory rays to mark its setting hour.

I brought thee from a simple home, where early friends
had met,
And something filled thy farewell tone, that whispered
of regret.

Oh! could I wonder, when you left warm spirits like
your own,
To dwell upon far distant earth, with age and wealth
alone!

I gaze with holy fondness on thy meek retiring eye,
Soft in its beaming as the first fair star of evening's
sky;

I marked the dimpled mirth around thy sweet lips when
they smiled,
And while I loved thee as a bride, I blest thee as a child.

But, oh! thy young and glowing heart could not respond
to mine,
My whitened hairs seemed mocked by those rich sunny
curls of thine;

And though thy gentle faith was kind as woman's faith
can be,
'Twas as the spring flower clinging round the winter-
blighted tree.

My speech is faltering and low—the world is fading
fast—
The sands of life are few and slow—this day will be my
last;

I've something for thine ear—bend close—list to my
falling word,
Lay what I utter to thy soul, and start not when 'tis
heard.

There's one who loves thee—though his love has never
lived in speech—
He worships as a devotee, the star he cannot reach;
He strives to mast his throbbing breast, and hide its
burning glow;

But I have pierced the veil, and seen the struggling
heart below.

Nay, speak not; I alone have been the selfish and un-
wise;
Young hearts will nestle with young hearts, young eyes
will meet young eyes;

And when I saw his earnest glance torn hopelessly
away,
I thanked the hand of Time that gave me warning of
decay.

I questioned not thy bosom, Kate—I cast upon thy
name
No memory of jealous fear, no lightest shade of blame,
I know that he has loved thee long, with deep and se-
cret truth;

I know he is a fitting one, to bless thy trusting youth.

Weep not for me with bitter grief; I would but have
thee tell
That he who bribed thee to his heart, has cherished
thee right well;

I give thee to another, Kate—and may that other prove
As grateful for the blessing held, as doating in his love.

Bury me in the churchyard where the dark yew branches
wave,
And promise thou wilt come sometimes, to weed the
old man's grave;

'Tis all I ask! I'm blind—I'm faint—now take my
parting breath—
I die within thy arms, my Kate—and feel no sting of
death!

LOST THE BET. A good looking and jovial friend of ours, a day or two since, related in our presence the following good 'un. At one of our first hotels, a stout red-faced gentleman, in a white beaver blue coat and buff vest, offered to wager a ten spot that he would close his eyes, and simply by taste, name any kind of liquor in the house. The bet was taken, and the process of winning or losing commenced forthwith. "That is genuine Otard," said the fat gentleman, tasting from a wine glass—and this—this is whiskey," and so on through the hotel's manifest of hardware. A wag then poured a few drops of pure Cocchiato into the glass and handed to the connoisseur—"This is—ah—nt.—this is—(tasting again)—by thunder! gentlemen, I lose the bet.—I never tasted this liquor before!"—Mail.

'Machine Poetry.'

Our machine has got a little out of order, in consequence of which we have been obliged to borrow a piece of 'Spoons' 'poetry,' from the N. Y. Sunday Mercury:

'Come, Bill, just set the cylinder to a short measure, and apply a little more physical steam. Now, go it—

Of all the sweets
A body meets,
Molasses is the sweetest;
Of all that's neat
In Orange street,
Dead cats are 'bout the neatest.

Of all birds fair,
That fly the air,
The bat is far the fairest;
Of all that's rare
I must declare
Good soda is the rarest.

Of all things lean,
I humbly ween,
A lizard is the leanest;
Of all things mean
I've ever seen,
A quack he is the meanest.

Of all things small
That creep or crawl,—
A mite is much the smallest;
Of all that's tall
A southern-b* t h st., e
t m x w h

"Indemnification, sir, and for what?"

"For the pig," said Patrick, grasping his crutch convulsively; "the pig that ran his tusks into me as if he was a rhinoceros or an elephant. Not an hour of work have I made since the accident tuk place, and I now come for indemnification for the loss of my time."

"My friend, it is impossible for me to indemnify you for a loss with which I am in no manner concerned."

"But isn't the pig consarned, and isn't the pig your own property, an aint ye liable by law for the acts of yer predecessors? Answer me that now."

"Why, if that boar pig of mine and yourself had an altercation, I of course could not be dragged into the matter.—When you were attacked, why did you not get out of the way of the pig?"

"Me git out of the way of a pig!—Och, that I ever came here to be tould that I should git out of the way of a pig! And me walking along, too, thratin ivery one in a dacint and rispictable manner, an the bloody-minded hog to come out an attack me! No matter, sir, there's one place where a poor man can get justice—and may I be sould for hog's puddins if the affair of that hog won't be settled there!"

A good-hearted Dutchman who dwelt in Albany at the time of one of the early governors, and who professed to cure all cases of hydrophobia, paid a visit to this excellency, and, being treated to all the hospitalities of the house, was highly pleased with him; and, slapping the governor familiarly on the back, he exclaimed, "Gafornor, you ish a tam efeler fellow; and I hopes you will be pit mit a mat tog, and I will cure you for nothing!"

BLUE APRONS.—Nothing is more poetical than blue aprons. The girl who wears a blue apron will make a good wife, a good mother, and a good house-keeper. So says an exchange.

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you do ye even so to them."

If the speculator misses his aim everybody cries out 'he's a fool,' and sometimes 'he's a rogue.' If he succeed, they besiege his door and demand his daughter in marriage.

Something for Lads.

"Beware," said Elihu, "lest he take thee away with a stroke!" Since the days of Ananias and Sapphira, God has often done so, as a warning to the wicked. An awful instance lately occurred at Liverpool, where a Mr. John Donnelly, of Newry, dropped down dead in Ranelagh-street, with a carpet bag in his hand, containing about fourteen thousand dollars in cash. The deceased was fleeing from his creditors, and intended to sail for America in the Cambria on the following day. One of the creditors applied to Mr. Rushton, in the police court, and asked whether the money found upon the deceased would be distributed among the creditors. Mr. Rushton replied, that the fourteen thousand dollars had been deposited by Mr. Dowling in the Bank of England, and that the creditors of the deceased would certainly have that amount distributed among them at the proper time. Mr. Superintendent Brown announced that the son of the deceased had arrived in Liverpool on the morning of that day.

What a lesson! What an exposure! What a disgrace! What a judgment!

Reader, do no deed which might not safely and honorably be your last deed. Enter no place where it would be infamous to be found a dead man. Be this your standing motto:

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME!"

The Patched Gown.

"I wish I had a better gown, mother," said Emily Foster, as she was getting ready for school, one cold morning in December; "the girls laugh at this so; and yesterday, Julia Haven asked me, if I bought it of the rag-man."

Mrs. Foster's eyes filled with tears, while her little daughter was speaking. A few years before, she had been in prosperous circumstances; but the death of her husband, and much sickness in the family afterwards, had reduced her to distressing poverty. Emily was the eldest of her three children, and she had but just entered upon her eighth year, so that,—although the poor woman toiled all day with her needle, and Emily worked diligently almost every minute out of school-hours,—she was hardly able to provide the family with the scanty food which was their daily fare, or with sufficient clothing to shield them from the inclemency of the weather. She had made a great effort to send her daughter to school, because she was very anxious that she should learn all that was possible in her circumstances. She knew that she could go only for a very short time, when she must leave school to toil wearily and uninterruptedly. It was therefore with a sorrowful heart, she learned that Emily had been exposed to ridicule on account of her patched and scanty dress. She tried hard, however, to conquer her emotion, and after being silent a moment, said,

"But, my dear, your gown is not ragged. There is not a single hole in it."

"I know it, mother. I suppose they laugh at it because it is patched up so. I could hardly help crying yesterday, they made such sport of it."

"But it is no harm, my child, to wear a patched gown. It is the very best I can get for you."

"I know that, and I try hard not to care what the girls say—only sometimes it makes me feel so bad."

Just then a lady entered, to engage Mrs. Foster to do some sewing for her, and so the conversation between the mother and daughter was interrupted.

Alas! thoughtless children little know how much unhappiness they often cause those, who have sufferings enough from the ills of poverty!

As lamps burn silent with unconscious light
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright,
Unaiming charms, with edge resistless fall,
And she, who meant no mischief, does it all.

APPRENTICES, LOOK AT THIS.

Some years ago, there was a shoemaker boy in the lower part of Cumberland county, New Jersey, who was remarkable for his love of reading. All his leisure hours were employed with a book, while his companions were passing theirs in idleness or worse than idleness—the celebration of Crispin-mas. At length he took his stick and bundle and started for the southwest. Time passed on, and the studious shoemaker continued his studies with vigorous and unabated zeal. His companions, intent upon their amusements, had almost forgotten him; they continued their devotions to their patron saint for the best part of their weeks, and plied the awl and thread for the balance, unhonored by others because unrespected by themselves. And thus they will continue to reap the bitter fruits of misspent youth, until a welcome grave closes over them. While John Henderson, their fellow apprentice, with the same chances, but a higher aim, is one of Mississippi's honored Representatives in the Senate of the United States. We say, follow his example, persevere in it, and your triumph is certain.

An elderly lady, a descendant of Miles Standish, telling her age, remarked that she was born on the twenty-second day of April. Her husband, who was by, observed, I always thought you were born on the first day of April. People might well

judge so, observed the matron, in the choice I made of a husband.

Query. Was that woman the wife of a drunkard; we will believe so, in the absence of better testimony.

The Baptist Register tells a good thing. A loafing vagabond called at a house in a neighboring town to Concord on Sunday, and begged for some cider. The lady refused to give him any, and he reminded her of the oft quoted remark, that she might "entertain an angel unawares." "Yes," said she, "but angels don't go about drinking cider on Sundays."

TEMPERANCE VS. WINE.

All my readers must be aware that it is customary among a certain class of our countrymen to use wine as a beverage at the dinner table. Now these persons must either prohibit their children from taking wine with them, or they must permit them. And oftentimes we see children reared up from their very infancy to the use of intoxicating liquors at the dinner table. Thus frequently in private families the first rudiments of intemperance are taught. How vain it is for the father of a family, under such circumstances, to hope that his children will not become drunkards. How ridiculous it is for him to say to his children, John, Isaac, Mary, Matilda, wine is not good for you! while he is daily using it before their eyes. They will doubtless reason to themselves, father says it is not good for us, yet he is using it every day. Well, if it is good for him it is good for us, so we will drink it when he is absent.

If you are determined to be poor be a drunkard; and you will soon be ragged and pennyless.

REMARKABLE BIRD NEST. A water wagtail built its nest this spring in a chink of the outer wall of the saw-mill at Carron village in Scotland. The large water-wheel is continually revolving during the day within four inches of the nest in which the parent bird sat with the most perfect unconcern, the "dizzying mill-wheel" having, to all appearance, no effect upon its little brain.—More curious still, owing to the close proximity of the wall and the wheel, the bird could not fly betwixt them, and actually, on entering or leaving her nest, flew right through between the revolving spokes, at whatever rate the huge circle was revolving.—*Dumfries Courier*, May 25.

MARRIED IN A STEAMBOAT.—Amongst the passengers in the steamer Bradford Darfee, from Fall River, yesterday, were a young gentleman and lady Mr. Felix McQuade and Miss Martha Wallace, (the former of Irish and the latter of Scotch descent, but both at present residing in Fall River,)—who were on their way to this city to be married. As good fortune would have it, the Rev. A. Bronson, of Tiverton, was also on board the boat, and by request of some of the friends of the couple, consented to save them the trouble of searching out some one to tie the knot for them, on arriving in our city. Soon after the boat left Bristol, the passengers were assembled in the ladies' saloon, and the interesting ceremony was promptly performed, much to the enjoyment of the spectators, and undoubtedly to the satisfaction of those more immediately interested.—Blue's Cotillion Band happened to be on board at the time, and learning of the ceremony, determined to follow it up with an appropriate serenade of the bride. They performed in very chaste style, several beautiful Irish and Scotch airs, which put the bride and bridegroom in such good humor, that they need have no fears of quarrelling this week.

[Providence Post, Dec. 27.]

GOOD ADVICE.—A humorous writer advises thus: Let your homes be provided with such comforts and necessities as piety, pickles, potatoes, pots and kettles, brushes, brooms, benevolence, bread, charity, cheese, crackers, faith, flour, affection, cider, sincerity, onions, integrity, vinegar, wine, and wisdom. Have all these on hand, and happiness will be with you. Don't drink any thing intoxicating, but moderately, go about your business after breakfast, lounge a little after dinner, chat after tea, and kiss after quarrelling; and all the joys, the peace and the bliss the earth can afford shall be yours, till the grave closes over you, and your spirits are borne to a brighter and happier world.

"Did you see the bar?" we asked, as Mrs. Partington returned from a short visit to the Municipal Court. "There was two of 'em," said she, "two of 'em; one on each side of the room, with red curtains round 'em. And tho' they were so very sly, I saw how they contrived it. There wasn't a bottle nor a tumbler to be seen—they did't dare to show 'em, 'cause the law is agin it—but I saw folks go up to 'em slyly as many as a dozen times, and the gentlemen behind the counter looked so innocent all the while?" "What did you think of the bench?" we asked, in order to draw the old lady out. "Bench!" said she, "I'd heard a great deal about it, but there wasn't any bench there; and the judicious ermine wasn't there neither—all worn out, perhaps, or too much soiled ever to be used agin—and I asked a sweet looking officer with black whiskers, if he could tell me where the scales of justice were, and he had the goodness to tell me that they had 'em in the poor house to weigh snuff out with for the porpoise.—Heaven knows they need 'em back agin enough, for justice now-a-days is more uncertain in its weight than the sugar I buy twelve ounces for a pound!"—The old lady hereupon departed, and she took the South Boston omnibus, as she said, to go over and see if what the officer said was true.—[Boston Pathfinder.]

One of our exchanges justly observes that "good newspapers are the only paper currency that is worth more than gold or silver."

An old bachelor who edits a paper somewhere in the western country, puts "Melancholy Accidents" as a head for marriages in his paper.

The "Pleasures of Hope" can be found in hoping that you are not five minutes too late for the cars when you know you are.

A Frenchman got exceedingly angry with a waiter at a hotel. "You farscale," said he, "I blow your nose for you!"

"Bill, you young scamp, if you had your due you'd get a good whipping." "I know it, dad, but bills are not always paid when due."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

NO. I.

THE INVALID WIFE.

'My poor head! It seems as if it would burst!' murmured Mrs. Bain, as she arose from a stooping position, and clasped her temples with both hands. She was engaged in dressing a restless, fretful child, some two or three years old. Two children had been washed and dressed, and this was the last to be made ready for breakfast.

As Mrs. Bain stood, with pale face, closed eyes, and tightly compressed lips, still clapping her throbbing temples, the bell announcing the morning meal was rung. The sound caused her to start, and she said, in a low and fretful voice—

'There's the breakfast bell; and Charley isn't ready yet; nor have I combed my hair. How my head does ache! I am almost blind with the pain.'

'Then she resumed her work of dressing Charley, who struggled, cried and resisted, until she was done.

Mr. Bain was already up and dressed. He was seated in the parlor enjoying his morning paper, when the breakfast bell rang. The moment he heard the sound, he threw down his newspaper, and leaving the parlor, ascended to the dining room. His two oldest children were there, ready to take their places at the table.

'Where's your mother?' he inquired of one of them.

'She's dressing Charley,' was answered.

'Never ready in time,' said Mr. Bain to himself, impatiently. He spoke in an undertone.

For a few moments he stood with his hands on the back of his chair. Then he walked twice the length of the dining room: and then he went to the door and called—

'Jane! Jane! Breakfast is on the table.'

'I'll be there in a minute,' was replied by Mrs. Bain.

'Oh, yes! I know something about your minutes—' Mr. Bain said this to himself. 'This never being in time annoys me terribly. I'm always ready. I'm always up to time. But there's no regard to time in this house.'

Mrs. Bain was still struggling with her cross and troublesome child, when the voice of her impatient husband reached her. The sound caused a throbbing pain to pass through her aching head.

'Jane, make haste! Breakfast is all getting cold and I'm in a hurry to go away to business,' was called once more.

'Do have a little patience. I'll be there in a moment,' replied Mrs. Bain.

'A moment! This is always the way.'

And Mr. Bain once more paced backwards and forwards.

Meantime the wife hurriedly completed her own toilet, and then repaired to the dining room. She was just five minutes too late.

One glance at her pale, suffering face, should have changed to sympathy and pity the ill-humor of her thoughtless impatient husband. But, it was not so. The moment she appeared, he said—

'This is too bad, Jane! I've told you ever and over, that I don't like to wait after the bell rings. My mother was always promptly at her place, and I'd like my wife to imitate so good an example.'

Perhaps nothing could have hurt Mrs. Bain more than such a cruel reference of her husband to his mother, coupled with so unfeeling a declaration of his will concerning her—as if she were to be the mere creature of his will.

A sharp reply was on the tongue of Mrs. Bain; but she kept it back. The pain in her head, subsided all at once; but, a weight and oppression in her breast followed that was almost suffocating.

Mr. Bain drank his coffee, and eat his steak and toast with a pretty fair relish; for he had a good appetite and a good digestion—and was in a state of robust health. But, Mrs. Bain eat nothing. How could she eat? And yet, it is but the truth to say, that her husband, who noticed the fact, attributed her abstinence from food more to temper than want of appetite. He was aware

that he had spoken too freely, and attributed the consequent change in his wife's manner to anger rather than a wounded spirit.

'Do you want anything?' asked Mr. Bain on rising from the table and turning to leave the room. He spoke with more kindness than previously.

'No,' was the wife's brief answer, made without lifting her eyes to her husband's face.

'In the sulks!'

Mr. Bain did not say this aloud, but such was his thought, as he turned away and left the house. He did not feel altogether comfortable of course. No man feels comfortable while there is a cloud upon the brow of his wife, whether it be occasioned by peevishness, ill-temper, bodily or mental suffering. No, Mr. Bain did not feel altogether comfortable, nor satisfied with himself, as he walked along to his store; for there came across his mind a dim recollection of having heard the baby fretting and crying during the night; and also of having seen the form of his wife moving to and fro in the chamber, while he lay snugly reposing in bed.

But, these were unpleasant images, and Mr. Bain thrust them from his mind.

While Mr. Bain took his morning walk to his store, his lungs freely and pleasurable expanding in the pure, invigorating air, his wife, to whose throbbing temples the anguish had returned, and whose relaxed muscles had scarcely enough tension to support the weight of her slender frame, slowly and painfully began the work of getting her two oldest children ready for school. This done, the baby had to be washed and dressed. It screamed during the whole operation, and when at last, it fell asleep upon her bosom, she was so completely exhausted that she had to lie down. Tears wet her pillow as she lay with her babe upon her arm. He, to whom alone she had a right to look for sympathy, for support, and for strength in her many trials, did not appear to sympathize with her in the least. If she looked sorer from the pressure of pain, fatigue, or domestic trials, he became impatient and sometimes said, with cruel thoughtlessness, that he was tired of clouds and rain, and would give the world for a wife who could smile now and then. If, amid her many household cares and duties she happened to neglect some little matter that affected his comfort, he failed not to express his annoyance, and not always in carefully chosen words. No wonder that her woman's heart melted—no wonder that hot tears were on her cheeks.

Mr. Bain had, as we have said, an excellent appetite; and he took especial pleasure in its gratification. He liked his dinner particularly, and his dinners were always good dinners. He went to market himself. On his way to his store he passed through the market, and his butcher sent home what he purchased.

'The marketing has come home,' said the cook to Mrs. Bain, about ten o'clock, arousing her from a brief slumber into which she had fallen—a slumber that exhausted nature demanded, and which would have done far more than medicine for the restoration of something like a healthy tone to her system.

'Very well. I will come down in a little while,' returned Mrs. Bain, raising herself on her elbow, 'and see about dinner. What has Mr. Bain sent home?'

'A calf's head!'

'What!'

'A calf's head.'

'Very well. I will be down to see about it.'—Mrs. Bain repressed any further remark.

Sick and exhausted as she felt, she must spend at least two hours in the kitchen in making soup and dressing the calf's head for her husband's dinner. Nothing of this could be trusted to the cook, for to trust any part of its preparation to her was to have it spoiled.

With a sigh, Mrs. Bain arose from the bed. At first she staggered across the room like one intoxicated, and the pain, which had subsided during her brief slumber, returned again with added violence. But, really sick as she felt, she went down to the kitchen and passed full two hours there in the preparation of delicacies for her husband's dinner. And what was her reward?

'This is the worst calf's head soup you ever made. What have you done to it?' said Mr. Bain, pushing the plate of soup from before him, with an expression of disgust on his face.

There were tears in the eyes of the suffering wife, and she lifted them to her husband's countenance. Steadily she looked at him for a few moments; then her lips quivered, and the tears fell over her cheeks. Hastily rising, she left the dining room.

'It is rather hard that I can't speak without having a scene,' muttered Mr. Bain, as he tried his soup once more. It did not suit his taste at all; so he pushed it from him, and made his dinner of something else.

As his wife had been pleased to go off up stairs in a huff, just at a word, Mr. Bain did not feel inclined to humor her. So, after finishing his dinner, he took his hat and left the house, without so much as seeking to offer a soothing word.

Does the reader wonder that, when Mr. Bain returned in the evening, he found his wife so seriously ill as to make it necessary to send for their family physician? No, the reader will not wonder at this. But, Mr. Bain felt a little surprised. He had not anticipated anything of the kind.

Mrs. Bain was not only ill but delicious. Her feeble frame, exhausted by maternal duties, and ever-beginning, never-ending household cares, had yielded under the accumulation of burdens too heavy to bear.

For awhile after Mr. Bain's return, his wife talked much, but incoherently; then she became quiet. But, her fever remained high, and inflammation tended strongly towards the brain. He was sitting by the bedside about ten o'clock, alone with her, when she began to talk in her wandering way again, but her words were distinct and coherent.

'I tried to do it right,' said she, sadly; 'but my head ached so that I did not know what I was doing. Ah me! I never please him now in any thing. I wish I could always look pleasant—cheerful. But I can't. Well! well! it won't last forever. I never feel well—never—never—never! And I'm so faint and weak in the morning! But he has no patience with me. He doesn't know what it is to feel sick. Ah me!'

An her voice sighed itself away into silence.

With what a rebaking force did these words fall upon the ears of Mr. Bain! He saw himself in a new light. He was the domestic tyrant, and not the kind and thoughtful husband.

A few days, and Mrs. Bain was moving about her house and among her children once more, pale as a shadow, and with lines of pain upon her forehead. How differently was she now treated by her husband! With what considerate tenderness he regarded her! But, alas! he saw his error too late! The gentle, loving creature, who had come to his side ten years before, was not much longer to remain with him. A few brief summers came and went, and then her frail body was laid amid the clouds of the valley.

Alas! how many, like Mrs. Bain, have thus passed away, who, if truly loved and cared for, would have been the light of now darkened hearth; and the blessing and joy of now motherless children and bereaved husbands!

MOST AMUSING SCENE. A few weeks since, while Court was sitting at Paris, in Lamar county, Texas, and while the tavern of Mr. Tucker was filled with lawyers, litigants, witnesses, &c., a robbery was committed upon the premises, attended with most ludicrous circumstances. Mr. Tucker and his numerous guests retired to their beds at the usual hour, and, after a night of profound and undisturbed slumber, awoke, every individual of them coatless and pantaloonly. Some daring thief had entered their sleeping apartments, and had abstracted and carried off every rag of clothing belonging to every soul in the house. The *Bonham Advertiser* intimates that when the fact was known and the thing understood, a series of *tableaux vivants* of the most ludicrously interesting nature were offered by the garmentless lodgers, the sufferers themselves laughing long and heartily at the ridiculous figures each other cut while shying and dodging about in search of their missing clothing. It was not long, however, before the missing garments were found stacked in the public square, whither the burglar had carried them; and now came the serious feature of the business—every pocket had been rummaged, every red cent taken—all were empty. Several emigrants had lost all their money, and the lawyers attending the Court were reduced to a par with the clients who had the day before lined their pockets for them. Some four hundred and odd dollars was the net profit of that particular night's work to the enterprising projector, who got entirely off undetected.—*N. O. Picayune.*

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

Tapping at the window,
Peeping o'er the blind;—
'Tis really most surprising,
He never learns to mind!
'Twas only yester evening,
As in the dark we sat,
My mother ask'd me sharply
"Pray, Mary, who is that?"
Who's that indeed—you're certain
How much she made me start;
Men seem to lose their wisdom
Whene'er they lose their heart.

Yes—there he is—I see him;
The lamp his shadow throws
Across the curtain'd window;
He's stepping on his toes!
He'll never think of tapping,
Or making any din;—
A knock, though e'en the slightest,
Is worse than looking in!
Tap! tap!—would any think it?
He never learns to mind;
'Tis surely most surprising—
He thinks my mother blind!

'Tis plain I must go to him;
It's no use now to cough;—
I'll open the door just softly,
If but to send him off!
'Tis well if from the door-step
He be not shortly hurled—
Oh, man, there ne'er was trouble
Till he came in the work!
Tapping at the window,
And peeping o'er the blind;
Oh, men, but you're a trouble,
And that we maidens find!

TAKING THE CENSUS.

Our next encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighborhood for her garrulity and simple mindedness. Having been warned of her propensity, and being somewhat hurried when we called upon her, we were disposed to get through business as soon as possible. Striding into the house, and drawing out our papers—"Taking the census, ma'am!" quoth we.

"Ah! well! yes! bless your soul, take a seat.—Now do! Are you the gentleman that Mr. Fillmore has sent out to take the census? I wonder! well, how was Mr. Fillmore and family when you seed him?"

We told her we had never seen the president; didn't know him from a side of sole leather, we had been written to to take the census.

"Well, now, there agin! love your soul! Well, I s'pose Mr. Fillmore writ you a letter, did he? No! Well there's mighty little here to take down—times is hard; but it looks like people can't get their jest rights in this country; and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor. Did you ever hear tell of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson? Looks like they will never get to the eend on it. The children will suffer, I'm mighty afraid. Did you ever see judge B—? Yes! Well, did you ever hear him say what he was agwine to do in the boys case agin Simpson; No! Well, squire, will you ax him the next time you see him, and write me word; and tell him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor lone widow, and my boys has got no larnin, and old Simpson tuk 'em in. It's a mighty hard case, and the will oughtn't never to been broke, but—"

Here we interposed and told the old lady that our time was precious. After a good deal of trouble we got through with the description of the members of her family, and the 'statistical table' as far as the article 'cloth.'

"How many yards of cotton cloth did you weave in 1850 ma'am?"

"Well, now—less see! You know Sally Higgins that used to live in the Smith settlement?—poor thing, her daddy druv her off—poor gal, she couldn't help it. I dare say. Well, Sally she come to stay long w' me when the old man druv her away, and she was a powerful good hand to weave, and I did think she'd help me a power. Well, arter she'd bin here a while, her baby kit took sick, and old Miss Stringer she undertuk to help it—she's a powerful good hand, old Miss

Stringer, on roots and yearbs, and sich like!—Well, she made a sort of a tea, as I was saying, and she gin it to Sally's baby, it got wuss—the poor cretur—and she gin it tea, and looked like, the more she gin it tea, the more—"

"My dear madam, I am in a hurry—please tell me how many yards of cotton cloth you wove in 1850. I want to get through and go on."

"Well, well, who'd a thought you'd a been so snappish! Well, as I was saying, Sally's child hit kept gittin' wuss, and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin' it the yarb tea; till at last the child hit looked like hit *would* die any how. And 'bout the time the child was at its wuss, old Daddy Sykes he cum along, and he said if we'd git some night shed berries, and stew them with a little scream and some hog's lard—now old Daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man, and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel 'bout that case—boys, says he, I'll tell you what you do: you go and—"

"Old lady," said we, "do tell about your cloth and let the sick child and Miss Stringer, Daddy Sykes, the boys and the law suit go to grass.—I'm in a hurry!"

"Gracious bless your dear soul! don't git aggravated. I was just a tellin' you how it come I didn't weave no cloth last year."

"Oh, well, you didn't weave *any* cloth last year. Good! we'll go on to the next article."

"Yes! you see the child hit begun to swell and turn yaller, and hit kep a wallin' its eyes and a moatin' and I knowed—"

"Never mind about the child, just tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year."

"Oh, well—yes—the chickens you mean. Why, I reckon you never in your born days see a poor creter have the luck that I did—and looks like we never shall have good luck again; for ever since old Simpson tuk that case up to the Chancery Court—"

"Never mind the case; let's hear about the chickens if you please."

"Bless you, honey, the owls destroyed in and about the best half that I did raise. Every blessed night they'd come and set on the comb of the house, and hoo, hoo, hoo, and one night in particular, I remember, I had just got up for the night shed save to 'int the little gal with—"

"Well, well, what was the value of what you did raise?"

"They got so bad—the owls did—that they tuk the old hens as well as the young chickens. The night I was tellin' 'bout, I heard somethin' s q-u-a-l-l, s-q-u-a-l-l! and says I, I'll bet that's old Speck, that nasty ousacious owl's got; for I seen her go to roost with her chickens, up in the plum tree, forninst the smoke house. So I want to whar old Miss Stringer was sleepin', and says I Miss Stringer! Oh Miss Stringer! sure's you're born, that stinkin' owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree! Well, old Miss Stringer she turned over 'pon her side like, and says she, what did you say, Miss Stokes? and says I—"

We began to get very tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly, and without circumlocution.

"Love your dear heart, honey, I'm tellin' you as fast as I kin. The owls they got worse and worse; after they'd swept old Spec and all her gang, they went to work on 'others; and Bryant (that's one of my boys) he 'lowed he'd shoot the pestersome creeters—and so one night arter that, we hearn one holler, and Bryant, he tuk the old musket and went out, and sure enough, there was owley, (as he thought) a settin' on the comb of the house; so he blazed away and down come—' what on nirth did come down, do you reckon; when Bryant fired?"

"The owl, I s'ppose."

"No sich thing, no sich thing! the owl warn't that. 'Twas my old house cat came a tumblin' down, spittin' sputerin, and scratchin', and the fur a flyin' every time she jumped, like you'd a busted a feather bed open! Bryant he said, the way he come to shoot the cat instead of the owl, he seed something white—"

"Mrs. Stokes," give me the value of your poultry, or say you will not! Do one thing of the other."

"Oh well, dear love your heart, I reckon I had last year, nigh about the same as I've got this."

"Then tell me how many dollars worth you have now and the thing's settled."

"I'll let you see for yourself," said the widow Stokes, and taking an ear of corn out of a crack between the logs of the cabin, and shelling off a handful, she commenced scattering the grain, all the while screaming, or rather screeching—'chick—chick—chick—chick-ee—chick-ee—chick-ee-ee!'

Here they came, roosters, hens, and pullets; and little chicks—crowing, cackling, chirping; flying and fluttering over beds, chairs, and tables; alighting on the old woman's head and shoulders, fluttering against her sides, pecking at her hands, and creating a din and confusion altogether indescribable. The old lady seemed delighted, thus to exhibit her feathered 'stock,' and would occasionally exclaim—"a nice passel, aint they—a nice passel!" But she never would say what they were worth; no persuasion could bring her to the point; and our papers at Washington contain no estimate of the value of the widow Stokes' poultry, though, as she said to herself, she had 'a mighty nice passel.'

THE FRENCHMAN'S REVENGE.—There are but a few pleasing reminiscences of the time when business and credit were prostrated by the hurricane which swept over this country in 'thirty seven'—when the banks generally suspended specie payments, and hard cash was a phenomenon. We recollect but one mirth-provoking incident, connected with the great panic, and that was the presentation of a hundred dollar bill at the counter of a city bank, by a Frenchman, with a demand for the specie.

"Monsieur," said the fierce little Frenchman, "vill you pay zis bill? Vill you give me ze monnaie?"

"We cannot redeem it at present," said the Teller, in a very bland tone, "we have suspended."

"Suspende! Vat's that? Hang by ze neck like one tam thieving tog? No sure! you no deceive me sare! I vill have ze l'argent, ze gold, ze sil'vare, ze coppare!"

"We cannot pay it now. We will redeem our notes when other banks redeem theirs."

"When oder bank redeem theirs. By gar, ze oder bank say ze same, sare! I vill shoot you sare, viz ze pistol, ze gun, ze cannon, sare!"

"You had better wait, sir. You had better keep cool."

"By gar, I vill not wait, I vill not keep cool!—I vill have, by gar, revenge! Sacre! Look here! I tear your paper note all in litlee piece! I chew him!—I stamp on him! You lose your litlee tam billet note! There sare—I am revenge! I am, by gar, revenge!"

And, having destroyed the note, looking full defiance at the Cashiers, Tellers, and all hands, the little Frenchman stalked out of the Bank with the air of a Napoleon.—*Yankee Blade.*

TWO DUELLISTS.—The Chronicle of Western Literature tells the following story of a Colonel Wealthy. It may be old, but it is good:—

The Colonel, during a short sojourn in Vicksburgh, met there some hot blooded Southerner, with a spirit as fiery as his own. They quarrelled—a challenge was passed and was accepted, and the next rising sun was to witness one if not both of their dead bodies, drenched in blood to wash out wounded honor. During the night the Col. said he heard a boat coming up the river, and it struck him, as he heard the boat puffing and blowing, "that prudence was the better part of valor." So he took his trunk upon his shoulder, and stepped in the dead of night very quietly out of the hotel; as he neared the boat, whom should he see but his antagonist at the boat before him, just going aboard. He returned as quietly as he had gone out, and was on the ground the next morning with his second, waited with disappointed wrath for his antagonist, and published him as an absconding scoundrel.

A GENTLE HINT.—A sportsman, who during the shooting season had gone to pass a week with a friend in the country, on the strength of a general invitation, soon found, by a gentle hint, that he would have done better to wait for a special one. "I saw some beautiful scenery," was the visitor's first remark, "as I came to-day by the upper road." "You will see still finer," was the reply, "as you go back to-morrow by the lower one."

INTERESTING TALES.

A NIGHT OF YEARS.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

* * * * * Some forty years since in the interior of my beautiful native State, New York, lived the father of our heroine, an honest and respectable father— he had but two children—Lucy, a noble girl of nineteen and Ellen a year or two younger. The first named was winningly rather than strikingly beautiful. Under a manner observable for its seriousness, and a nun-like serenity, were concealed an impassioned nature, and a heart of the deepest capacity for loving. She was remarkable from her earliest childhood for a voice of thrilling and haunting sweetness.

Ellen Dutton was the brilliant antipode of her sister, a 'born beauty' whose prerogative of prettiness was to have her irresponsible own way in everything and at all times. An indulgent father, a weak mother, and an idolizing sister had all unconsciously contributed to the ruin of a nature not at the first remarkable for strength or generosity.

Where in all God's creatures is heartlessness so seemingly unnatural, is selfishness so detestable as in a beautiful woman!

Lucy possessed a fine intellect, and, as her parents were well-reared New Englanders she and her sister were far better educated than other girls of her station in that then half settled portion of the country. In those days many engaged in school-teaching, from the honor and pleasure which it afforded rather than from necessity. Thus, a few months previous to the commencement of our sketch, Lucy Dutton left for the first time her fire-side effete to take the charge of a school 20 miles from her native town.

For some time her letters home were expressive only of the happy contentment which sprang from the consciousness of active usefulness, of receiving while imparting good. But anon there came a change: then were those records for home characterized by fitful gaiety or dreary sadness; indefinable hopes and fears seemed striving for supremacy in the writer's troubled heart. Lucy loved but scarcely acknowledged it to herself while she knew not that she was loved; so nature was like a warm sun-rise struggling with the cold mist of morning.

But one day brought a letter which could not soon be forgotten in the home of the absent one—a letter traced by a hand that trembled in sympathy with a heart tumultuous with happiness. Lucy had been wooed and won and she but waited her patients' approval of her choice to become the betrothed of young Edwin W——, a man of excellent family and standing in the town where she had been teaching. The father and mother accorded their sanction with many blessings, and Lucy's next letter promised a speedy visit from the lovers.

To such natures as Lucy's, what an absorbing and yet what a revealing of self is a first passion—what prodigality of giving what an incalculable wealth of receiving—what a breaking up is there of the deep waters of the soul, and how heaven descends in a sudden star shower upon life. If there is a season when an angel may look with intense and fearful interest upon her mortal sister, 'tis when she beholds the heart pass from the bud like innocence and freshness of girlhood, and taking to its very core the fervid light of love glow and crimson in to perfect womanhood.

DOBBS, the painter, says that every thing should be in character. For instance search warrants should be printed on "tracing paper," and wedding notes on "foolscap."

At last the plighted lovers came, any, we comes and festivities awaited them. Mr. W—— gave entire satisfaction to father, mother, and even to the exacting beauty. He was a handsome man with some pretensions to fashion, but in manner, and apparently in character the opposite of his betrothed.

It was decided that Lucy should not again leave home till after her marriage, which, at the request of her ardent lover was to be celebrated within two months, and on the coming birthday of the bride. It was therefore arranged that Ellen should return with W—— to and take charge of her sister's school for the remainder of the term. The bridal birth day had come. It had been ushered in by a May morning of surpassing loveliness—the busy hours had worn away and now it was high sunset and neither the bridegroom nor Ellen, the first bridesmaid had appeared; yet in her neat little chamber sat Lucy, nothing doubting fearing.— She was already clad in a simple white muslin, and her few bridal adornments lay on the table beside her. Maria Allen, her second bridesmaid, a bright-eyed affectionate-hearted girl her chosen friend from childhood was arranging to a more graceful fall the wreath of light ringlets which swept her snowy neck. To the anxious inquiries of her companion respecting the absent ones, Lucy ever smiled quietly and replied—

"Oh! something has happened to detain them awhile—we hear from them the other day and all was well. They will be here by and by, never fear."

Evening came, the guests were all assembled and yet the bridegroom tarried. There were whisperings, surmises and wonderings and a shadow of anxiety occasionally passed over the fair face of the bride elect.

At last a carriage drove rather slowly to the door. They are come! cried many voices and the next moment the belated bridegroom and Ellen entered. In reply to the hurried and confused inquiries of all around him, Mr. W—— muttered something about 'unavoidable delay,' and stepping to the sideboard, tossed off a glass of wine, another and another.

The company stood still with amazement. Finally a rough old farmer exclaimed.

"Better late than never, young man, so lead out the bride."

W—— strode hastily across the room placed himself by Ellen, and took her hand in his! Then without daring to meet the eye of any about him, he said.

"I wish to make an explanation—I am under the painful necessity—that is, I have the pleasure to announce that I am already married! The lady whom I hold by the hand is my wife! Then turning in an apologetic manner to Mr. and Mrs. Dutton he added—I found that I had never loved until I knew your second daughter!"

And Lucy! She heard all with strange calmness, then went steadily forward and confronted her betrayers! Terrible as pale Nemesis herself she stood before them and her look pierced like a keen cold blade into their false hearts. As though to assure herself of the dread reality of the vision she laid her hand on Ellen's shoulder, and let it glide down her arm; but she touched not Edwin. As those cold fingers met hers the unhappy wife gazed full into her sister's face; and as she marked the ghastly pallor of her cheek, the dilated nostril the quivering lip, and the intensely mournful eyes she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears, while the young husband, awed by the terrible silence of her he had wronged, gasped for breath and staggered back against the wall.— Then Lucy, clasping her hands to her forehead first gave voice to her anguish and despair, in one fearful cry, which could but ring forever through the souls of that guilty pair, and fell in a death-like swoon

at their feet. After the insensible girl had been removed to her chamber, a stormy scene ensued in the room beneath. The parents and guests were alike enraged against W——; but the tears and prayers of his young wife the petted beauty and spoiled child at last softened somewhat the anger of the parents and an opportunity for an explanation was accorded to the offenders.

A sorry explanation it proved. The gentlemen affirmed that the first sight of Ellen's lovely face had weakened the empire of her plainer sister of his affections. Frequent interviews had completed the conquest of his loyalty; but that he had been held in check by honor, and never told his love, until when, on his way to espouse another, in an unguarded moment he had revealed it, and the avowal had called forth an answering acknowledgment from Ellen.

They had thought it best, in order 'to save pain to Lucy,' and prevent opposition from her, and to secure their own happiness, to be married before their arrival at C——.

Lucy remained insensible for some hours. When she revived and had apparently regained her consciousness, she still maintained her strange silence. This continued for many weeks, and when it partially passed away, her friends saw with inexpressible grief, that her reason had fled—*she was hopelessly insane!* But her madness was of a mild and harmless nature. She was gentle and peaceable as ever, but sighed frequently, and seemed burdened with some great sorrow which she could not herself comprehend. She had one peculiarity, which all who knew her in after years must recollect—this was a wild fear and careful avoidance of man. She also seemed to be possessed of the spirit unrest. She could not, she would not be confined, but was constantly escaping from her friends and going they knew not whither.

While her parents lived, they, by their watchful care and unwearying efforts, in some measure controlled this sad propensity; but when they died, their stricken child became a wanderer, homeless and forlorn.

Through laughing springs and rosy summers, and golden autumns and tempestuous winters it was tramp, tramp, tramp no rest for her of the crushed heart and the crazed brain.

I remember her as she was in my early childhood, toward the last of her weary pilgrimage. As my father and my elder brothers were frequently absent, and as my mother never closed her heart or her door on the unfortunate, crazy Lucy often spent an hour or two by our fireside. Her appearance was very singular. Her gown was always patched with many colors, and her shawl or mantle, worn and torn until it was all open-work and fringe. The remainder of her miserable wardrobe she carried in a bundle on her arm, and sometimes she had a number of parcels of old rags, dried herbs, &c.

In the season of flowers, her tattered bonnet was profusely decorated with those which she gathered in the wood, or by the way side. Her love for these, and her sweet voice, were, all that were of the bloom and music of existence. Yet no—her meek and child-like piety still lingered. Her God had not forsaken her; down into the dim chaos of her spirit the smile of his love yet gleamed faintly, in the waste garden of her heart she still heard his voice and was not afraid. Her bible went with her everywhere—a torn and soiled volume, but as holy still, and, may be as dearly cherished, my reader, as the gorgeous copy now lying on your table, bound in 'purple and gold,' and with the gilding untarnished upon its delicate leaves.

I remember to have heard my mother relate a touching little incident connected with one of Lucy's brief visits to us.

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The poor creature once laid her hand on the curly head of one of my brothers and asked of him his name.

William Edwin, he replied, with a timid upward glance.

She caught away her hand, and sighing heavily, said, as though thinking aloud—

'I knew an Edwin once and he made me broken hearted.'

This was the only instance in which she was ever known to revert to the sad event which had desolated her life.

* * * * *

Thirty years from the time of the commencement of this mournful history, on a bleak autumnal evening, a rough country waggon drove into the village of C——. It stopped at the almshouse, an attenuated form was lifted out and the waggon rumbled away. This was Lucy Dutton brought to her native town to die.

She had been in a decline for several months, and the miraculous strength which had so long sustained her in her weary wanderings utterly forsook her:—Her sister had died sometime before and the widowed husband soon after removed with his family to the far west. So Lucy had no friends, no home but the almshouse.

But they were very kind to her there. The matron, a true woman, even the hourly contemplation of human misery could not harden, gave herself with unwearied devotion to the care of the quiet sufferer. With the eye of Christian faith, she watched the shattered bark of that life, as borne down the tide of time, it neared the great deep of eternity, with an interest as intense as though it were a royal galley.

One day, about a week from the time of her arrival, Lucy appeared to suffer greatly, and those about her looked for her release almost impatiently; but at night she was evidently better, and, for the first time slept tranquilly until morning. The matron, who was by her bedside when she awoke, was startled by the clear and earnest gaze which met her own; but she smiled, and bade the invalid 'good morning!' Lucy looked bewildered, but the voice reassured her and she exclaimed—

'Oh! what a long, long night this has been!' Then glancing around enquiringly, she added—'Where am I? And who are you? I do not know you!'

A wild surprise flashed across the mind of the matron. The long lost reason had returned! But the good woman replied calmly and soothingly—

'Why, you are among your friends, and you will know me presently.' Then may be you know Edwin and Ellen?' rejoined the invalid. 'Have they come?'—'Oh! I had such a terrible dream! I dreamed that they were married! Only think, Ellen married to Edwin! 'Tis guesstrathat I should dream that!'

'My poor Lucy,' said the matron, with a gush of tears, 'that was not a dream.—'Twas all true.'

'All true!' cried the invalid. 'Then Edwin must be untrue, and that cannot

A VICTIM TO SCIENCE. George Cuthbert was charged with being drunk at an untimely hour in the streets. When asked by the policeman who he was—'A victim to science,' hiccupped George, 'but I've found it out.' 'Found out what?' inquired the police constable. 'Science, and I'll tell you,' murmured George. 'Don't you know—and if you don't you ought—you ought I say, to know that I've been endeavoring to ascertain the comparative strength of alcoholic fluids for many years, and I've just found it out. It's whisky, sir. Tell you how I did it. I takes three glasses of brandy—no effect; three of gin—no go; three of whisky—gone in a minute. My godmother always said I should be a victim to my scientific thirst.' 'Very well,' said the constable, 'come with me, and study in the watch-house.'

A peasant being at confession, accused himself of having stolen some hay; the father confessor asked him how many bundles he had taken from the stack? 'That is of no consequence,' replied the peasant, 'you may set it down a wagon load, for my wife and I are going to fetch the remainder very soon.'

be, for he loved me. We loved each other well; and Ellen is my sister? Let me see them. I will go to them.'

She endeavored to raise herself, but fell back fainting on the pillow.

'Why, what does this mean?' said she. 'What makes me so weak?'

Just then her eye fell on her own hand! that old and withered hand!—She gazed on it in blank amazement. 'Something is the matter with my sight,' she said, smiling faintly, 'for my hand looks to me like an old woman's.'

'And so it is,' said the matron gently, 'and so is mine; and yet we had fair, plump hands when we were young.—Dear Lucy, do you not know me? I am Maria Allen. I was to have been your bridesmaid!'

I can no more. I will not make the vain attempt to give in detail all that mournful revealing; to reduce to inexpressible words the dread sublimity of that hopeless sorrow.

To the wretched Lucy, the last thirty years were as though they never had been. Of not a scene, not an incident, had she the slightest remembrance since the night when the recreant lover and traitorous sister stood before her, and made their terrible announcement. The kind matron paused frequently in the sad narrative of her poor friend's madness and wanderings; but the invalid would say, with fearful calmness, 'Go on, go on, though the beaded drops of agony stood thick upon her forehead.'

When she asked for her sister, the matron replied—

'She has gone before you, and your father, also.'

'And my mother?' said Lucy, her face lit with a sickly ray of hope.

'Your mother has been dead for twenty years!'

'Dead! All gone! Alone—old—dying! O, God! my cup of bitterness is full!'

Her old friend, bending over her, and mingling tears with hers, said affectionately. 'But you know who drank that cup before you.' Lucy looked up with a bewildered expression, and the matron added, 'The Lord Jesus you remember him. A look like sunlight breaking through a cloud, a look which only saints may wear irradiated the tearful face of the dying woman, as she replied, 'O, yes; I knew him and loved him before I fell asleep.'

The man of God was called. A few who had known Lucy in her early days came also. There was much reverential wondering, & some weeping around her death bed. Then rose the voice of prayer. At first her lips moved, as her weak spirit joined in that fervent appeal, then they grew still, and poor Lucy was dead—dead in her gray haired youth.

But those who gazed upon that placid face, and remembered her harmless life and patient suffering, doubted not that the morn of an eternal day had broken on her night of years.

MORE NANTUCKETERS FOR CALIFORNIA. The following list of persons left this place on Monday morning last, to take passage in the brig Emily Farnham, of Boston, for California.

Capt. Thomas Russell, and lady; Capt. Tristram P. Swain, Alexander S. Chase, George A. Russell.

On board bark Philena, which cleared at New York 10th.

Captain—Charles Swain; 1st Mate—James Russell; 2d Mate—Ruben M. Easton.

We begin to think that we are the most charitable persons in the world, for we have been distributing pie in various directions, every day, for the last two weeks.

It is not the cholera that prevails at Nantucket. Nothing but the California fever.



For the Watchman and Reflector.

SAMSON.

BY MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.

Noon glowed on the hills, and the temple of Dagon,
Now shook 'neath the joy-maddened revellers' tread,
For the champion of Israel was prey to the pagan,
And the blood of the crushed grape flowed sparkling and red.

Feet chased flying feet, as in wild mazes bounded,
Like roes of the mountain, Philistia's fair girls,
Glad gushes of music from ruby lips sounded,
There was wreathing of white arms, and waving of curls.

Enthroned in the clouds, rolling up from the altar,
The giant-like god of the proud nation stood;
There the flesh did not fail, nor the scorching flames falter,
And the still air was faint with the incense of blood.

And short prayers were muttered, and censers were swinging,
In gorgeous piles matted, lay offerings of flowers,
Wild harps were complaining, gay minstrels were singing,
While agony noted the captive's lone hours.

But now comes a mock-mournful sound of condoling,
And forth in his darkness, all haggard and wild,
His shaggy brow lowering, his glazed eye-balls rolling,
The strong man is led, by a sunny-haired child.

Now higher the laugh and the rude jest are ringing,
While through the gay revellers round the sad spot,
Where the captive's shrunk arms to the pillars are clinging,
And altar, and wine-cup, and dance are forgot.

His right arm is lifted—they laugh to behold it,
So wasted and yellow, and bony and long,
His forehead is bowed, and the black locks that told it
Seem stirring with agony, wordless and strong.

His right arm is lifted, but feebly it quivers,
That arm which has singly with multitudes striven;
Beneath the cold sweat-drops, his mighty frame shivers,
And now his pale lips move in pleadings to Heaven:—

God of my sires, my foes are thine—
Oh, bend unto my last, faint cry!
The strength—the strength, that once was mine!
Then let me die!

The course thy finger marked I've run,
And now I would no longer stay;
They've shut me from the glorious sun,
In my own clay.

I stand, the heathen's jest and scorn,
A sightless, desolate old man;
My country's blessing was I born,
Philistia's ban.

I've been the terror of thy foes;
I've ruled thy people at thy call;
Now, sunk in shame, oppressed with woes,
Thus must I fall!

Oh, give me back my strength again,
For one brief moment let me feel
That lava-flood in every vein,
Those nerves of steel.

My strength! my strength! great God of heaven!
In agony I raise my cry;
One triumph o'er my foes be given!
Then let me die!

A light from the darkened orbs, stole in quick flashes,
The crisp, matted locks to long sable wreaths sprung,
The hot-blood came purpling in fountain-like dashes,
And to the carved pillars, his long fingers clung.

His brawny arm straightened, its muscle displaying,
Like bars wrought of iron, the tense sinews stood,
Each thick, swollen vein, o'er his swarthy limbs straying,
Was knotted and black, with the pressure of blood.

One jeer from the crowd, one long, loud peal of laughter,—
The captive bowed low, and the huge columns swayed,
The firm chaprel quivered, stooped arch, beam and rafter,
And the temple of Dagon a ruin was laid.

Earth groaned 'neath the crash, and rose circling to heaven,
Fierce, half-smothered cries, as the gurgling life fled;—
Day passed—and no sound broke the silence of even,
Save the jackal's low howl, as he crouched o'er the dead.

Be Kind.

Be kind to your parents, to your playmates, to all. Kindness will beget friendship, and where friendship exists, there will be harmony and love. Scorn not the poor boy who is clothed in rags; and if he is destitute, relieve his wants, as far as possible, and he will never cease to respect and be kind to you.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

'Just look at them loving lovers!' said Harry Mears, glancing from his companion to a young man and maiden, who, for the moment unconscious that they were in the midst of a large company, were leaning towards each other, and looking into each other's faces in rather a remarkable manner. 'Isn't it ridiculous? I thought Fisher had more sense than to do so. As to Clara Grant, she always was a little weak.'

The friend looked at the couple and smiled. 'It is ridiculous, certainly,' he remarked. 'Why haven't they sense enough to keep these little love-passages for private occasions?'

'Clara, with all her silliness, used to be a right pleasant companion,' said Mears. 'But since this love affair between her and Fisher, she has become intolerably dull and uninteresting. She doesn't care a fig for anybody but him, and really appears to think it a task to be even polite to an old acquaintance. I don't think she has cause to be quite so elated with her conquest as this comes to; nor to feel that, in possessing the love of a man like Fisher, she is independent of the world, and may show off the indifference she feels to every one. Fisher is clever enough, but he is neither a Socrates nor a saint.'

'He will suit her very well, I imagine.'

'Yes, they will make a passable Darby and Joan, no doubt. Still, it always vexes me to see people who pretend to any sense acting in this way.'

'I think it is more her fault than his.'

'So do I. She has shown a disposition to bilt and coo from the first. At Mangum's party, last week, she made me sick. I tried to get her hand for a dance; but no. Close to the side of Fisher she adhered, like a fixture, and could hardly force her lips into a smile for any one else. The gipsy! I'd punish her for all this, if I could just hit upon a good plan of doing it.'

'Let me see,' remarked the friend, dropping his head into a thoughtful position, 'can't we devise a scheme for worrying her a little? She is certainly a fair subject. It would be fine sport.'

'Yes, it would.'

'She evidently thinks Fisher perfection.'

'Oh yes! There never was such a man before. She actually said to Caroline Lee, who was trying to jest with her a little, that Fisher was one of the most pure-minded, honorable young men living.'

'Oh dear?'

'It is a fact.'

'Was she serious?'

'Yes, indeed! Serious as the grave. Caroline was laughing to me about it. Nearly every one notices the silliness of her conduct, and the weakness she displays in forever talking about and praising him.'

'I would like to run him down a little when she could overhear me, just for the fun of the thing.'

'So would I. Capital! That will do, exactly. We must watch an opportunity, and if we can get within ear-shot of her any time that she is by herself, we must abuse Fisher right and left, without appearing to notice that she is listening to what we say, or, indeed, anywhere near us.'

'Right! That's the very thing! It will be capital fun.'

Thus, the thoughtless young men, meddling themselves in a matter that did not concern them, determined upon a very questionable piece of folly. All that they said of the lovers was exaggeration. It was true that they did show rather more preference for each other in company than just accorded with good taste; but this, while it provoked a smile from the many, irritated only the few.

Clara Grant, notwithstanding the light manner in which the two young men had spoken of her, was a girl of good sense, good principles, and deep feeling. She had been several times addressed by young men before Fisher offered his hand; but, with all their attractions, there were defects about them, which her habits of close observation enabled her to see, that caused her to reject their advances, and in two instances to decline apparently very advantageous offers of marriage. In the integrity of Fisher's character, she

had the most unbounded confidence; and she really believed, as she had said to Caroline Lee and to others, that he was one of the purest-minded, most honorable young men living.

Judge, then, with what feelings she overheard, about half an hour after the plan to disturb her peace had been formed, the following conversation between Mears and his companion, carried on in low tones and in a confidential manner. She was sitting close to one side of the folding doors that communicated between the parlors, and they were in the adjoining room, concealed from her by the half-partition, yet so close that every word they uttered was distinctly heard. Her attention was first arrested by hearing one of them say—

'If she knew Fisher as well as I do.'

To which the other responded—

'Yes; or as well as I do. But, poor girl! it isn't expected that she is to know everything about young men who visit her. It is better that she should not.'

'Still, I am rather surprised that common report should not have given her more information about Fisher than she seems to possess.'

'So am I. But she'll know him better one of these days.'

'I'll warrant you that! Perhaps to her sorrow; though I hope things will turn out differently from what they now promise. Don't you think he is pretty well done with his wild oats?'

'Possibly. But time will tell.'

'Yes, time proves all things.'

Some one joining the young men at this point of their conversation, the subject was changed. Greatly amused at what they had done, they thought how sad the effects of their unguarded words would be.

Five minutes afterwards, the young man named Mears, curious to see how Clara had been affected by what he knew she must have heard, moved to another part of the room in order to observe her without attracting her attention. But she had left the place where she was sitting. His eye ranged around the room, but she was nowhere to be seen.

'I'm afraid we've hurt Clara more than we intended,' he said, rejoining his friend. 'She has vanished.'

'Ah! Where's Fisher?'

'He's at the other end of the room.'

'We didn't say anything against the young man.'

'Not in particular. We made no specifications. There was nothing that she could take hold of.'

'No, of course not. But I wonder what is going to be the upshot of the matter?'

'Nothing very serious, I apprehend.'

'No. I suppose she will go home and cry her eyes half out, and then conclude that, whatever Fisher may have been, he's perfection now. It's a first-rate joke, isn't it?'

Clara Grant had not only left the parlors, but soon after quietly left the house, and alone returned to her home. When her lover, shortly afterwards, searched through the rooms for her, she was nowhere to be seen.

'Where is Clara?' he asked of one and another. The answer was—

'I saw her here a moment since.'

But it was soon very apparent that she was nowhere in the rooms now. Fisher moved about uneasily for half an hour. Still, not seeing her, he became anxious lest a sudden illness had caused her to retire from the company. More particular inquiries were made of the lady who had given the entertainment. She immediately ascertained that she had come home and retired to her room without seeing any of the family. His inquiry whether she were ill, the servant could not answer.

'Have you seen anything of Clara yet?' asked the friend of Mears, with a smile; as they met about an hour after they had disturbed the peace of a trusting, innocent minded girl, just for the fun of it.

'I have not,' replied Mears.

'Where's Fisher?'

'He's gone, also.'

'Ah, indeed! I'm sorry the matter was taken so seriously by the young lady. It was only a joke.'

'Yes. That was all; and she ought to have known it.'

On the next day, Fisher, who had spent a restless night, called to ask for Clara as early as he could do so with propriety.

'She wishes you to excuse her,' said the servant, who had taken up his name to the young lady.

'Is she not well?' asked Fisher.

'She has not been out of her room this morning. I don't think she is very well.'

The young man retired with a troubled feeling at his heart. In the evening he called again; but Clara sent him word, as she had done in the morning, that she wished to be excused.

In the mean time, the young lady was a prey to the most distressing doubts. What she had heard, vague as it was, fell like ice upon her heart. She had no reason to question what had been said, for it was, as far as appeared to her; the mere expression of a fact made in confidence by friend to friend, without there being an object in view. If any one had come to her, and talked to her after that manner, she would have rejected the allegations indignantly, and confidently pronounced them false. But they had met her in a shape so unexpected, and with so much seeming truth, that she was left no alternative but to believe.

Fisher called a third time; but still Clara declined seeing him. On the day after this last attempt, he received a note from her in these, to him, strange words:—

'DEAR SIR:— Since I last met you, I have become satisfied that a marriage between us cannot prove a happy one. This conclusion is far more painful to me than it can possibly be to you. You, I trust, will soon be able to feel coldly towards her whose fickleness, as you will call it, so soon led her to change her mind; but a life-shadow is upon my heart. If you can forget me, do so, in justice to yourself. As for me, I feel that—but why should I say this? Charles, do not seek to change the resolution I have taken, for you cannot; do not ask for explanations, for I can give none. May you be happier than I can ever be! Farewell. "CLARA."

'Madness!' exclaimed Charles Fisher, as he crumpled this letter in his hand. 'Is there no faith in woman?'

He sought no explanation; he made no effort to change her resolution; but merely returned this brief answer—

'Clara, you are free.'

It was quickly known among the circle of their friends that the engagement between Fisher and Clara had been broken off. Mears and his friend, it may be supposed, did not feel very comfortable when they heard this.

'I didn't think the silly girl would take it so seriously,' remarked one to the other.

'No; it was a mere joke.'

'But has turned out a very serious one.'

'I guess they'll make it up again before long.'

'I hope so. Who would have believed it was in her to take the matter so much at heart, or to act with so much decision and firmness? I really think better of the girl than I did before, although I pity her from my heart.'

'Haden't we better make an effort to undo the wrong we have done?'

'And expose ourselves? Oh no! We must be as still as death on the subject. It is too serious an affair. We might get ourselves into trouble.'

'True. But I cannot bear to think that others are suffering from an act of mine.'

'It is not a pleasant consciousness, certainly.— But still, to confess what we have done would place us in a very awkward position. In fact, not for the world would I have an exposure of this little act of folly take place. It would affect me in a certain quarter—where, I need not mention to you—in a way that might be exceedingly disagreeable.'

'I didn't think of that. Yes, I agree with you that we had best keep quiet about it. I'm sorry; but it can't be helped now.'

And so the matter was dismissed.

No one saw Clara Grant in company for the space of twelve months. When she did appear, all her old friends were struck with the great change in her appearance. As for Fisher, he had left the city some months before, and gone off to a southern town, where, it was said, he was in good business.

The cause of estrangement between the lovers remained a mystery to every one. To all questions on the subject, Clara was silent. But that she was a sufferer every one could see.

"I wish that girl would fall in love with somebody and get married," Mears remarked to his friend about two years after they had passed off upon Clara their good joke. "Her pale, quiet, suffering face haunts me wherever I go."

"So do I. Who could have believed that a mere joke would turn out so seriously?"

"I wonder if he is married yet?"

"It's doubtful. He appeared to take the matter quite as hard as she does."

"Well, it's a lesson to me."

"And to me, also."

And, with this not very satisfactory conclusion, the two friends dropped the subject. Both, since destroying, by a few words spoken in jest, the happiness of a loving couple, had wooed and won the maidens of their choice, and were now married. Both, up to this time, had carefully concealed from their wives the act of which they had been guilty.

After returning home from a pleasant company one evening, at which Clara was present, the wife of Mears said to him—

"You did not seem to enjoy yourself to-night. Are you not well?"

"Oh yes; I feel quite well," returned Mears.

"Why, then, did you look so sober?"

"I was not aware that I looked more so than usual."

"You did, then. And you look sober now.—There must be some cause for this. What is it dear?"

Mears was by no means ignorant of the fact that he felt sober. The presence of Clara distressed him more, instead of less, the oftener he met her. The question of his wife made him feel half inclined to tell her the truth. After thinking for a moment, he said—

"I have felt rather graver than usual to-night. Something brought to my recollection, too vividly, a little act of folly that has been attended with serious consequences."

His wife looked slightly alarmed.

"It was only a joke—just done for the fun of the thing; but it was taken, much to my surprise, seriously. I was innocent of any desire to wound; but a few light words have made two hearts wretched."

Mrs. Mears looked at her husband with surprise. He continued—

"You remember the strange misunderstanding that took place between Clara Grant and young Fisher, about two years ago?"

"Very well. Poor Clara has never been like herself since that time."

"I was the cause of it."

"You!" said the wife in astonishment.

"Yes. Clara used to make herself quite conspicuous by the way she acted towards Fisher, with whom she was under an engagement of marriage. She hardly saw anybody in company but him. And, besides, she made bold to declare that he was about as near to perfection as it was possible for a young man to come. She was always talking about him to her young female friends, and praising him to the skies. Her silly speeches were every now and then reported, much to the amusement of young men to whose ears they happened to find their way. One evening, at a large party, she was, as usual, anchored by the side of her lover, and showing off her fondness for him in rather a ridiculous manner. A young friend and myself, who were rather amused at this, determined, in a thoughtless moment, that we would, just for the fun of the thing, run Fisher down in a confidential undertone to each other, yet loud enough for her to hear us, if a good opportunity for doing so offered. Before long, we noticed her sitting alone in a corner near one of the folding-doors. We managed to get near, yet so as not to appear to notice her, and then indulged in some light remarks about her lover, mainly to the effect that, if his sweetheart knew him as well as we did, she might not think him quite so near perfection as she appeared to

do. Shortly afterwards, I searched through the rooms for her in vain. From that night the lovers never again met. Clara refused to see Fisher when he called on her the next day, and shortly afterwards requested him, in writing, to release her from her marriage contract, without giving any reason for her change of mind."

"Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Mears, her voice and countenance expressing the painful surprise she felt, "why did you not immediately repair the wrong you had done?"

"How could I without exposing myself, and causing perhaps a serious collision between me and Fisher?"

"You should have braved every consequence," replied Mrs. Mears, firmly, "rather than permitted two loving hearts to remain severed, when a word from you would have reunited them. How could you have hesitated a moment as to what was right to do? But it may not be too late yet. Clara must know the truth."

"Think what may be the consequence," said Mears.

"Think, rather, what *have been* the consequences," was the wife's reply.

It was in vain that Mears argued with his wife about the policy of letting the matter rest where it was. She was a woman, and could only feel how deeply Clara had been wronged, as well as the necessity for an immediate reparation of that wrong. For more than an hour she argued the matter with her husband; who finally consented that she should see Clara, and correct the serious error under which she had been laboring. Early on the next day Mrs. Mears called upon the unhappy girl. A closer observation of her face than she had before made, revealed deep marks of suffering.

"And all this 'for the fun of it!'" she could not help saying to herself with a feeling of sorrow.—After conversing a short time with Clara, Mrs. Mears said—

"I heard something; last night, so nearly affecting your peace, that I have lost no time in seeing you."

"What is that?" asked Clara, a flush passing over her face.

"Two years ago you were engaged in marriage to Mr. Fisher?"

Clara made no reply, but the flush faded from her face and her lips quivered slightly for a moment.

"From hearing two persons who were conversing about him make disparaging remarks, you were led to break off that engagement."

The face of Clara grew still paler, but she continued silent.

"By one of them I am authorized to tell you that all they said was in mere jest. They knew you could hear what they said, and made the remarks purposely for your ear, in order to have a little sport. They never dreamed of your taking it so seriously."

A deep groan heaved the bosom of Clara; her head fell back, and her body drooped nervelessly. Mrs. Mears extended her hands quickly and saved her from falling to the floor.

"This too, 'for the fun of it!'" she said to herself, bitterly, as she lifted the inanimate body of the poor girl in her arms, and laid it upon the sofa.

Without summoning any of the family, Mrs. Mears made use of every effort in her power to restore the circle of life. In this she was at last successful. When the mind of Clara had become again active, and measurably calm, she said to her—

"It was a cruel jest, and the consequences have been most painful. But I trust it is not yet too late to repair the wrong thus done, although no compensation can be made for the suffering to which you have been subjected."

"It is too late, Mrs. Mears—too late!" replied Clara, in a mournful voice.

"Say not so; my dear young friend."

But Clara shook her head.

It was in vain that Mrs. Mears strove earnestly to lift up her drooping heart. The calmness with which she had been able to bear the destruction of all her hopes, because there had seemed an adequate cause for the sacrifice she had made, was all gone now. There had been no adequate

cause for the sacrifice. Her lover was an excellent and honorable as she at first believed him to be, and she had cast him off on the authority of a heartless jest. To all that her friend could say, she had but one reply to make—

"It is too late, now!"

"Not too late, I trust," said Mr. Mears, a good deal disturbed by his wife's relation of her interview with Clara. "I must ascertain where Fisher is, and write to him on the subject. Did she say anything that led you to believe that she recognized the voices of the persons whom she heard conversing? Do you think she suspects me in the matter?"

"I do not think she does."

"So much the better."

The effect upon Clara of the information she had received was very serious. Deeply as she had been afflicted, the consciousness of having done right in refusing to marry a man who was destitute, as she had accidentally discovered, of virtuous principles, sustained her. But now it was revealed to her that he was as excellent as she had at first believed him, and that she had been made the victim of a pleasant joke! There was no longer anything to hold her up, and accordingly her spirits completely forsook her, and in less than two weeks she was seriously ill!

The news of this deeply disturbed Mr. Mears, who had written to Fisher, and was waiting impatiently for an answer.

"I am afraid we have made the matter worse," he said to his wife, who, on returning from a visit to Clara, reported that, so far from improving, she was too evidently sinking, daily. "If Fisher should have entered into another engagement, or, if his pride had taken fire at being thrown off on what may appear to him such slight grounds, I really tremble for the consequences."

"Let us hope for the best," returned Mrs. Mears, "as we have acted for the best. It was plainly our duty to do as we have done. On that subject I have no doubt."

Two more weeks of painful suspense and anxiety passed. Clara did not improve in the least. Mrs. Mears called to see her every few days, but dared not venture to tell her that her husband had written to Fisher. She was afraid to fill her mind with this hope lest it should fall, and the shock prove too severe. But, even as it was, life seemed to be rapidly ebbing away.

At length there came a change. Nature rallied, and life flowed, though feebly still, in healthier currents through the veins of Clara Grant. In a week from the time this change took place, she was able to leave her bed and sit up for a few hours each day. But all who looked into her young face were grieved at the sight. There were no deep lines of distress there, but the marks of patient, yet hopeless suffering.

One day she sat alone, in a dreamy, musing state, with a book lying upon her lap. She had been trying to read, but found it impossible to take any interest in the pages over which her eyes passed, while her mind scarcely apprehended the sense. Some one opened the door; but she did not look around. The person, whoever it was, remained only for a moment or two, and then withdrew. In a little while, the door opened again, and some one entered and came towards her with the tread of a man. She started to her feet, while her heart gave a sudden bound. As she turned, her eyes fell upon the form of her long absent lover. For an instant, perhaps longer, she looked into his face to read it as the index of his heart, and then she lay quivering on his bosom.

A few weeks later, Clara became the bride of Charles Fisher, and left with him for the South. Neither of them ever knew the authors of the wrong they had suffered. It was better, perhaps, that in this they should remain ignorant.

So much 'for the fun of it!'

METHOD OF PREVENTING COLD FEET AT BEDTIME. Draw off your stocking just before undressing, and rub your ankles and feet with your hand, as hard as you can bear the pressure, for five or ten minutes, and you will never have to complain of cold feet in bed. It is hardly conceivable what a pleasurable glow this diffuses. Frequent washings of the feet, and rubbing the thoroughly dry with cloth or flannel is very useful.

In a newly settled town 'out west,' there resided, no more than three years ago, an old farmer, who was notorious for his penuriousness, and his disposition for saving and turning everything into money. At the time to which our story relates, old Deacon Newcomb was the only man in the vicinity who raised peaches, which were a very scarce article, owing to the newness of the country. It so happened that the old deacon had an abundance of these, as his fine, young trees were just in their prime; but not a single peach did one of his neighbors taste unless it was paid for in advance.

This penuriousness on the part of the old gentleman excited the malicious propensities of many of the young men in the neighborhood, and they resolved to have a taste of the forbidden fruit at all events. At that time and in that part of the country, fruit-stealing was not considered a very grave offence, but was looked upon as a mere practical joke, and was laughed at in proportion with the degree of shrewdness manifested by the trespassers in committing their depredations.

Consequently, the young men who, while they coveted the deacon's fruit, despised his meanness, resolved without a single scruple of conscience, to help themselves. There were only about half a dozen privy to the plot, and they soon had everything satisfactorily arranged for carrying it into effect.

The six agreed to meet at the town tavern between the hours of nine and ten in the evening, in order to be ready to commence operations at ten precisely, which was the time appointed for setting out from the tavern.

Among the conspirators was one Ned Harvey, a bold, hot-headed, humorous fellow, who, it may be premised, was an inimitable mimic. Harvey was the soul of the party, but owing to some severe practical jokes which he had perpetrated at the expense of his companions, they were all anxious, on the present occasion, to put a trick upon him. This there were none of them witty enough to invent, but accident afforded them an idea.

It happened that the whole party were assembled at the tavern on the night appointed, at a quarter before ten, with the exception of Ned Harvey.

'What are we waiting for?' asked one.
'Ned Harvey,' replied another.
'True; Ned is behindhand.
'No he aint; don't you see, it isn't time yet! Ten's the hour.'

'You're right. But I propose, boys—'
'Well, what is it?'
'That we give Ned the slip.'
'And go without him?'
'Exactly.'

'A splendid idea!' cried one.
'A fine joke!' added another.
The party accordingly silently left the tavern, and disappeared in the direction of Deacon Newcomb's peach orchard.

Five minutes after, Ned Harvey came in. Surprised at not meeting his companions, whom he supposed would be for the most part assembled, he looked at the clock, then at his watch, and finally inquired of the bar-tender if he had the correct time.

'It wants eight minutes and three quarters ten,' said the gentleman addressed, 'to a action!'

Harvey sat down and remained quiet just eight minutes and three quarters, when, the hour having arrived at which all his companions had promised to be assembled, he began to suspect foul play.

'Has Dick W— been here to-night?' he asked.

'Yes,' replied the bar-tender.

'And Charley B—?'

'Yes.'

'And Bill G—?'

'Yes; the three left here just before you came in. Ned L— and Frank A— were with them.'

Harvey bit his lips; he saw through the entire plot; and he asked himself—

'How the deuce can I come up with the rascals?'

An idea struck him, and he rubbed his hands and chuckled audibly. He left the tavern in hot haste, and proceeded homeward in high glee. He already felt his triumph complete, and saw his companions the victims of their own treachery.

Instead of alarming the deacon, as many would have done, he resolved to play the part of the deacon himself. The night was just dark enough to favor his design; although there was a moon, the sky was cloudy, and the light of the night-queen was obscured.

Harvey procured an old hat similar to the one Deacon Newcomb wore, pulled it over his eyes, and disguised himself still more effectually by exchanging his jacket for an old frock coat, which bore a striking resemblance to one as they got up and attempted to run. At last, the old gentleman was frequently seen to have them hitting first one and then another, and screaming, in the deacon's voice—

'Ah, you villanous whelps! I'll larn you to steal peaches out of my orchard! I'll larn you, you good-for-nothing, ungodly, splendid thieving wretches!'

At length, thinking he had punished them severely enough for their treachery, Harry appeared to give up the chase, while his companions hid in the corners of the fence; but, instead of leaving them thus, he dropped down on his knees, and with his black whip under his arm, crept along towards them under the fence, in order to hear what they said.

'Bill,' whispered one.
'What,' muttered Bill.
'Where are you?'
'Here, in the corner of the fence, with Dick.'

'Ain't you dead?'
'No! but I should be, if he had hit me once more—only just once—over the head, as he did!'

'He almost broke my back!' said a timid voice, in another corner of the fence.
'He drew blood on my face,' said Charley, and his unmerciful sharp lash has left a ridge on my cheek as big as my finger!'

'He made me see a whole constellation of stars!' whispered Frank. 'Besides, I broke my neck in as much as seven places when I fell from the tree.'

'Blast his picture!' growled Dick. 'His whip didn't hurt me much until he knocked me down, when I thought Satan himself had struck me.'

'Who thought the old man was so strong?' cried Ned L—.

'Who thought the old fool could run so?' retorted Charley.

'And pays up Ned Harvey, too!' exclaimed Dick. 'Oh! didn't we give him the slip, nicely?'

'Yes,' said Bill, 'but I'm afraid he'll expose us to the old deacon.'

'Never fear,' returned Charley. 'Ned Harvey ain't the chap to do such a mean trick as that. But wouldn't he be worked up, if he knew how we are enjoying ourselves without his precious company?'

'Wouldn't he?' chuckled Ned to himself.

'And wouldn't it start the old deacon,' laughed Dick, 'if any one should tell him how we're enjoying ourselves at his expense?'

'Ha! ha! ha!' laughed the whole company.

'Have you filled the bag?' demanded Frank on the tree.

'Yes—and our stomachs too!'

'Then I am coming down to have my share!'

'Now's my time!' thought Harry.

It is impossible to describe the consternation of his treacherous friends, as he sprang out upon them. Disturbed so unexpectedly and suddenly in the quiet enjoyment of the stolen fruit, they knew not which way to turn, but ran against each other, and knocked each other down, while the frightened Frank pitched headlong from the tree upon the backs of his fallen comrades.

'Here you are, are you?' cried Harry, imitating the old deacon's voice. 'Ah, you thieving rascals! I've caught you at it this time, and I'll give you peaches enough!'

So saying, Harry used his heavy black whip with all his force, striking the trespassers on their backs, and on their heads, and across their faces, and knocking them down as fast as they scrambled away, he chasing them, and screaming, in the deacon's voice—

'Ah, you villanous whelps! I'll larn you to steal peaches out of my orchard! I'll larn you, you good-for-nothing, ungodly, splendid thieving wretches!'

At length, thinking he had punished them severely enough for their treachery, Harry appeared to give up the chase, while his companions hid in the corners of the fence; but, instead of leaving them thus, he dropped down on his knees, and with his black whip under his arm, crept along towards them under the fence, in order to hear what they said.

'Bill,' whispered one.
'What,' muttered Bill.
'Where are you?'
'Here, in the corner of the fence, with Dick.'

'Ain't you dead?'
'No! but I should be, if he had hit me once more—only just once—over the head, as he did!'

'He almost broke my back!' said a timid voice, in another corner of the fence.

'He drew blood on my face,' said Charley, and his unmerciful sharp lash has left a ridge on my cheek as big as my finger!'

'He made me see a whole constellation of stars!' whispered Frank. 'Besides, I broke my neck in as much as seven places when I fell from the tree.'

'Blast his picture!' growled Dick. 'His whip didn't hurt me much until he knocked me down, when I thought Satan himself had struck me.'

'Who thought the old man was so strong?' cried Ned L—.

'Who thought the old fool could run so?' retorted Charley.

Harvey listened to this conversation, and much more of the same sort, until Frank, who had not the consolation of thinking he had eaten a single peach, started off, telling his companions that if they wanted the bag, which they had left under the tree, they might go and get it, provided old Newcomb had n't already taken care of it. They declined going for it, but withdrew from the field of their defeat together, leaving Harvey to laugh at the joke, and to enjoy a hearty meal on the peaches he found already collected in the bag. Having satisfied his appetite for the delicious fruit, he left the bag and its remaining contents for the old man, and quietly walked home.

Ned Harvey intended to keep the affair to himself, fearing the revenge of his companions, but when the deacon reported, that he had found a bag half full of peaches under one of his trees, and talked of the trespass in such a way that the trespassers knew that he had nothing to do with flogging them so soundly, their suspicions rested at once on Ned Harvey. Finding this to be the case, Ned immediately proclaimed the joke all about the neighborhood, and related the whole affair with such exaggerations, as served to show up his comrades in the most ridiculous light possible.

The traitors were emphatically 'used up.' The ridicule was worse than the punishment they suffered. Everybody twitted them; and even the old deacon, forgiving them the peaches they had eaten, chuckles over the rich joke of 'robbing a peach orchard.'

Buying a Conundrum.

That every species of writing may do good, and that a strong impression of a moral or religious sentiment, on the mind of youth, may be as lasting as life, is strikingly exemplified by the following fact:—

A gentleman formerly of Philadelphia, advanced in age, and who had been much in what is called the world, relates of himself, that at the age of eleven or twelve years, he went for the first time to London—hearing a person crying *conundrums* through the streets, and never having heard the word before, he supposed that *conundrums* were something good to eat. He accordingly stopped the crier and asked for a *conundrum*; when, to his great surprise and disappointment, a little book was offered him. Ashamed of his ignorance and error, which he wished to conceal, he bought the book, and hastened off as fast as possible. As soon as he got to his lodgings, he was curious to learn what a *conundrum* meant. He opened his book, and found that *conundrum first* was as follows:—

"Why is profane swearing like a ragged coat? Auswer.—Because it is a *bad habit*." This made such an impression on his mind, that amid all the temptations to which he has been exposed, he affirms that he has never sworn profanely from that day to the present.

THE KOSSUTH HAT.

A DOMESTIC SCENE.

Enter husband with one of the new Kossuth hats on,—gun and newspaper, spouting Kossuth's last speech. Enter wife, with a broom.

WIFE, (angrily).—Why will you wear that horrid hat?

(It looks too bad to mention!)
And flourish round that rusty gun,—
And talk of intervention?

HUSBAND, (meekly).—"Betsy, my dear don't worry so,

Control your rising passion!

Why sport that gun and new chapeau?"

Kossuthing ('Cos-shooting) is the fashion!



For the Youth's Penny Gazette.

Mary and Anna were two little girls, who lived in a village called Edenton. Mary's father was rich, and Anna's father was poor. But Mary's father was a bad man, and Anna's father was a true Christian. Now Anna was richer, because she had such a father, than if she had owned all the lands and houses in Edenton.

Once upon a time, these two little children were playing under the trees by the river-side, when they began to talk about their parents and their homes. Mary said her father had a gold watch and ever so much money in the bank.

"Oh, Anna," said she, "don't you feel very sorry to think you are so poor?"

"No, indeed," said Anna, "because people can be happy without being rich. Father says, that if we love God, it makes no difference whether we have money or not."

"That is very strange," said Mary, "for I thought every body wanted to be rich?"

Anna smiled and said, "It may be a very good thing to be rich, but it is better to be pious."

"What makes you think so?" said Mary.

"Why, don't you know," answered Anna, "that rich people may lose their souls? Remember about the rich man and Lazarus. Would not you rather be in Lazarus' place than in that rich man's?"

"Oh yes," said Mary, "because the rich man went to the place of torment."

"Very true," said Anna, "so riches cannot save a man's soul."

"No, indeed," said Mary.

"Then," said Anna, "riches cannot be as good as piety, for piety will save the soul."

"But I mean to be rich and pious too," said Mary.

"Take care what you say," said Anna, "for our Saviour tells us, that it is very hard for a rich man to be saved."

"Don't you believe," said Mary, "that any rich people can go to heaven?"

"I did not say that," replied Anna. "God can save rich as well as poor. But rich people are very apt to love their riches too much, and this keeps them from loving God. And if we do not love God we cannot be saved."

"What must we do then," said Mary. "Must we throw away all our money and beautiful things?"

"No," said Anna, "the Bible does not command us to do so, but we must not think too much of them, and we must try to get something better than earthly riches. There is another kind of riches that last longer, and are worth a great deal more."

"What can you mean," said Mary.

"I mean," answered Anna, "true religion. That is the best riches. It is the only kind that lasts after death. It is the only kind we can carry away with us. And this is a kind of riches that God often gives to poor creatures who have nothing else."

"I believe what you say is true," said Mary. "I wish I had that sort of riches."

Anna was silent, for she was thinking of her dear father. She thought how happy he was when he read, and sung, and prayed with his children. She knew he was happier in his poor cottage than if he had been a king upon his throne. And she determined that she would pray to God to give her friend that good part, which could not be taken away from her.

Curious Clock.



It is said that the Rev. Rowland Hill presented to Pomaree, king of Otaheite, a curious clock, upon which were inscribed the following lines:

"Master, behold me, here I stand
To tell the hours at thy command;
What is thy will? 'Tis my delight
To serve thee, both by day and night.
Master, be wise, and learn from me
To serve thy God, as I serve thee."

"Instantly serving God day and night." Ac

To a Mother on the Death of an Infant.

BY RHODA.

Fond mother, calm thy troubled breast,
O, let thy tears be dry;
Thy loved one is not dead, but lives,
Still lives beyond the sky.

Hast thou not seen the little worm,
A lowly, earthbound thing,
Burst from its shell and skyward flit,
Joyous on golden wing?

Thus to the Christian's eye of faith
That fair, pale, silent form
Is but the dust—its tenant soul
Hath sought a happier home.

And could you hear the welcomings
That angel tongues have given,
As upward borne on snowy wings,
He found that home in heaven—

O, could you hear the joyous song
He sings in glory now;
And see the calm and holy smile
That lights his seraph brow—

Could you but feel how much of woe,
Of struggling, sin and pain,
He leaves behind, you would not wish
Your darling back again.

Then calm, O calm thy troubled heart,
O let thy tears be dry;
Thy loved one is not dead,—he lives,
Still lives beyond the sky.

New York, December, 1848.

For the Well

Finis.

BY MRS. H. C. KNIGHT.

Behold this shining one,*
What writeth he?
Writing with bending eye
All earnestly.

"Finis!" "Finis!" there ends
The good old year,
Laden with many a joy,
With hope and fear.

The golden harvest past!
The sweet spring-time,
No more with bee and bird,
Shall sweetly chime.

The violets and roses,
The early dead!
Have fallen from our grasp,
To their low bed.

The early dead! sweet buds!
Blooming in the Eden beautiful,
Of light and love,
Never to know a sad "Finis,"
To all their new-born blessedness.
Love.

BY A. J. H. DUGANNE.

Beautiful is love! It knoweth
Neither age nor wintry weather;
Over darkness light it throweth—
Roses from the grave 'twill gather.

Wonderful is love! It teacheth
More than all the world can learn;
From the earth to heaven it reacheth,
From the cradle to the urn.

Sorrowful is love! It weepeth
On the bosoms of the cherished;
Like a mournful vine it creepeth
Round the wrecks of beauty perished.

Terrible is love! It dareth
All things for the loved one's sake;
Woe it beareth—chains it weareth—
Soul 'twill ruin—heart 'twill break.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT OF POPE.—'Daily Post, June 14, 1728. Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of a 'Popp upon Pope,' insinuating that I was whipped in Ham Walks on Thursday last; this is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and the same is a malicious and ill grounded report.—Alexander Pope.

The Catcher Caught;

GR. CRUELTY PUNISHED.

Henry B. has ever been our dear and very intimate associate from our earliest childhood. We are of the same age, and our tastes, dispositions, habits, joys and sorrows, have always been remarkably similar. If one rejoiced, the other rejoiced with him; and if one suffered, the other suffered alike with him.

Henry, while young, was a *great rogue*, and many are the illustrations of this that we could give, though we now intend to mention *only one*.

Some pert young friend may be ready to say, "If Henry was such a rogue, and you were so much alike, it would almost imply that both were rogues!"

Be that as it may, we hope, with our increasing years, there have been some improvements in that respect, and that now both have "put away those childish things." But, supposing the intimation of our young friend be true, we may be all the better qualified, if now reformed, to help instruct and reform other rogues, according to the proverb, "Set a rogue to catch a rogue."

But to our story.

The warm sun of early spring had begun to disrobe the earth of her winter mantle. Here and there around Henry's home, in the yard and the fields, the snow had disappeared, and the fresh grass was just starting to view. The time of the singing of birds too had come, and many a red-breast, on every sunny spot, was seeking his food and filling the air with his merry chirpings and sweet spring carolings.

These welcome harbingers of coming verdure and flowers, attracted the attention of our mischief-loving Henry. He watched them; but instead of making himself happy with their lovely exhibition of happiness, he began to devise plans for catching them. With his little bow and arrow, and his sling and stones, he pursued them from spot to spot, and from field to field; and many a poor, timid red-breast did he terribly frighten. By and by his roguish ingenuity hit upon a plan by which he was sure he could catch them. His plan was, to set a small fish-hook, expecting that the unwary bird would pick up the bait, and in a moment be safe in his hands.

This cruel device no sooner entered Henry's mind, than he hastened to try it. He obtained a small fish-hook, and began to fasten to it his little string. In order to secure it tightly, he used his teeth. In this dangerous operation, the string slipped, and in an instant the sharp, barbed hook, which he was preparing for the mouth of poor robin, was fast caught in his

own! It entered into the soft and tender flesh inside of his under lip. The catcher is now caught, sure enough—caught, too, in his own snare, which he was setting for another. Poor Henry! what shall he do? He cannot remove the cruel hook. The barb, intended on purpose to fasten it tightly in the mouth of the innocent fish or bird that should swallow it, is firmly fastened in his lip.

With great pain and fear, both increased by the consciousness that he is receiving only a just desert for his intended cruelty, he hastens to his mother. She tries to remove it, but in vain. He then goes to his father, with whose sharp surgical instruments, he is painfully

familiar. Those frightful instruments, the very sight of which makes Henry turn pale and tremble anew with fear,—his father now takes out and lays upon the table. After much suffering, the hook is at length removed, leaving in his lip a deep wound; but a deeper impression is left upon his mind.

Years have passed away since that wound was healed; but the impression on his mind remains like the deep lines of the sculptor's chisel upon the marble. He then regarded this occurrence, and he still regards it, as a deserved punishment for his intended cruelty. He learned, by his own sad experience, that what was to be sport to him, would have been, had he succeeded in his cruel purposes, pain and suffering to those innocent and beautiful songsters of Spring.

Let this story of our friend Henry, be a warning to all our young friends against the indulgence in cruelty towards any of God's creatures.

WHO IS OLD?

A wise man will never rust out. As long as he can move and breathe, he will be doing something for himself, his neighbors, or for posterity. Almost to the last hour of his life, Washington was at work. So were Franklin and Young and Howard and Newton. The vigor of their lives never decayed. No rust marred their spirits. It is a foolish idea to suppose we must lie down and die because we are old. Who is old? Not the man of energy; not the day laborer in science, art or benevolence; but he only who suffers his energies to waste away, and the springs of life to become motionless; on whose hands the hours drag heavily, and to whom all things wear the garb of gloom. Look at that old man, Father Sewall, now in his eighty-eighth year, who is travelling about our State, and preaching from Sabbath to Sabbath. He has the life and energy of a young man—and for aught we know, may yet live to do the work and accomplish the labors of half a dozen puny, sickly, sentimental youths—who are afraid of the rain-drops, the dews of Heaven, and the grateful shower-bath.

Is he old? should not be the question put; but is he active?—can he breathe freely and move with agility? There are scores of grey-headed men we should prefer, in any important enterprise, to these young gentlemen who fear and tremble at approaching shadows, and turn pale at a lion in their path—at a harsh word or a frown.

THE GLASS.

Looking in the glass, hey? Isn't that a pretty face? How plump and rosy! What beautiful curls! Will they not captivate some heart? Ah!—folly! They would that you could see your heart as plainly as you see your face. What would you not hold? Pride and corruption would stare you in the face. What a contrast with that polished brow!—Why so much care with your cheeks, lips, and hair? Why not devote a portion of your time to the improvement of the heart? The former perish with the body, but the latter survives the tomb. O, forget not your immortal part, while preparing for the gay ball-room. A century hence, that will have perished, which is your greatest care, while the immortal part you neglect will live on and bear the impress you give it in other worlds.—[Port. Bul.]

A POINTED HIT An invalid once sent for a physician, and after detaining him for some time, with a description of his pains, aches, etc., he thus summed up:

"Now, Doctor, you have humbugged me long enough with your good for nothing pills and worthless syrups, they don't touch the real difficulty.—I wish you to strike the cause of my ailments if it is in your power to reach it."

"It shall be done," said the doctor, at the same time lifting his cane and demolishing a decanter of gin that stood on the side-board.

We heard the following interesting conversation a few days since, between two candidates for academic honor:—

"Bill spell cat, rat, bat, fat, with only one letter for each word."

"It can't be *did*."

"What! you just ready to report verbatim, phonetically, and can't do that? Just look here! c 80 cat, r 80 rat, h 80 hat, d 80 bat, s 80 sat."

For the Sunday School celebration of the Fourth of July.

The procession will form in front of the Pacific Bank, Main Street, and move at precisely 2 o'clock, under the direction of the Committee of Arrangements, and will pass through Main, Gardner and West Liberty Streets, to the tent prepared for the occasion, where the exercises will be as follows:—

1.—Singing—Celebration Song.

With banner and with badge we come,
Young heroes of the Nation,
To banish ignorance from the land,
And hold our celebration.
We bear no weapons in our hands
Of fear or consternation;
But friendship, knowledge, truth and love,
To hold our celebration.

Upon our banner is inscribed,
Our school, the people's college;
And here we labor, day by day,
To store our minds with knowledge.
'Tis here by precept we are taught,
How great our obligation;
And here with gratitude we come,
To hold our celebration.

Our friends and teachers shall be held
In highest estimation;
While we from them in turn receive,
Their love and approbation.
Our motto still shall onward be
To higher elevation,
In science, wisdom, knowledge, truth,
'Till our next celebration.

2.—Prayer.

3.—Singing—The Hour of Prayer.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Called thy harvest-work to leave,
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee.

4.—Address.

5.—Singing—An Original Piece.

AIR—Come to the sunset tree.

Come, Come, Come,
Come, on this festal day;
The summer airs are sweet—
For freedom chant a lay:
As in joyous group we meet,
Our hands we'll freely clasp,
And heart with heart we'll twine,
And each warm and friendly grasp
Shall meet o'er freedom's shrine.
Come, Come, &c.

Here, Here, Here,
Here in these lovely hours,
So soon to pass away,
'Mid the fragrance of the flowers,
'Mong faces bright and gay,
We pledge our earliest love
For the home our grand-sires won,—
For each "star" that floats above,
For each stripe that meets the sun.
Come, Come, &c.

List! List! List!
List to the soul-sick sighs,
That come from Russia's plains;
Where the trampled bondman lies,
Where the heart-wrung serf complains.
No days like this can spread
Its love light o'er their way!
There Freedom bows its head,
And the Despot rules the day!
Come, Come, &c.

A cheerful face is nearly as good for an invalid as healthy weather. To make a sick man think he's dying, all that is necessary is to look half dead yourself. Hope and despair are as catching as cutaneous complaints.—Always look sunshiny, therefore, whether you feel so or not.

Then, Then, Then,

There let our voices swell,
From these plains our fathers trod—
Where their spirits sweetly dwell—
To the mansions of their God;
And vow to nurse with care
Each leaf of Freedom's tree,
And with Patriot hearts declare
To keep our Nation free.
Come, Come, Come, &c.

6.—Address.

7.—Singing—Praise to God.

Brothers, Sisters, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

Now to Him who reigns in Heaven,
Be eternal glory given;
Grateful for thy love divine,
O, may all our hearts be thine.

8.—Benediction.

9.—Refreshments.

JUSTIN LAWRENCE,
Chairman Com. of Arrangements.

NOT AS A CHILD.

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

BY FANNY FALES.

O say not so! how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted
I see the features of my angel-child;
She pass'd away ere sin her soul had tainted,
Pass'd to the Undeified.

O say not so! for I would clasp her, even,
As when below she lay upon my breast;
I would dream of her as a bud in heaven,
Amid the blossoms blest.

My little one, she was a folded lily,
Sweeter than any on the azure wave;
But night came down, a starless night and chilly,
Alas! we could not save!

Yes, as a child, serene and noble Poet—
O heaven were dark were children wanting
there;

I hope to clasp my bud, as when I wore it,
A dimpled baby fair.
Though years have flown toward my blue-eyed
daughter,

My heart yearns, oft times with a mother's love;
Its never dying tendrils now enfold her,
E'en as a child above.

E'en as a babe, my little dove-eyed daughter,
Nestle and coo upon my heart again;
Wait for thy mother by the river-water,
It shall not be in vain.

Wait as a child:—how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair;
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

BOAT SONG.

BY JOHN B. PHILLIPS.

There's melody, boys, in the splashing oar,
And many a beautiful, beaming eye
Looks on our boat as it leaves the shore,
Like a bird o'er the crested wave to fly.

CHORUS.

Arms are strong and hearts are true,
Merrily o'er the waters blue,
Swiftly and cheerily now we go,
Pull, lads, steadily—row, lads, row!

We love our barque, and we love the foam
Which sparkles around us, as merrily we
Pull briskly, and sing the mariner's home,
The bright, the beautiful, boundless sea.

CHORUS—Arms are strong, &c.

Pull, lads, together, pull cheerily and strong,
Our boat is a beauty, she is worthy our pride,
Pull steadily, brothers, and join in the song
Which praises the life of the sons of the tide.

CHORUS—Arms are strong, &c.

Row gallantly, brothers, away from the shore,
Our boat like a fairy barque dances alo;
Pull away, pull away, every dip of the oar,
As it kisses the water, keeps time with the song.

CHORUS.

Arms are strong, and hearts are true,
Merrily o'er the waters blue,
Swiftly and cheerily now we go,
Pull, lads, steadily—row, lads, row!

Amusements.

The following very seasonable remarks on the subject of amusements, are from Rev. M. H. Smith's excellent "Counsels to Young Women."

"I presume you will agree with me, that amusements are not to constitute the great purpose of life. If of any use, if right at all, they are so when employed to unbend the mind, and, by relaxation, fit you for a higher and better performance of the duties of life. Amusements always must be the exception, not the great business of existence—you must not love pleasure more than God or duty.

"I entreat you to avoid card playing, even as a pastime. It is an amusement decidedly low. While it creates a taste and a spirit, not consistent with the delicacy of the female character, it corrupts often the moral sense, and, by the example set at home, has been the destruction of many sons of promise. Avoid all those pastimes which impair the health, by late hours and crowded rooms, alternating from heat to cold with fearful rapidity. As an amusement, dancing is open to almost all the objections that we have suggested; it is the fruitful cause of exposure, disease, and premature death. It harms the morals by a promiscuous association of all characters.

It allows a familiarity which, in any other recreation, would be regarded as rude, and rejected as an insult. And the style of dress, both in fashion and material, is such, that the lady who should appear upon the promenade, or in the drawing-room, so arrayed, would lose her character for modesty, if not for virtue. I am not able to understand how a young lady of delicacy and modesty can tolerate the rude familiarity of the polka, or the lascivious movements of the waltz; how they reconcile with decorum those inseparable accompaniments of the dance, which in any other amusement would be so surely condemned—that rude mingling of all classes and characters, and that dissipation, which is unquestionably the charm of the dance, without which the toil, the exposure, the expense, would not be borne an hour. You surely will not plead it as an amusement suited to the dignity of a moral being, nor contend that you must have this pastime or none; nor that it is essential to health, seeing nine-tenths of all who follow its mazes are the victims of disease. Dancing is open to such objection, that no female can, with propriety, engage in it. It has always done mischief, from the day John the Baptist lost his head, to the present hour. At the theatre; it is the house of death; and the house of her whose steps take hold on hell, is there. The corner-stone of a theatre is corruption; it is laid deep in dissipation: its walls are vice and misery, and its top-stone is impiety. A pure drama does not exist. You have the theatre with all its misery, crime, guilt, and wo, or you do not have it at all. Its strength is in the virtuous who sustain it; and all the ruin it achieves, it works out by the countenance which the names of the few respectable persons who attend it, give. Without them it could not stand a day to do evil. As often as you enter a theatre, you make yourself responsible for all that is done there. It and immorality have ever been cause and effect. You meet on common ground with the most depraved of our race; and unless it be proper for you to endorse vice and immorality—to look upon exhibition and hear language that will tinge the cheek with shame and make your ears tingle, it must ever be wrong for you to visit the theatre. I repeat, then, that you are not to select or countenance amusements which consume your best time, and those which impair health, or destroy morals; not those which, in the

mote degree, remove modesty, that charm and that security of female character."



Idle Curiosity.



"If you are sent on an errand with a bundle or basket, never suffer yourself even to wish to know what is inside. That is no business of yours. All you have to do is carefully and quickly to deliver it to the person for whom it is intended. There would be dishonesty and danger even in a single peep. Idle curiosity has often been the beginning of great mischief. The danger is increased if you know or suspect the contents to be anything very desirable to yourself: anything that you should like to taste, or to use, or to play with. Shun all such dangerous thoughts and wishes. If with such feelings, you begin with a look, you will not end there; but one step will lead on to another and another, as with the boy in the picture, till you are guilty of crimes of which you could not have supposed yourself capable."

The Wanderer's Return.

Air—Old Virginia's Shore.

The day was gone, and the night was dark,
And the howling winds went by,
And the blinding sleet fell thick and fast
From a stern and stormy sky,
When a mournful wail through the rushing gale
Was heard at a cottage door—
O, carry me back!—O, carry me back,
To my mother's home once more.

'Tis a youth who had lost his mountain home,
He had wandered far and long;
He had drained the goblet's fiery tide,
At the festal, midnight throng.
But a dream of home came o'er his heart.
As he crept to the cottage door—
O, carry me back!—O, carry me back
To my mother's home once more.

I have left the hall of the tempter's power,
And the revel wild and high—
They cared not in their reckless mirth
If I wandered alone to die.

Both the fire still burn on the household hearth,
Little while, a boy stood up and said, "Chief
is our word to those children who have sent
Great is our joy to hear of their compassion—
Although we have never met with them in
meet with them to-day in the spirit, through
they have sent us. We too rejoice that we,
have missionaries; and we rejoice greatly in
g us. Tell those children, please, when you
us. Say to them also that we will pray for
that they and we may all meet in heaven."

A preacher in Massachusetts has been
asked to prove that it was not a whale
that swallowed a human being, but a
man who swallowed a whale.

Philosophy of Eating.

Use but two or three kinds of food, besides bread and butter, at a single meal, and never eat any thing between meals. You should eat at regular hours, and but three times a day, with two intervals of not less than five hours each, nor more than six.

Cold water retards digestion, and so does any liquid, if much is taken during or soon after a meal; half a glass at a meal is enough. From an hour and a half after a meal, until within half an hour of the next one, you may drink as much water as you desire; it is best, however, to drink but a swallow or two at a time, with an interval of half a minute or more: otherwise you may take more than nature requires before you know it, just as in eating fast. If too much fluid is taken during meals it dilutes the gastric juice, thus weakening its powers of digestion, and retaining the food longer in the stomach than is natural; it also causes acid stomach, heartburn, fullness, belchings, and bad blood, producing, according to circumstances, a dryness, or rawness, or scalding sensation in the throat, as do indigestions from other causes, whether from quality or quantity of food.

All errors as to diet arise from quantity or quality, and I propose one safe rule to each, applicable to all persons, and under all circumstances.

As to *quality*, the general rule is to eat that which you like best, and which you find by close observation and experience is followed by no uncomfortable feeling about the head, hands, feet, or stomach.

As to *quantity*, take as much at one meal as will allow you to become decidedly hungry by the next meal; this can only be determined by consecutive observations; but remember, never swallow an atom of food unless you are hungry; never "force" a particle of food on yourself; the brute creation cannot be induced to eat or drink, if slightly ill or excited, guided only by their poor blind instincts, and we who are as much higher than they, by the "reason" that is within us, ought to feel ashamed to act less wisely; and yet, nine-tenths of all our ailments acute and chronic, enter here: and nine-tenths of them all might be cured thus, if taken in reasonable time, instead of properly persevered in.

The finer all food is cut with a knife, before put into the mouth, the sooner and easier it is digested, on the same principle that a large piece of ice placed in a vessel of water will require a much longer time to melt, than if it were first divided into many small pieces. The gastric juice dissolve solid food from without inwards, hence food, especially all kinds of meat, should be cut up in pieces, not larger than a pea, before it is placed in the mouth, taking in as many pieces at a time as is convenient. This precaution would not be needed were persons to eat slowly, and masticate their food properly, but our national habits are otherwise, nor is there much hope of a speedy change in this respect.

AFTER EATING.—An hour after dinner, and half the time for other meals, do not lie down, do not sit to sew, or maintain any stooping position; do not ride on horseback, or study, strain, lift, or perform any labor, bodily or mental; a leisure stroll in the open air is best; cheerful conversation is next best; reading a newspaper; these require no mental effort. While walking, keep your hands behind you, and your chin on or above a horizontal line, and endeavor to feel in a good and cheerful humor with yourself and all the world.—[Dr. Hall.

Henry! what shall he do? He cannot remove the cruel hook. The *barb*, intended on purpose to fasten it tightly in the mouth of the innocent fish or bird that should swallow it, is firmly fastened in his lip.

With great pain and fear, both increased by the consciousness that he is receiving only a just desert for his intended cruelty, he hastens to his mother. She tries to remove it, but in vain. He then goes to his father, with whose sharp surgical instruments, he is painfully



THE CHAMBERMAID.

There are three classes of Chambermaids. There is the chambermaid of the hotel, the chambermaid of the genteel private family, and the chambermaid in the well ordered, though rather expensive, household of the well to do old bachelor.

The hotel chambermaid quietly snubs the scullions in the kitchen, and talks about low people and vulgar associations to the French cook. At which he shrugs his shoulders and says "Oui, Mam'selle," and she replies, "Jest so, Mounseer."

The chambermaid in the genteel private family keeps the cook at proper distance, and requests all her friends who may call upon her, to ask if Miss —, the chambermaid, is in. If there's a footman in the same establishment, the chambermaid cuts him, unless his Sunday out happens to be her Sunday out, and he resolutely keeps the aforesaid cook at a proper distance. If the chambermaid is obliged to lend a hand on washing day, she is careful to tell the cook, that she, the chambermaid, was never brought up to do the heavy work; that she has always had the charge of her mistresses fine linens and laces. A sensible cook takes the hint, and attends to the sheets and shirts herself, gratifying her malice, by heaping her own plate with the delicate tit bits, and leaving the chambermaid to grub for herself.

But the pink of chambermaids, the pride of chambermaids, is the chambermaid of the old bachelor's establishment. No matter if he have a venerable housekeeper, who is ostensibly the head of the executive department, the power behind the throne, is greater than the throne itself—and the chambermaid is that power.

Whose ear first detects the return of the old bachelor at night, after his return from a jovial time with those roystering blades, Tom, Dick and Jack! Who does he find in his room carefully looking to the fire in the grate, if in winter, or to the mosquito net, if in summer! The chambermaid to be sure.

"Ah! is it you, Sally, my good girl!" exclaims the old bachelor, full of wine and good feeling, as he opens the door of his room, and his face relaxes into a smile before the smiling coals.

"Yes, sir, if you please," answers Sally, picking away at the corner of her apron, "I was afraid that the room would not be warm, and it is so cold out. Shall I take off your comforter, sir? your slippers are here at the fire. I thought you would like to have them warm."

"Good girl, good girl, and now good night, Sally. I really keep you up too late," says the old bachelor, with another kindly smile.

"Really an excellent, kind, attentive creature," he says to himself when the door has closed upon her. "Always trying to make me comfortable!"

"Such things have happened before, and why not again?" the chambermaid whispers, giving cautious utterance to her thoughts as she goes down stairs. "Really, I don't know why I should not hope!" and she takes a glance at herself in the long glass in the drawing-room, and then walks down into the kitchen, and with the slightest, the very slightest air of dignity and command, (for she wouldn't hurt the feelings of people beneath her, for the world, O bless me, no!) asks the cook if there's anything cold, for really she feels like taking a bit of something before she goes to bed.

It may be she will dream of a coach and two white horses, and see the cook, who has occasionally, perhaps, looked sour at her, stand at the head of the kitchen stairs, and hear her say,—

"God bless you, Mrs. —, and a happy bridal tour."

If the vision of her dreams has been thus deliciously tinted—the little chambermaid will be up betimes in the morning, and stand patiently listening at the old bachelor's door. And with the first signal from within that he is awake, how softly will she knock, and how her voice will tremble when she says,

"If you please, sir, shall I bring up the shaving water?"

And if he should reply—"Thank you, my dear, not just yet,"—how her little heart will throb, and how happy she will be the whole day thinking over her dream and repeating the words of her master—"Thank you, my dear, not just yet!"

These words had a meaning, she persuades herself. And henceforth she sleeps in gloves, and uses regularly Gouraud's famous Italian medicated soap; and how glad her eyes are to see the increasing whiteness and purity of her complexion, and how many times a day she whispers to herself—"the dream may come true."

Dream on and be happy! Were there no bright visions to invest the future with a golden atmosphere, how few who would have heart to plod the weary way on! The dream may be realized, and a lady, sitting in her own box at the opera, and telling her eldest daughter to cut, decidedly, some penniless puppy with an aristocratic name, who aspires to her favor,—may yet be the original of to-day's portrait—THE CHAMBERMAID.

Praying Sincerely.

A little girl sent about two dollars and twenty cents to a gentleman, for the purchase of some Missionary Tracts, and in her letter, said,

"My mother has taught me almost eleven years, to say, 'Thy kingdom come;' and I believe I cannot be saying it *sincerely* if I do nothing to help it on among the heathen."



Influence upon a Milking Stool.

One of the towns along the line of the Boston and Worcester Railroad, lives Farmer Jenkins; one of your "real coin" farmers. The old gentleman is somewhat beyond "three score years and ten" in life, "length of days" has evidently given him a chance for improvement and observation, but he has by no means suffered to be way neglected. Farmer Jenkins' opportunities for mental culture when a minor, were very limited, as he informed me, never having "spent above three months in a school-house in his life." His excellent father, as he said, taught him to read and write, whilst his father "learnt" him "some of figures." As he grew up, his opportunities increased, and by his own industry and application he has acquired a good deal of general information; and the industry with which he converses upon the different branches of school lore, might convince one of having enjoyed superior advantages.

It was my good fortune to meet Mr. Jenkins on the Milford train of cars, just as our gentlemanly and obliging Conductor, Q. A. Bean, Esq., sung out "———" the depot at which Mr. Jenkins left the cars was his house. A slight relationship existed between the farmer and myself, he very kindly gave me an invitation to accompany him and spend the night, which I readily accepted.

After a mile's travel, we reached the residence of our venerable friend—a noble piece of land, "well taken care of," as its appearance indicated. Were I to speak of the things that interested me "in sight and sound," the patience of your readers would be too severely tested. Not only the natural beauty of the scenery around Farmer Jenkins' fine situation, but the peace and domestic happiness that seemed to pervade there, charmed me much. Mrs. Jenkins was an ornament to her husband, by her "introduction" as "a cousin." The lady gave me a hearty welcome, after asking some dozen questions respecting her "relations," congratulated her upon his safe return home again. She was soon in readiness; the farmer read a blessing after the family were seated at the table, and a very social time was had of it. The conversation turned to the improvements of the day, with both Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins seemed very familiar. A most beautiful contrast was drawn by the farmer's wife, between a life in New England now, and the privations endured by the early settlers of "our own dear Massachusetts." I thought I had read something of New England history, but Mr. and Mrs. J. were so far in advance of me in knowledge here, as every youngster should, I gladly still, "to hear and learn." After Farmer Jenkins ordered his horse to be put into the carriage for a ride. The farmer and his accomplished companion took the back seat, whilst John, an amiable son, and "cousin, too," took possession of the front. "We are going to Wheelwright's, as I term it," said Farmer Jenkins to me, as we started off. "My wife has a view from Walnut Hill will interest you much." As we alighted at the "sture bars" in the winding up of one of the old gentleman's lectures upon farming, I was surprised to see how quickly the far tones of the farmer's strong voice, seemed to spread gladness amongst his flock of cattle. Their very faces showed doubtful or scant language, that a benefactor had come among them. All seemed eager to pay a tribute of respect to their hearted master; I noticed, however, an enormous cosset paid its entire respects to Mrs. Jenkins, with whom it seemed to have been a favorite pet. We visited Walnut Hill, and then had a fine ride where we found the cows yarded for milking. Farmer Jenkins took his blue coat, his milking-stool, and "showed us the thing is done." During the operation, I was amused to see the kindness of the farmer complimented by his young son. Two very thrifty Durham cows

placed themselves behind him and began very leisurely to gnaw the hat of their master, whilst a pet lamb, whose large, round body testified to the generosity of its benefactors, stood by the farmer's side and leaned his "smooty" head upon his knee. The calves were "toasted"—the pet-lamb "talked to"—the cows milked and "stroked," and all the "chores" done up, when the father, returning to the yard, found John, myself, and a young "dandy," who had just come in, engaged in a spirited conversation upon the happiness of a rural life. The "dandy" contended that "farming is a degrading business; a departure from true dignity of character and station; a servile or like state of bondage, &c., &c." During this harrangue, the farmer had been sitting quietly, most of the time upon his milking-stool, an attentive listener. When the dandy had ended his eloquent remarks, and while his rings and jewels shone with the reflected tints of the setting sun, farmer Jenkins, with a look of mingled pity and contempt, asked friend Ashton,

"What were you made for? have you ever thought, my young friend, seriously of that question? were all the world like yourself, too haughty to be useful, what would the air come to? Should you live to be as old as Methuselah with your present views, your present course of life, who would be the better for your having lived? I never knew a useful man too proud to labor, and let me assure you, friend, that no person can be really happy, without the cheering reflection, that he is adding to the sum of human happiness."

It is impossible for me to do justice to the "reply" of Farmer Jenkins to the insinuations of young Ashton. You must have seen the expression and dignified appearance of the silver-locked speaker, fully to feel the pathos and sublimity of his eloquence. I have listened to some very moving appeals from the desk and the pulpit, but for an "impromptu," never heard anything that surpassed the milking-stool eloquence of Farmer Jenkins. "No person can be truly happy without the cheering reflection that he is adding to the sum of human happiness." Would that some of our young men, who look upon labor as degrading, and kindness and affection as marks of weakness, could take lessons from the example of my venerable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins!

The real value of a young man is not confined to the peculiar cut of his coat, the delicacy of his hand, or the smoothness of his "wig;" but true greatness rests upon the magnanimity of his heart—the benevolence of his soul. Many a dandy, to be seen with an array of rings, breast-pins, chains, "whiskers and a cane," whose very gait, to an observant eye, bespeaks his lack of brains, is now preparing to harrow up his dying reflections by regretting a life spent in search of mere selfish gratification. We cannot conjecture the anguish which must seize such a person, as the last sands of life are running out, when recollection casts back her searching look for worthy deeds and noble aims, and looks in vain! Much of the misery that now beclouds our world, would flee, like the shades of night before a rising sun, would all act up to the spirit of Farmer Jenkins' reply. If every person, in whatever station in life placed, would daily strive to "add to the sum of human happiness," how many sad looks would be among the things that were; many an aching, bleeding heart would feel freed, and burst forth with songs of delight—the "leopard and the kid" in mutual friendship, would soon repose together, and "the place of dragons" be made vocal with notes of love and benevolence. I should esteem the "compliments" paid to the genuine benevolence and kindness of Farmer Jenkins by his cattle and domestic animals, as worth more than all that truth will justify our saying at the tomb of many a self-styled gentleman, whose energies have been exhausted in search of any object, but the good of mankind. NEREUS.

Prospect Hill, Aug. 1, 1849.

The dying Daughter's Desire.

Some time since, a young person at Fredericksthal, a missionary settlement in Greenland, was standing upon the sea shore, when a rock suddenly fell from the top of the cliff, and struck her to the earth. Though very much injured, she was not killed on the spot. Her limbs were broken, indeed, and her body mangled; but she was still able to think and to speak. Yet every body saw she could only live for a short time. Many were very sorry, but especially her parents, who sat by the bedside of their dying daughter, weeping very much. But happily, though her sufferings were dreadful, her mind was in peace; for she had given her soul to the Savior, and was expecting soon to see him in heaven. But it was not so with her father. He had been a very wicked man. Up to that day he had paid no attention to the words of the good missionary, and had shown no care about his salvation. But now, for the first time, "his thoughts troubled him." "The one thing needful," neglected so long, was henceforth to be neglected no longer. The stone which crushed his child became, in a sense, the means of breaking his own heart. The death of the daughter was the life of his soul! As he sat beside her dying bed, and silently looked upon her, expecting that every breath would be her last, she made a great effort to rouse herself, and, exerting all the little strength she could command, she fixed her eyes upon her afflicted parents, and said, "Why are you so troubled? You need not be sorry on my account. I am going home with joy to my Savior! May you, when you die, follow me where I go; then shall we dwell together in peace for ever!"

These were her last words; but they were not lost. Her father not only heard, but felt them; they pierced his heart like a sword. Day and night they followed him like his own shadow. Again and again the words of his child, now in heaven, sounded solemnly in his ears, "May you follow me

where I go!" But other things also came to his remembrance. He "remembered God and was troubled." He thought of his sins and trembled. For a long time he could find no rest for his soul. Both his dreams and his waking thoughts were full of terror; and these haunted him so dreadfully, that his strength began to fail, till he became like one that draweth nigh unto the grave. No longer, now, did he turn a deaf ear to instruction. But though the kind missionary told him of the Savior and of salvation, he refused to be comforted. No promise brought peace to his troubled conscience. Pardon seemed to him impossible. "Your words," he would say to the missionary, "are good, but I am too sinful. You know not how wickedly I have lived." While longing to follow his dear child to heaven, the dread of hell was always before him.

But God's thoughts were not as his thoughts. The darkness was soon to pass, the day was at hand. Weeping endured for a night, but joy came in the morning. He believed in Jesus, and became happy. Old things passed away; all things became new. "He received," writes the missionary, "the comfort of forgiveness, and felt the peace of God enter his soul. How childlike was his joy! This joy he could not express, but it spoke from his very countenance." But he too is now dead; and his daughter's dying desire, "May you, when you die, follow me where I go," is granted. And in heaven the father is blessing God for his child, and both for those servants of the Savior who, while they were wandering in the darkness of heathenism, brought to their land the blessed light of salvation. —*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

Messages of Love.

Mr. Pritchard, on his way back from England to the South Seas, spent a little time in the West Indies. One Sunday afternoon, while he was there, he preached in Jamaica to a congregation of children. A very large chapel was quite full of them. "Some of them," he wrote home, "had white faces, some brown, and some were as black as a tea-kettle. Their eyes sparkled with joy while I was telling them about the schools in England and in the South Sea Islands." Having asked them whether they would like to send any message to the children in Samoa, a nice looking little boy, with a face as black as a coal, stood up and said, "Give our love to the children in the South Seas; and tell them that we are glad to hear they have missionaries to teach them. We hope we shall meet them around the throne of God in heaven, and unite in praising the Lamb for his redeeming love."

Soon after Mr. Pritchard had reached Samoa, he went to a juvenile missionary meeting there, and delivered this message; and then told the children that if they would like to return an answer to it, he would send it in a letter to the good missionary in Jamaica. In a little while, a boy stood up and said, "Chief Pritchard! This is our word to those children who have sent us the message. Great is our joy to hear of their compassionate regard to us. Although we have never met with them in the flesh, yet we meet with them to-day in the spirit, through the kind message they have sent us. We too rejoice that we, as well as they, have missionaries; and we rejoice greatly in the schools among us. Tell those children, please, when you write, to pray for us. Say to them also that we will pray for them, and hope that they and we may all meet in heaven." —*Juv. Miss. Mag.*

Portfolio for a Musical Bachelor.

THE GOLDEN BRIDAL.

BY RICHARD STORRS WILLIS.

The silver, and the golden bridal (so called) are celebrated by the Germans, on the twenty-fifth and fiftieth anniversary of the parents' wedding day. And, it may be added, there is still another festival, which, to prepare for all possible contingencies, is also provided for; namely, the seventy-fifth year of a marriage—should it ever occur! This is called the 'diamond' bridal. The word marriage or bridal, is applied to this festival, because the old people are often married over again, entering once more upon the holy state of matrimony, taking a fresh start, and beginning life anew.

An occasion of this kind once came under my observation in Germany, in the celebration of the golden bridal of the celebrated Rink, of Hesse Darmstadt. The name of Rink is familiar to every true lover of music, as that of one of the few really classic composers of our age, in the severer, church style of musical composition. This veteran composer whose fame has extended itself to all civilized lands, was the favorite alike of the court, at which he held an honorable position, and of the citizens of his native Darmstadt, who equally honored and loved him. He was a man of singular simplicity and purity of life, being as distinguished for his unaffected, simple-hearted piety as for his genius. The motto which he always bore, 'Mit Gott,' was the key to his whole character. He was one of the last of the 'Cantors,' a race of men fast passing away in Germany.

The golden bridal of the old master was to be celebrated. Residing at the time in a neighboring city with some of the near relatives of the family, we started the day before the celebration for the house, where preparations were already making for the event. The rooms into which the old couple, (or rather the young engaged pair, as we had now to consider them,) were not allowed to enter, were exquisitely decorated with flowers and embellished with the various ornamental articles and gifts which from all friendly quarters had come pouring in.

The next morning, at an early hour, the venerable youthful pair were already receiving their visitors. The bridegroom and bride sat side by side in two great arm chairs, the very picture of mellow and serene old age. Suspended above them hung the portraits of both, which were taken at a much earlier period but which seemed not half so beautiful in their youthful lineaments as the venerable heads, which now, in the serene Indian summer of life, rested beneath them. From two large vases below, on either side of the portraits, sprang two vigorous shoots of living ivy, which ascended and entwined the portraits, forming a kind of triumphal arch for those beneath it; for, the accomplishment of fifty years of such unclouded and successful married life as that of the old master and his spouse, could well be regarded as a triumph, and as such will be celebrated. On either side of the two arm chairs, also, stood a flower stand, covered with blooming flowers, which filled the room with their fragrance. But it was difficult to say which was the more beautiful, the flowers, or the classic head of the old master; which, snowy white, with the most silken of silvery hair, was enshrouded among them. The room was encircled with tables covered with bridal gifts, interspersed with rustic stands of flowers. Among these were several from the Ducal family; a heavy silver tea set, from one of the princes, and a massive silver goblet from his brother. Upon the goblet was engraved the motto alluded to, 'Mit Gott.' Both gifts were accompanied by an affectionate letter from the prince, who, as young men, had been pupils of Rink. The two capacious nuptial arm chairs were also gifts, having been exquisitely embroidered by the fair hands of court ladies. Another gift was a casket containing twelve massive golden spoons, from a hundred citizens, whose names were subscribed to a printed letter of congratulation. Innumerable embroideries, and works of art covered the other tables.

There were two stands however, near the aged pair, which attracted most attention. One was covered with congratulatory letters, which had been received from distinguished men all over Germany, (and, indeed, all over Europe,) who could not be present on this occasion. Interspersed with these letters were those of less distinguished but equally admiring friends in the distance, many of which letters were couched in glowing German rhyme; the German, on every occasion that appeals to his imagination or sensibility, finding it difficult not to rhyme. This table, if from no oth-

er cause than affording autographs from many of the most distinguished men of Europe, was one of great interest. The other table afforded a contrast to this. Perched on the top of it, in rough and in elegant contrast with the flowers and other embellishments of the room, stood a sturdy, capacious German basket. Rink was now, virtually, to begin life again, and the basket with its contents was a present from the young man to his youthful housekeeper. On lifting the cover you discovered a row of fat sacks, with labels attached to them, these labels reading—sugar, rice, sage, coffee, flour and meal. Touching as were most features of this bridal scene, this bridal bit threw a little gleam of quiet idleness about the whole, infinitely German, and diverting; occasionally rendered much more so by Rink, who, with a sly expression on his face, would now and then jog his partner, and point to the basket.

Now it seems that the married children of the venerable matron had vainly endeavored, previously, to induce her to wear a rich bridal cap, becoming the occasion. This, however, the simple-hearted and retiring old lady, whose whole pride and heart were centered in her husband, stoutly refused to do; wishing him to be the center of all interest and observation while she stood in the background; declaring that she had not dressed simply her whole life, to appear that day in her finery. One of the daughters, however, had secretly worked her a very beautiful and becoming cap. This cap was adorned with three delicate wreaths; the first composed of blooming myrtle, to indicate the first bridal; the second, of silver leaves, to indicate the silver bridal, and the third wreath composed of golden leaves, but intertwined also with sprigs of the blooming myrtle, to indicate the golden bridal. While the venerable matron was busy receiving congratulations, her daughter stole up behind her and dexterously drawing off her simple white cap, substituted it for the other. The old lady was thus fairly stolen the march upon. She blushed in very virgin confusion, and protested, amid the laughter and entreaties of all present, that she would not wear the cap. She was overruled, however, and finally acquiesced, saying that on that day her naughty children might do what they liked with her.

The morning was spent in receiving the visits of friends, among whom, first on the ground, had been Rink's royal pupils, now mature men, who came as private friends to sit down and have a chat with the old master. And until the dinner hour was heard on the steps that led to his comfortable, though unpretentious abode, the clash of noble spurs, mingling with the tread of the more humble citizens. Many remained to dine with the venerable couple, two long tables being filled with guests. After many healths had been proposed and toasts drunk, the old man retired, as usual, to take a few moments of mid-day repose, which his advanced age had within a few years rendered necessary. While he was doing this, however, in an adjoining apartment had been quietly collecting a group of singers, meditating for him a musical surprise. A signal by one of the family was given when the slumbers of the old man were finished, and immediately this chorus of thirty young voices began singing a subdued and beautiful church cantata, which Rink had composed when very young. The door opened as they sang, and Rink appeared in the opening. He had no sooner seen the singers many of whom had been his pupils, and recognized the tones of his early devotional music, than lifting the little velvet cap, which always covered his head, his silvery hair floated out, and raising his glistening eyes to the God to whom these solemn tones were addressed, he seemed for a moment overcome with gratitude to Him. The old people were now conducted to the two bridal arm-chairs, and the music was resumed; for the singers had compared to furnish Rink with an afternoon concert. A space was left between the arm-chairs and the piano facing them, around which the singers collected. The music was conducted by the court chapel master, who was a young man affianced to a fair maid of the Rhine. (An affianced couple in Germany are called bride and bridegroom.) A composition written for the occasion by the young bridegroom was performed, and at its close he came forward with a laurel wreath, and approaching Rink, placed it upon the head of the old master and kissed him. The young bride then approached the mother, placed on her head a myrtle wreath and kissed her also. As the afternoon wore on, and all the assembled guests had testified their respect and love for the venerable couple, the concert was finally closed by an Epithalamium, which, as

an humble offering on my part, I had composed for the old cantor, being unwilling that America, in whose churches the solemn voice of the old master had so often been heard, should alone seem insensible to the homage due to genius. The German words for the Epithalamium were written by Schnyder von Wartensee, and the piece was performed by a choir of about thirty singers in a very effective style.

The evening was merrily spent with German games, music and dancing, and concluded with a glorious supper. And thus ended this delightful festival.—[Rink's Golden Bridal.]

A HORSE IN A WELL.—At Newton Lower Falls, on Thursday, a horse belonging to Williams' express, and employed in hauling some coal, while backing into yard, found himself suddenly in a well about eight feet deep that had been concealed by the snow. He presented a very ridiculous appearance with his nose just perceptible above the brink. He manifested a little chagrin at first, but very soon afterwards, when his owner had procured a tackle, his equanimity was restored. The next day he was at work with no apparent inconvenience from his cold bath.—Post.

A RECKLESS RIDE PAID FOR.—A Yankee shipmaster recently mounted the statue of the colossal horse in St. Petersburg, and seated himself behind Peter the Great. He was fined \$6,000, and when remonstrating with the judge on the largeness of the fine, saying it was rather an expensive ride, the judge good-naturedly replied, that he never before rode so expensive a horse.

SELECTIONS.

A PHILOSOPHER IN ADVERSITY. A circumstance was yesterday related to us as having occurred a short time since in the debtor's department of our jail, in which one of the most striking examples of cool reasoning was manifested that has ever come under our knowledge. A debtor to the amount of some \$60 was immured by his creditor some seven months since, and after enduring his confinement with great patience and equanimity until several weeks ago, he made a proposal to his creditor that if he would let him have his liberty, he would give him the amount of the original debt. To this the creditor dissented, but after a few weeks, he sent a messenger to the jail to tell his debtor that if he would consent to give his signature to a couple of notes, one for the amount of the debt, and the other for the amount of the costs and jail fees, he would set him at liberty.

The debtor took the notes from the messenger with the remark, that he would consider on the matter, and let him have an answer in a few days. When the time came for him to make his decision, and to say yes or no to the proposition, he very coolly remarked, that after having considered the matter well, he had come to the determination to do no such thing, and upon his reasons being asked for, he proceeded very deliberately to define the process by which he had argued himself into this determination. Said he, "I consider first, that time is money; second, that as the time of a negro is worth about \$1 per day, the time of a white man is worth to him at least the same; third, that as my creditor by confining me here has taken two hundred and ten days of my time, he therefore owes me \$210. Now if my creditor will just deduct the amount of what I owe him and let me have the balance, I will very willingly pay the costs. Otherwise, said he, I shall stay where I am for the present, as I have a pretty good constitution, and am as able to lay by and take a little rest this warm weather as any one!"—Baltimore Clipper.

SINGULAR FACT.—Sprinkling a dead Child with cold water.—Capt. Hood, a well-known citizen of Beeton, in this county, had a little child taken sick, which after much suffering, and with all the usual indications of the final struggle with death, received its parents' parting embrace in the presence of other friends. The glazed eyes of the little sufferer were closed and a bandage was applied to support the lower jaw, as is customary. After a lapse of some twenty or thirty minutes, a woman in attendance, who was laboring in the ablation and laying out of the corpse, commenced by sprinkling some cold water on the child's face. Strange to tell, the child opened its eyes, aroused, began to recover, and is now in the enjoyment of full health.—Lancaster (Grant Co. Wisconsin) Herald.

THE DECK OF THE "OUTWARD BOUND."

How seldom we dream of the mariners grave,
Far down by the coral strand;
How little we think of the wind and wave,
When all we love are on land.
The hurricane comes and the hurricane goes,
And little the heed we take,
Though the trees may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake.
But the north east gale tells a different tale,
With a voice of tearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

How wistfully when we look on the night,
As the threatening clouds go by—
As the wind gets up and the last faint light
Is dying away in the sky.
How we listen and gaze with a silent lip,
And judge by the bending tree,
How the same wild gust must toss the ship,
And rouse the mighty sea.
Ah, sadly then, do we meet the day,
When the signs of storms are found,
And pray for the loved one far away,
On the deck of the "outward bound."

There is one that I cherished with on hand in hand
We roved o'er the lowland and lea!
And I thought my love for that one on the land
Was earnest as love could be
But now that he hath gone out on the tide,
I find that I worship the more;
And I think the waters deep and wide,
As I bask on the flowers on shore.
I have watched the wind, I have watched the stars,
And shrunk from the tempest sound;
For my heart-strings are wreath'd with the slender spars
That carry the "outward bound."

I have slept when the zephyr forgot to creep
And the sky was without a frown
But I started soon from that fretful sleep,
With the dream of a ship going down.
I have sat in the field when the corn was in shock,
And the reaper's hook was bright;
But my fancy conjured the breaker and rock,
In the dead of a moonless night.
Oh! I never will measure reflection again,
While threading earth's flowery mound,
But wait till the loved one is on the main,
On the deck of an "outward bound."

READING THE WILL, OR THE MERCENARY LOVER.

This morning I received a note from my affianced bride, Constance Graham, requesting me to attend at two o'clock that day at the house of her late uncle in Harley street, for the purpose of hearing his will read. I had the greatest pleasure in complying with this invitation. Though Constance was the prettiest and most amiable girl of my acquaintance, I had determined never to marry her while her uncle lived; he had frequently proclaimed her his heiress, but as frequently took offence at something or at nothing in her behavior, and bequeathed his wealth to a hospital, prison, or lunatic asylum. I felt quite easy on the present occasion, for Mrs. Bates, Mr. Graham's housekeeper, had given me information that, only an hour before her master's death, he had told her he had handsomely provided for Constance. I felt, however, that it was my policy to appear ignorant of that circumstance, Constance being very romantic, and Constance's mother very suspicious.

At the appointed time I walked into the drawing room in Harley street; the very few relatives of the old gentleman were assembled. There was Constance, looking as Hebe might have looked if ever Hebe had worn crape and bombazine; Constance's mother looked very stiff, cross and uneasy; an elderly female cousin, and a stripling nephew of the deceased. I feared none of them. I knew that Mr. Graham disliked his fine lady sister-in-law, despised the servility of his elderly cousin, and dreaded the frolics of his stripling nephew. I seated myself by Constance, and in a soft tone began to protest my affection and disinterestedness. "Knowing the caprice of your uncle, my beloved," I said, "I have every rea-

son to conclude that I shall hear you are disinherited; this, however, will be of little moment to me; I have enough for comfort, though not for luxury, and as the song beautifully says:

"Still fixed in my heart, be it never forgot,
That the wealth of the cottage is love."

"I fancy, Mr. Chilton," said Constance's mother, looking excessively sneering and shrewish, "that it is pretty well known that my daughter is the sole heiress of her uncle's wealth."

"Indeed, madam?" I replied with a start of surprise, "I was not aware that any surmise was hazarded concerning the contents of Mr. Graham's will."

"I have heard a surmise hazarded," sharply interrupted the elderly cousin, "that Mr. Graham was not in his senses when he made it."

"The mind must be both base and weak," retorted Constance's mother, "which could give credence to such a rumor." And forthwith a sparkling dialogue took place between two ladies, during which I whispered to Constance a page of Moore's poetry done in prose.

Temple now entered the room, the solicitor and intimate friend of the late Mr. Graham; he was a handsome young man, and had presumed at one time to lift his eyes to Constance; he opened the will, and we all became mutely attentive. Oh, what a disappointment awaited us! Three thousand pounds was bequeathed to Constance, (this was the old fellow's idea of a handsome provision!) Five hundred pounds to the elderly cousin, ditto to the stripling nephew, small legacies to the servants, and the remainder of his wealth to found a cold water establishment for the reception of those who were not rich enough to pay a gratuity for being half-drowned. Temple read the name of the attesting witness, and then refreshed himself with sherry and biscuits. As he was a friend of the family, his presence was no restraint on conversation.

"That will ought to be disputed," said Constance's mother, looking very red, "I do not believe Mr. Graham was in his right senses when he made it."

"I thought," said the elderly cousin, with a sneer, "that the mind must be both base and

weak which could give credence to such a surmise."

"Dear mamma!" said Constance, "do not be discomposed; I am very well contented—I shall not be a portionless bride." Constance here held out her delicate white hand to me—I affected not to see it.

"My dear Miss Graham," I said, "do not believe me so cruel and selfish as to wish to plunge you into poverty."

"I thought you said your income was sufficient for every comfort," remarked the stripling nephew.

I did not condescend to answer him, but continued: "No, Constance, though it breaks my heart to do so, I give you back your freedom, saying, in the pathetic words of Haynes Bayley, 'May your lot in life be happy, undisturbed by thoughts of me!'" I was just making to the door, leaving Constance looking more like Niobe than Hebe, when Temple said, "I think the party had better remain till I have read the codicil."

I resented myself in amaze, and Temple forthwith read that the testator, being convinced that he had received no benefit from the cold water system, revoked and rescinded his legacy to it, bequeathing the same to his beloved niece, Constance Graham.

"Constance! dear Constance!" I exclaimed, in the softest of tones. But Constance looked neither like Hebe or Niobe, but as stern and severe as Medea. I then attacked Temple. "Is it legal," I said, "to read a part of a will?"

"I read every word of the will," he replied, "and, having fatigued myself by so doing, I trust that it was perfectly legal to refresh myself with a glass of sherry before I read the codicil."

I was going to utter some further remarks, when Constance's mother said, "Good morning, Mr. Chilton?" in a tone of voice which left me no alternative but to echo her leave-taking, and I descended the stairs, pursued by a smothered laugh from the party in the drawing room, returned home in very low spirits, and entered my adventure, or, rather misadventure, in my diary,

deducing from it this valuable piece of advice to gentlemen in search of fortune: "Never believe that a will is concluded till you have enquired whether there is any codicil to it.—*London Magazine*."

A PEEP AT THE "PERAHARRA."—Of the religious festivals of the Buddhists of Ceylon, that known as the Peraharra is the most important. It is observed at Kandy, the capital of the ancient Kings of Ceylon, and at Ratnapoora, the chief town of the Saffragam district. Few good Buddhists will be absent from these religious observances; and whole families may be seen journeying on foot for many miles, over mountains, through dense jungles and unwholesome swamps, across rapid and dangerous streams, along hot, sandy pathways, loaded with their pittance of food and the more bulky presents of fruit, rice, oil, and flowers, to lay at the foot of the holy shrine of Buddha, to be eventually devoured by the insatiable priests.

In the month of July, 1840, I had a peep at the celebrated Peraharra of Ratnapoora, where the shrine sacred to the memory of Saman rivals in attractions the great *Dalada Maligawa* of Kandy. Like its mountain competitor, it has its relic of Buddha enshrined in a richly jewelled casket, which is made an object of especial veneration to the votaries of that god. Saman was the brother of the famed Rama, the Malabar conqueror who invaded Ceylon in ages long past, and extirpated from its flowery shores the race of mighty giants who had held its people in subjection for many centuries—a sort of Oriental King Arthur. To Saman was given the district of Saffragam; and the people of that country, at his death, promoted him to the dignity of a diety, as a slight token of their regard.

Close by this busy scene, another group was forming under a large and lofty *Pandahl*, or open bungalow. Forcing my way to one corner of the shed, I found a company of Indian jugglers, consisting of two men, a girl, and a child of perhaps three years. The men were habited in strange, uncouth dresses, with large strings of heavy black beads round their necks, the girl was simply and neatly clad in white, with silver bangles and anklets, and a necklace of native diamonds. It would be impossible to detail all their extraordinary performances, which far exceeded anything I had ever read of their art. The quantity of iron and brass-ware which they contrived to swallow was truly marvellous; ten-penny nails, clasp knives, gimlets, were all treated as so many items of pastry or confectionary, and I could but picture to myself the havoc a dozen of these voracious would commit in an ironmonger's shop. Not the least remarkable of their feats was that of producing a sheet of water upon the sand close at our feet; and, after conjuring upon its clear surface half a dozen young ducks and geese, suddenly causing it to freeze in such a solid mass as to allow of our walking across it without causing so much as a crack in its crystal body. One more feat I must relate; which was that of suspending the girl, while seated on a sort of ottoman, to the ridge-pole of the shed; and, at a given signal, removing the rope by which she hung, leaving her still suspended in the air—not with a regular apparatus, such as is used by the performers of a similar trick in London and Paris—but apparently with no apparatus at all! For, to my exceeding amazement, a sword was given to me, as the only European of the company, and I was told to cut and slash as much as I pleased above and around the girl. After some hesitation, I hacked and hewed the air in every direction; around and close to the suspended maiden, with a vigor which would inevitably have cut asunder any means of support; yet there she swang unmoved, without any sort of apparent agent of suspension except the air itself. Snake-charming and dancing completed the entertainment. When I left the place it was night.—*Household Words*.

Rewards of Merit. "Sam," said one little urchin to another, yesterday—"Sam, does your schoolmaster ever give you any rewards of merit?"

"I s'pose he does," was the rejoinder; "he gives me a lickin' every day and says I

EVA THORNTON;
OR,
THE HEART TRIAL.

A HOME STORY.

BY FRED HUNTER.

CHAPTER I.

Hopes and disappointments.

A gorgeous stream of light gleamed from the dazzlingly brilliant drawing-room of a costly mansion at the 'west end' of London, one evening, some time since—and, as the bright rays glanced through the richly stained glass of the large front windows, an inquisitive observer might have discovered, seated beneath the heavy folds of the superb curtains, a gentle figure, in whose fate the reader will, I trust, quickly feel an interest; and whom I will formally present at once.

It was Eva Thornton—the only child of an only parent. The mother of Eva had deceased several years prior to the opening of our story, and the present occasion, within her father's dwelling, was one of joy, and merriment, and hilarity—for it was Eva's birthday. It should have been a very happy night to Eva, for all that the profusion of wealth could command, in the shape of ordinary temporal enjoyments, was, or might have been hers.

Yet, in spite of the splendor of the scene, the return of the happy day now being commemorated, the fact that she was surrounded by everything which heart could seem to wish—Eva Thornton was by no means happy! For a few moments, at least, she had now fled apart from the excited and crowded saloon, and alone, in the retired recess we have described, she brooded in silence over a sorrow which already had well nigh severed her heartstrings.

But Eva was still young, as well as beautiful, though a weary period had passed away since the once smooth current of her happy existence had first been ruffled. Yet Time with its healing powers, at length brought her temporary relief. It was nearly ten years previously to the night upon which she was seated at her father's window, as we have said, that Eva Thornton had come in contact, for the first time, with Albert Moreland, and she was then scarcely thirteen; yet she loved him! But, what could Eva have known of love—queries my reader—at that tender age? Ay! and so asked her father, too, who thought himself well versed in human nature, at the time, and who very cavalierly 'pooh'd!' at the idea.

But old Thornton had a deeper game to play than merely to sneer at the youthful pretender, who professed, at the age of eighteen, to be enamored of his daughter. Young Moreland was 'without title, or means'—and the father of Eva sought a different species of being for his future son-in-law, than one who might possess merely a reasonable amount of natural talent and an honest heart. And so determined, when she was fifteen, he placed his unconditional veto upon any further intimacy between Miss Eva and the youth who once had the hardihood to hint to the parent, that he should be happy to do himself the honor to visit his child.

'Who is this youth, my daughter?' asked the lordly father of his child, one evening, after Albert had called and departed.

'He is the son of Roland Moreland, father—'

Roland Moreland—Roland? repeated the millionaire—and, after a moment's pause, he said: 'This senior Moreland is a bankrupt, daughter.'

'I have never troubled myself with the affairs of the father of Albert,' said Eva, innocently, 'he has comported himself as a gentleman should, and I have been flattered with his attentions.'

The proud father looked strangely into his daughter's face, and, for an instant, he uttered no reply. Then, as if recalling his momentarily startled ideas—for he was surprised at the manner and the words of his child—he said:

'You, Eva—flattered! Attentions—his attentions? How—how am I to—to construe these—these strange sentences? I am at a loss, my child, to—to—'

'Let me be frank with you, then, my father. Albert Moreland's devotion is not altogether new. We have grown up, almost, together—you know—and I will not now disguise my feelings to you, who have ever been so kind to me.'

'No—no. You should not, daughter,' stammered the old man, nervously.

'Then, father—'

'Well?'

'I love him, and he has—'

'What!' exclaimed the parent, bolting wildly from his easy chair—'love! Who? What is this?'

'Dear father, I would not offend you,' added Eva, instantly, for a deathly pallor had suddenly crossed the features of the old man, and the maiden was deeply alarmed, for she had never before seen him so frightfully agitated.

'Offend me? daughter, listen! I have but a word, one—one word to say—that's all,' and a terrible calmness overspread his face. 'My means, I say my means are mine—my own, do you hear? I didn't surmise, suspect a syllable of this. You are my daughter, and I did not dream you could be ungrateful. You have been obedient, hitherto—you must halt! where you are. I cannot hear his name—his name mentioned—I say—Evy; I can't—what's the matter with you? I won't hear his name mentioned again, I say—mark me, Evy! not his name. His father's a bankrupt. Failed—owes me two thousand pounds. The youngster presumes—presumes upon our old acquaintance, to come here, here, in my house—to visit you, you, Evy, my daughter—and to stab me—I tell you, never mention him again, or I disinherit—'

Old Thornton stopped short where he was, and sprang forward quickly to Eva's side, for he suddenly noticed that she was sinking from her chair!

He caught the fainting girl in his arms, and in another instant his cries had alarmed the household. Half a score of attendants rushed to answer his clamorous summons, and his orders were given so incoherently that it was next to impossible, for a moment, to understand what the trouble was, or what old Thornton wanted of those who crowded around him.

'John—' he screamed—'the doctor! Run, I've killed her—Eva! Bring the brandy, Stephen—Mary, water! John, that's it, cologne's good; fainted—fell in a fit. Don't strangle her—why don't the doctor come!—For God's sake—Evy—baby—daughter! I was on'y joking—yes, speak—child. Run, John—water—where's the doctor—Eva, speak!'

And before the doctor—who lived only three

eyes, and looked kindly, but confusedly at with a wild expression, up into her father's face, as he pressed her ardently to his bosom and thanked God that he had not killed her for he loved his daughter, in spite of his severity of manners, and otherwise heartless disposition.

'I am better—thank—thank you,' said the poor girl, in broken accents, as she sat up once more—'is he gone?'

'Who, daughter?'

'Him—'sh!'

'Him?'

'Yes—you know his name, father. You remember you used to say I mustn't speak again,'—and then drawing the old man gently towards her, she whispered wildly in his ear—'him—you recollect—the bankrupt's son!'

The wretched parent gazed in speechless horror upon the countenance of his darling and lovely child, whom ten minutes before he had beheld so gay and happy—for, now, amid her terribly altered manner, her vacant stare, her incoherent speech—a crushing idea suddenly thrust itself upon his imagination. The doctor arrived at this moment, and advancing quickly, he took her slender wrist in his hand—he gazed, confounded, into her eyes—and, turning in terror towards her suffering, trembling parent, exclaimed:

'What is this, Mr. Thornton?'

'I know not,' said the father, 'tell me—'

'Her reason's fled!' responded the physician, instantly—and the servants turned quickly to old Thornton, as he screamed:

'No, no!' and fell heavily to the floor!

But all this had transpired, as we have stated, long since. Nearly seven years had elapsed from the evening when the above event occurred, and in that long period a thousand incidents had transpired, a thousand new fates had come and gone, a thousand hopes had had their birth and died, a thousand scenes had flitted before the visions of both father and daughter. Eva was now twenty-two years old.

Albert Moreland departed at once from the scene of an event which he had been the innocent and unwilling cause of producing, and no trace was heard of him, by kin or friend, from a period dating but a single month after the day of the unfortunate occurrence we have noticed. None knew his destination, and none seemed to care whether he were alive or dead. His name, even, had been forgotten, and poor Eva alone treasured any remembrance of him.

The shock proved a frightful one; and many months elapsed ere Eva Thornton again recognized the kindly attentions and familiar faces of her father and the household. But her iron constitution triumphed at last, aided by the assiduous devotion and skill of her physician, and the lovely girl eventually rallied once more. There was a constant shadow upon her pure white brow, however, and those who met the gentle Eva for the first time after her illness had passed, some twelvemonth subsequently, saw plainly that her disease lay near her heart!

But his name was never uttered by herself, or in her presence; and, as years rolled by, Eva became at last apparently resigned to her fate, and calmer in her disposition than hitherto. The soirees and re-unions given at her father's mansion were not only frequent, but

were of the costliest and most inviting character—for his means were princely—yet Eva enjoyed them but little. She preferred quiet and study, to the confusion and flirtations of social society; and so, as we have said, nearly seven years had passed away, and now the beautiful, thoughtful Eva sat alone, gazing out earnestly through the broad window upon the bright moon and trembling stars; as if she thought that a quiet home alone would be a grateful exchange for the elegant yet irksome home she now only endured below!

How would the heart of Eva have throbbed, how would those listless eyes have gleamed with joy, how would her pale cheeks have glowed with emotion, could she at that moment have been gratified with a look, a word, a smile from him she so deeply adored, and whose loved image was still garnered in her heart of hearts!

But such a boon she had long since ceased to hope for. The music rang loudly in her father's hall, the guests were in the height of their enjoyment, the merry voices of the gay and happy echoed through the great saloon—but Eva still leaned upon her hand, and continued to gaze earnestly heavenward.

CHAPTER II.

The amanuensis.

The father of Eva had maintained in his establishment for many years a worthy amanuensis, whose time had been devoted to the clerical duties attendant upon the affairs of old Thornton, whose estates were very large, and whose private business matters required the continual care and labors of this household secretary. A few weeks subsequently to the entertainment described in our opening chapter, this man was taken ill, and death soon removed him from the place he had so long and so faithfully filled in his master's house.

This was a sad loss to poor Eva, for she had found the society of the good Elwell most entertaining and instructive, and it had been her custom, for years, to pass several hours, daily, with this learned man, who often visited her own studio too, and to whom she was attached. But he was taken away, and old Thornton cast about, at once, for a successor.

It was only the third morning after the funeral of the old clerk, when a stranger was announced in the reception room, who waited upon old Thornton, among others, as an applicant for the vacant secretaryship. He was a tall and graceful personage, something about thirty years of age, apparently, and his credentials of character came through a source which gratified the vanity of Thornton; and, as he deemed the act a favor to a man who had once been his rival, upon the recommendations furnished, he closed negotiations with the new-comer at once, and on the following day, the stranger was duly domiciled in his patron's mansion.

The address and manners of the new secretary were modest and reserved, and his countenance wore a pale and studious cast. It was evident that his health was not the best, for his features were thin, his hair was cut short, and he had all the air of a confirmed book-worm. He evinced no desire to make acquaintances, and beyond the details of his every-day duties, he associated with no one in the family. In a little time, it was discovered that the new secretary was well informed; he had travelled the world over, his accomplish-

ments were varied, his knowledge extended. But he was a 'poor scholar' only, without friends or acquaintances in London, and he found it necessary to task the services of a menial, whenever he ventured into the streets.

A fortnight passed away, and one morning Eva Thornton entered her father's library, expecting to find him there, when she beheld only the strange clerk, who sat before his desk.

She would have retired, but, instead of doing so, she advanced to the centre of the room, just as her parent entered, and a formal introduction followed. Thornton soon left the room, and Eva sat alone with the stranger, who pursued his avocation steadily, and seemingly unaware, almost, of the lady's presence, so intent was he upon the business before him.

But, whatever were the maiden's thoughts, she still sat gazing intently into the stranger's face; and, had he been sufficiently curious to have turned his eye upward from the paper before him, he must have been annoyed at the earnestness with which the young lady was regarding him. But, as he did not observe the fitful workings in her countenance, and as he was too busy to vouchsafe a moment's attention to his fair visitor, so he knew nothing, saw nothing of her uneasy manner; but continued to write, as if he were entirely alone.

While he was thus busily engaged, Eva rose and almost unconscious of the act, she approached within a few feet of the desk; but the modest, industrious secretary was all too earnestly engaged to notice the occurrence, and his eye did not turn from the page over which he pored—until he was aroused by the voice of the maiden, in whom he had hitherto taken not the slightest interest, but who remarked abruptly:

'We have not met before—I think, sir,' and then she gazed confusedly at the secretary, who turned and quickly replied in courteous terms:

'The name of Edmund Lemoine is not known in London, madam. I am indebted to a friend of your father's for letters which introduced me to him; through him, I now hold the humble post he has honored me with.'

'I think—we—have not met before,' continued Eva, with singular embarrassment.

'Lady, my home has long been far distant, hence. I am a stranger, *here*, at least.'

Eva was ill at ease. A strange feeling suddenly possessed her, towards the new secretary, and ere three days passed by, her whole feelings had experienced a change!—She found the society of the new clerk far more than merely pleasing, but never was servant more faithful to master or mistress than was Edmund Lemoine. A month glided by—and it was midsummer.

At a late hour, one evening, the maiden sat at her latticed window. The secretary had retired from the studio an hour before, and often she had listened to fervent strains of melody from beneath that self-same lattice—the offerings of hearts which had been captivated by her beauty; but Eva Thornton had long since ceased to heed these frequent fulsome adorations.

Now, however, her thoughts were fixed upon a subject somewhat new to her. She dwelt upon it, and the color in her soft cheek came and went, as the idea which seemed to occupy her heart presented its different phases to her imagination. As she thus communed within herself, the sound of a guitar, struck by a master hand, beneath her window, arrest-

ed her attention. Within the shade of a recess near by, the lady discovered the outline of a strange form, and, a moment afterward, she listened to the following serenade, sung with exquisite taste, to a soft and touching melody:

'Not for that lofty brow,
That eye of sparkling jet,
Thy ruby lip—thy cheek's bright glow,
Thy raven hair—nor yet
For that commanding form,
That queenly step and air;
Not for thy face, though beauties swarm
In rich profusion there!
But, for thy inner self—
The graces deeper set—
The wealth, more worth than glittering pelf,
Gem—crown—or coronet!
For these, till life depart,
Through weal or woe the same,
Of earth's, the deepest on this heart,
Graven shall be thy name!'

The song ended, and the minstrel disappeared—but the plaintive melody still rang in the lady's ear. Eva detected a sigh as the stranger departed, but a serenade was no uncommon occurrence, and why the effect of *this*? She retired to dream of the unknown warbler, and morning found her pensive and thoughtful.

Her father's secretary read aloud to his young mistress, but she took little note of this. She scanned his features, and again she felt uneasy at heart.

'You do not sing?' she inquired, at length. 'Indifferently, lady.'

'Take the guitar, good Mr. Secretary; I am sadly out of humor to-day.'

'I would gladly dispel your sad thoughts, lady—though my vocal ability is very humble.'

'Sing!' continued his mistress, and the next moment the sweet symphony of the previous night broke from the instrument upon the astonished listener's ears. The same melody, the identical words succeeded!

The eye of the maiden was fixed upon the face of the secretary, but a glance from the stranger drove the crimson to her temples.—Eva retired, and Edmund Lemoine was left to his own thoughts and pursuits.

Was the gentle Eva again in love? Lemoine was a stranger—a poor, lonely youth—without pretensions or friends. Eva Thornton was the daughter of an aristocrat, the sole heiress to extravagant wealth, the possessor of beauty almost unrivalled. Did she harbor a thought of favor towards her father's humble secretary, whom no one knew, and who dared not speak, in her presence, save when he were spoken to? The idea was surely preposterous; but Eva Thornton remained alone, in her boudoir, for hours afterwards—deeply engrossed with her own visions.

Poor Eva! She thought of her early lover, of the absent, lost, but still cherished Albert Moreland. O, how dearly was his memory graven upon her heart! And yet, her father's secretary was very kind, attentive, dutiful—so unobtrusive, too; so gentle in his deportment. And he was not unlike him either—measurably. But for Albert, she could almost love Lemoine! But he was very poor—her father's humble clerk; and *this*, too, was Albert's misfortune—poverty. The lovely Eva sank upon her pillow at length, and amid her regrets and tears for Moreland, she dreamed of her father's secretary!

CHAPTER III.

An interview and its result.

Another week passed, and one evening Eva sat in the little bower in her father's garden alone. She had satisfied herself that the newly appointed secretary was lowly-born, and that he depended upon the emoluments of his humble station in her parent's service for support. She very well knew the disposition of her arrogant father, and yet she harbored strange thoughts at times, regarding the modest but talented clerk, who had by slow degrees ingratiated himself in her favor, and who now evinced a pleasure in her society.—

Already, too, had Lemoine ventured upon dedicating more than one burning love song to his beautiful young mistress.

But Eva Thornton inherited much of her parent's lofty spirit, and her heart was in a measure seared, since her sudden and cruel separation from her first lover. Though the patient, quiet Lemoine was devoted to his duties, though his every act exhibited but a desire to gratify the slightest wish of the maiden, though she passed much of her time in his company—not for worlds would she have had him suspect that she entertained a shadow of feeling towards him, beyond ordinary respect and admiration of his talents.

But on the evening referred to, Eva mused alone in her private retreat, nor dreamed that any human being lurked in the vicinity of the arbor. It was not the first time, but Eva wept; and murmured, as was her wont at times, to herself, aloud:

'How strange,' she said, 'are the vicissitudes of fortune! How kind, how assiduous, how faithful is this stranger—how devoted to my father's interests. And it is plain he has forgotten his station! He dares to love the daughter of lordly Edgar Thornton, who would spurn him—but, what have I to do with thoughts like these? And yet,' she continued, 'if even he were aught but what he is, if he were only known—for a proud name is glorious! how could I love—no, no! he can never know my heart; that heart which is slowly breaking for him, who, alas, is lost to me forever!' and hot tears of poignant sorrow gushed from the murmurer's eyes.

A moment afterwards, Eva raised her head. The light of the moon shone full and clear through the lattice of her bower, and Edmund Lemoine stood silently before her! It was no apparition, though her heart sank within her for an instant, and she saw that her thoughts had been overheard.

'How! Mr. Secretary—' she exclaimed, at a loss for words to express her chagrin—'how—do you, sir, dare thus to intrude upon my privacy?'

'Lady,' said Lemoine, gently, 'forgive me!'

'Never, sir!'

'Miss Eva—I have come—'

'Silence, Mr. Secretary! The time and place befit no conference between us.'

'Madam!'

'Sir, I insist. Leave me!'

'Lady, I pray you, hear me.'

'Not one word, sir,' continued the mortified beauty, rising, but in spite of her desperate and towering manner, the secretary advanced, and knelt a moment at her feet. 'Up! sir—for your life!' exclaimed the proud girl. But, in that brief instant, the lover had spoken volumes. He seized upon her hand, imprinted on it a fervent, passionate kiss, then sprang to his feet again.

'Eva—' said the stranger, softly.

'Sir!' exclaimed the maiden, confused.

'Am I then so changed?'

Another ray of light broke through the lattice, a faint shriek was heard, and the helpless form of Eva Thornton lay listless, breathless, motionless—in the arms of Albert Moreland!

Ah! that meeting was a joyful one, too full of happiness for the shattered senses of that tender, loving, faithful girl. The change in Albert's features and form, which seven years of toil and heart-burning sorrow had wrought, the alterations which had taken place in his whole appearance, from the age of eighteen to twenty-five, had so completely disguised him, that, until he assumed his old familiar tones

until he breathed in the ear of her he had loved from his boyhood, the name so often spoken in years gone by—Eva—his own Eva—the maiden had been deceived by the secretary's incognita. But at the sound, that word, so gently spoken, the old days came back upon her heart—the suspicions she had entertained at first seeing the secretary returned—she heard the name of Eva pronounced, as only Albert could speak it—she gazed one moment in the face of the secretary, as he bent over her with all the expression of tender, devoted love beaming in his handsome countenance—she saw it all—but the shock was too great; Eva fainted in her lover's arms!

The smiling moonbeams rested upon a scene of rare beauty within that silent arbor. The pale features of that charming girl for a moment were rigid and motionless, but the warm kiss of truthful affection quickly restored them to animation; and, even as the lover pressed the beautiful girl to his bosom, and fondly caressed the form which he now feared, by his precipitancy, he had deprived of life—her consciousness returned. She looked up, earnestly, fearfully at first, into his eyes; then, lisping the name of *Albert*, she buried her face in Moreland's bosom! Ah! that was, indeed, a joyful meeting!

CHAPTER IV.

The denouement.

Morning came, and found the secretary at his post, as usual. The same calmness of feature and silent manners which had characterized him from the commencement of his career with Thornton, now pervaded his appearance and movements, and, with his accustomed assiduity, he began his labors in the rich man's studio. It was early—very early in the day—when the door of the library was rudely thrust open, and Thornton, pale, haggard, deeply excited, entered the apartment in his dressing robe, and advancing to the table where his clerk was sitting, without his customary 'Good day, sir,' he stood an instant, glaring intently upon the secretary's face.

It was a fearful moment for the poor youth, who saw at a glance that some terrible scene was about to be enacted; and, brave as he was by nature, his heart now quaked within him, as he looked upon the pallid cheeks and trembling frame of his aristocratic employer, and thought that his rashness of the previous night was the cause of the disturbance!

'Who—who are you, sir?' demanded old Thornton, in a terrible tone.

'Sir?' responded his clerk, at a loss for reply.

'Speak—sir! Who are you?'

'Me, sir?'

'Ye—yes. You!'

'Your humble secretary—'

'Your name, sir—give me your name!'

'I trust, sir—'

Don't stam—stammer, sir! Don't falter, falter, sir—I know—I know you! You are Moreland—Albert More—Moreland. Speak out, answer—tell me—are you not?'

'You are right, sir,' replied the secretary, in a calm and respectful tone; 'I am Albert Moreland.'

'A deceiver, a thief, a rob—'

'Hold, sir!' exclaimed Moreland, rising to his full height, and confronting his lordly master.

'Are you not a deceiver? Have you not entered my house—my house, sir, in disguise? Are you not a thief? Have you not stolen—stolen my daughter, sir? You're a robber, I say! Robbed me—an old man—'

me, of my only child, my child—thief, robber, ingrate! You must begone! Begone, I say, quickly—now!'

'Hear me, sir.'

'No—not one word. I'll crush you—I will—you shall be put in prison, prison, sir—for your treachery! Go—go—if you will—go! Leave me and mine. Your father was a scoundrel—bankrupt. Died, and owed me two thousand pounds—two thousand, sir! My daughter is mine—I say. I know all. She told me an hour ago.'

'Since you know her feelings, then—'

'Don't speak again—I shall go mad, mad, I say. Leave—me—'

But the old man had wrought himself into a fearful phrenzy, and for some moments the secretary had feared for his reason. As he pronounced the last words mentioned, Thornton staggered wildly forward, as if he would have struck Moreland down—and fell heavily to the floor. His eyes glared from their sockets, his muscles were fixed, and he was plainly struggling with a sudden shock of apoplexy, brought on by his excitement.

Aid was instantly summoned, however, and the sufferer was removed to his own chamber. Medical assistance arrived in a few moments, and a resort to the usual palliatives soon restored him to calmness. For several hours the old aristocrat lay motionless, still breathing heavily, but with closed eyelids, and evidently deprived of consciousness. His numerous menials crowded about his bedside, and the attending physicians scarcely hoped for his recovery from the frightful shock.

An hour previously, his daughter had sought his private apartment, and in her ingenuousness, and devotedness to her lover, had laid her heart bare to the parent in whom she confided, and to whose generosity and affection she most eloquently appealed for herself, and for the unfortunate Albert. The rage of old Thornton knew no bounds! He drove his child ruthlessly from his presence, and rushing wildly to his studio, the scene followed which we have already described.

Evening came, and with it the sorrowful intelligence from the physicians, that Thornton was dying. The man of wealth opened his sunken eyes for the first time since his attack in the morning; they rested upon the pale face of his loved child, who watched at the side of his couch, and with her own hand bathed his fevered and swollen temples. He looked kindly upon her a moment—then said in feeble tones:

Evy—
'Dear
girl, am
'Evy.
'No,
'I stru
God forg
Evy.'
'Sure
said Ev
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The c
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Evy—poor Evy!

'Dear father,' responded the affectionate girl, amid her tears.

'Evy, did I hurt you?'

'No, father.'

'I struck you harshly—it was a sorry blow; God forgive me! But I was not—not myself, Evy.'

'Surely, father, you have not harmed me,' said Eva, encouragingly; but the old man seemed satisfied that he had struck his daughter in the height of his rage. He grew calmer, weaker and weaker—and his difficulty of breathing ere midnight, showed too clearly that his sand was nearly run out!

The clock upon the marble mantel struck the hour of one. Thornton started, opened his eyes again, and looked wildly around the apartment. His daughter held his cold hand in hers, and as he recognized her:

'Where is he?' he asked, in a whisper.

'Who, dear father?'

'Him—whose name—you know. Lemoine—Albert Lemoine. Call him—send him up—I would—'

'He is here, father. Albert is here.'

'Where?'

The secretary knelt at his master's deathbedside, and the millionaire looked calmly on him, as he whispered again, in broken accents:

'I was wrong, Lemoine—Albert—I repent. It is too late—too late for me to—to say—but you shall have—have Evy; my daughter—mine. Take her—protect—her! God—bless—both of—'

No more was heard from the dying man, though his lips moved for a moment, his eyes shone brightly, his bosom heaved, and he strove to prolong the struggle; but fate had fixed his hour, and the lamp expired!

'He is dead!' said the surgeon, placing his hand upon the old man's bosom. The heart which had beaten so fearfully in his moments of excitement, that heart which had hugged wealth and title so tenaciously had ceased to throb!

The lovers looked upon the prostrate form of that erratic man, and wept the tears of deep regret for his loss!

Eva Thornton succeeded to the entire estate of her wealthy parent, and at the expiration of a year from the day of her father's decease she bestowed her fortune and her hand upon the deserving and worthy Moreland, who had for so many years possessed her heart.

The union was a happy one, and long have the parties lived to enjoy the result of their devotedness. The kindness and attentions of her husband have ever smoothed the path of the beautiful Eva since their marriage, and in her domestic relations, amid the enjoyments of wealth, and health, and happiness, she has now almost forgotten THE HEART-TRIAL she has passed through in reaching the final goal of her hopes!

DESPATCH AMID DIFFICULTIES.—Capt. Ray brought us the mail on Friday evening soon after eight o'clock, although he worked hard to do so. He left Woods Hole in the morning, and, although the fog was so dense that he could not see the end of his bowsprit, crossed the Bay to New Bedford, got his mails and left there at 12 M., returning to Woods Hole before dark, and arriving here as above stated. This is what we call nice work, and no one but a branch pilot and an energetic man would have been equal to the task. In a real bad time, Capt Ray of all others is the man to run the mail racket.

MILITARY INSTRUCTIONS.

BY GEN. JOHN DONKEY.

Persons who cannot put up with hard fare should not engage in warfare.

Military expeditions should move in March.

The infantry should always be in arms, and be ready at a moment's warning to attack the breast-works.

When a merchant's clerk joins the army, he should be set to his accustomed business of drumming.

Victuallers should be employed in purveying and foraging, and tailors in making breaches.

Editors should have charge of the magazines, farmers of the field-pieces, and apothecaries will best understand handling the mortars.

Reporters should act as spies, and Irishmen be engaged in patrolling.

Blacksmiths will make excellent file-lenders, and all printers will no doubt be fully competent to head a column.

Carpenters should be employed in drilling, fishermen in scaling and merchants in charging.

Painters should carry the colors.

Millers should be set to minding the baggage, and jewelers to keeping watch.

Cordwainers will no doubt take good care of the booty.

Doctors and clergymen will be of little use except for pillaging and preying.

When a garrison is required, abolitionists should be selected.

No officer except the commander-in-chief should be allowed to treat.

Soldiers who have any regard for health, should exercise daily.

The lowest officers of the companies should superintend the infliction of all corporal punishment.

Volunteers will be found to be much more malicious than regular troops.

During actual hostilities, all soldiers should be allowed to go where the balls are, and to enter into engagements, but in time of peace, great care should be taken lest they be found missing.

The General's Staff should receive good usage, but if it does not answer his purpose, he can part with it and get another.—John Donkey.

IRISH GIRLS.—Mr. Cook, who was lately in Ireland while our Minister, Mr. Lawrence, was there, thus gives the local knowledge he acquired as to the girls of Limerick:

'Of course we admired the beautiful lasses of Limerick, and a larger number of handsome, and often lovely peasant girls, is nowhere to be seen, even in Ireland. Limerick is quite famous for the beauty of its women—for their bewitching grace their finely formed features, their dark hair and eyes their elegance of form and stately carriage—and this is characteristic even of the poorest girls. We spoke of this matter in the hearing of our driver, but he set down the far famed beauty of the Limerick lasses at a low figure.

'Fine girls! Ay, fine enough till their husbands bate 'em!'

'What, lay hands on a woman—beat 'em?' 'Shure they do, and don't they deserve it, too! A parcel of idle, lazy hussies—thinking of nothing but the boys, and getting them to marry them.'

'But the boys are fond of the girls, too.'

'Not half so bad as the girls—they won't be aisy, sir. They won't let the boys alone! If they did the boys 'ed never think ov them. I have been in England, sir, and seen the English girls get up in the morning and get their house tidied before breakfast, and make everything snug at home for a poor man—that's the kind of a girl for a wife, sir, not your pretty, idle things like them there.'

A few nights since, a friend of ours was accosted in Chesnut street by a woman apparently about 30 years of age, who carried an infant in her arms. She said sobbing—'Oh, sir, help an unfortunate woman—I am a widow—I have five children to support and one of them at the breast'—and then, with well affected emotion, added, in a half stifled voice, 'and my husband has been dead these five years. Our friend sloped.—Phil Times and

ROBBING UNCLE SAM. John A. Wens, Sub-Treasury agent, who had gone from Detroit to Chicago to bring on \$5000 in gold for the use of the Government, lost the whole amount, some dexterous thieves having contrived to take the boxes containing the money from the stage, while at a changing station about 12 miles from Logansport, Indiana.

Youthful Piety.

While some reject the Saviour's rule,
And mock at wisdom's way,
Wise children love their Sabbath school,
And keep the Sabbath day.

They do not idly rove the street,
Among the bad and bold,
But sit and learn at Jesus' feet,
As Mary did of old.

O, happy they who thus refuse
The road by sinners trod;
Who early learn, and wisely choose,
The path that leads to God.

Still may the words of sacred truth,
Their earliest thoughts engage;
These shall direct and guard their youth,
And these support their age.

(London) Child's Companion.

COURTESHIP.—There is a good practice regarding this matter, among the Savoyard peasantry. When a young man is first admitted to spend the evening at the house of a maid to whom he wishes to pay his addresses, he watches the arrangement of the fire place, where several billets of wood are blazing. If the fair one lifts up one of the billets and places it upright against the side of the fire place, it is a sign she does not approve of her suitor. If she leaves this blazing wood undisturbed, the young man may be sure of her consent.

Such was formerly the custom of the Dutch peasantry of this country.

For the Inquirer. THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

Parent! e'er thy children loving,
Seeking earnestly their weal,
Now, this "Liquor Law" approving,
Join with others the appeal;
Which the blessing wisely seeketh,
Of exemption from the woe
That too oft Intemperance maketh,—
That from sin doth ever flow!

Sisters, as you love your brother,
Place your influence in this scale,
Till it far outweighs the other,
And the righteous law prevail.
Woman's influence oft is powerful,
On the side of truth divine,—
And alas! its might is awful,
If to error she incline.

Hand in hand, then, sisters, brothers,
Heart with heart together toil,
Cheered by smiles of fathers, mothers,
To redeem our native soil!
From the stain, the curse, the error
Of Intemperance,—demon dire!—
Till their hearts are filled with terror,
Who "deal out" the "liquid fire!"
Nantucket, Mass.

For the Inquirer. IMPROMPTU.

Myself, last night to lecture went,
To criticise not my intent;
But in the seat quite close by me,
A gentleman sat on a lady's knee,

I cannot say the girl was wise,
For she had looks from many eyes;
And I, for one, wondered to see
A gentleman on a lady's knee.

The young man, too, I think, felt big,
He laughed and snorted like a pig;
He really was a plague to me,
That gentleman on the lady's knee.

For every moment, quite unwise,
I foolishly chanced to turn my eyes,
And then, of course, I had to see
A gentleman on a lady's knee.

If he has ever been to school,
I really think he lost the rule,
For manners, he had none I see,
The gentleman on the lady's knee.

Nant. Feb. 1.

MARY.

Dr. MANN, the editor of the Family Physician, published at South Norridge-wock, Me., tells some hard stories about the medical faculty. He accuses them of keeping their patients on the sick list, at the risk of their lives, until a large bill is run up for medical attendance.

TOBACCO CHEWING.

The following lines, clipped from an old paper, are so true that we cannot forbear giving them an insertion:—

And then, my friends, just think there's naught exceeds

The filth that from the chewer's mouth proceeds. Two ounces chewed a day, 'tis said, produce A ball a pint of vile tobacco juice, Which, if continued five and twenty years, (As from calculation it appears,)

With this vile stuff would near five hogsheads fill, Besides old quids a larger parcel still. Nor am I with this calculation done: He in that time has chewed a half a ton— A wagon load—of that which would of course Sicken a dog, or even kill a horse.

Could he foresee, but at a single view, What he was destined in his life to chew, And then the product of his work survey, He would grow sick and throw his quid away. Or could the lass, ere she had pledged to be His loving wife, her future prospect see; Could she but know that through his mouth would pass,

In this short life, this dirty, loathsome mass, Would she consent to take his hand for life, And, wedded to his filth, become his wife?

And if she would, say, where's the pretty miss, That envies her the lips she has to kiss? Nor is this all—this dirty practice leads To kindred habits and to filthy deeds.

Using this weed, an able statesman thinks, Creates a thirst for stimulating drinks. Full many a one (who envies him his lot?) Smokes, and chews, and drinks, and dies a sot.

If you would know the deeds of him that chews, Enter the house of God and see the pews. The lady's parlor, carpet, painted floor, The chimney piece, and panels of the door, Have all in turn been objects of abuse,

Besmeared and stained with his tobacco juice, I've seen the walls, beside a certain bed Of one who chews tobacco—near the head— Bedaubed and blackened with this hateful juice, While near it lay old quids for future use.

I've seen the woman who loved snuff so well, (How much she took no mortal tongue can tell,) Pick up old quids and dry them by the fire, And grind them up to satiate her desire.

I've seen the bride upon her wedding gown The dirty pipe and filthy weed lay down, And then prepare the hateful thing to smoke, Before she had the nuptial silence broke;

And like a daughter true of mother Eve, Her new made husband she did not conceive Was constituted a HEAD and not a LIMB.

She smoked herself, and gave the pipe to him; And he, like Adam, in submission true, Took from her hand the pipe, and smoked it too.

SUDDEN AND PAINFUL DEATH.—Our whole community was shocked on Saturday morning last, on hearing of the very sudden and unexpected death of Master Gelston Swain, son of Charles P. Swain, Esq., who was found dead in his bed. Master Swain was about sixteen years of age, full of hope and buoyancy, and retired to rest on Friday night, apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health, having been out to ride during the evening. His mother went to his room on Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock, to awake him, when to her great surprise and consternation she found him lying on his bed face downward, a lifeless corpse. Dr. King was sent for immediately but to all appearance life had been extinct for several hours, and of course his skill was unavailing. It is believed that this youth must have died in a fit, and that the more immediate cause of death may have been suffocation, as the face was buried in the pillow and bed clothes. It became necessary to have him interred immediately, and therefore the funeral took place on Saturday evening, at 6 o'clock. The corpse was followed to the grave by the relatives of the deceased, the Teacher and most of the pupils of the High School, of which he was a member, many of the scholars of other schools and other friends, who deeply sympathize with Capt. Swain and his family in their painful bereavement. We can only offer our own sympathy, and pray that "He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," may bind up the wounds which have been opened afresh in the hearts of this interesting family circle, by a second strange dispensation of his Providence.

COMPULSED TO STEAL. Between 9 and 10 o'clock on Saturday night a lad named Farrell went to the Centre Watch-house and asked lodgings for the night. He stated that his brother had made him go out and steal wood, and that in case he did not do so his brother would flog him on getting home. Officer Allen accompanied the little fellow home, and on making inquiry was satisfied that the boy had told the truth.

OLD AGE.—There is a quiet repose and steadiness about the happiness of age, if the life has been well spent. Its feebleness is not painful. The nervous system has lost its acuteness. Even in mature years we feel that a burn, a scald, a cut, is more tolerable than it was in the sensitive period of youth. The fear of approaching death, which in youth we imagine must cause inquietude to the aged, is very seldom the source of much uneasiness. We never like to hear the old regretting the loss of their youth. It is a sign that they are not living their life aright. There are duties and pleasures for every age, and the wise will follow them. They will neither regret the loss of youth, nor affect to be younger than they are. When men, they will not dress like boys, nor compete with them. When matrons, or matron-like maids, they will not dress like girls. When young women, they will not be childish, and play piping tones, by way of enchantment. To be happy, we must be true to nature, and carry our age along with us.

INDUSTRY.—A lazy husband, or a lazy wife, though rich as Croesus, is a bad bargain in any rank of society, but unspeakably so in the ranks of our operatives. Here everything depends upon effort. You cannot help the mechanic or laborer who would not help himself. Indolence, like drunkenness cannot be elevated. The proverb of Solomon has been verified in all ages: "The glutton and the drunkard shall come to poverty, and drowsiness will cover a man with rags;" and not only men, but women too; for here, as in other things, you will be sure to have the same sauce for the goose and the gander. Hundreds of families are now in the most abject wretchedness, solely through their sloth and idleness. We would have all young men inquire what time their sweethearts rise in the morning, and how they spend their days; and the young women to be just as inquisitive concerning their swains. It may not be very poetical to be thus prying, but it may save a world of trouble by-and-by.—Paul's rule was, that "if people would not work they should not eat."

SHORT DRESSES.—The Oswego Journal of Saturday says: "Quite an excitement was produced at the steamboat landing, day before yesterday, at the appearance of a couple of ladies with the short Turkish dress. They were travelling in company with gentlemen, and were evidently people of cultivation. A revolution in female costume is undoubtedly in preparation. There can be nothing more ungraceful than the long drabbling dresses which sweep the streets and steps wherever ladies move.—As a matter of personal comfort, the Turkish dress must be most agreeable, in addition to its beauty."

SUNK BY MISTAKE.—A slaver, a few hours out of a Cuban port, on the 9th ult, met the Spanish frigate Perla, which was cruising after the expected Lopez expedition. The slaver mistook the frigate for an English cruiser, and fired at her. The Perla then thought she had found the expeditionists, sure, and fired back with such effect that in ten minutes the slaver and all her crew were sent to bottom! Nothing of the slaver was saved. The Perla's mistake was much regretted by the Cuban government, which is on friendly terms with piratical slavers, and has made every attempt to conceal the fact.

SOMETHING REMARKABLE.—A gentleman of this town, Mr. Samuel S. Daggett, has several hens that lay three or four eggs every day. One of them, of the Cochon China breed, has laid the astonishing number of 102 eggs, without evincing any disposition to set, and is regularly proceeding to complete her second hundred.—Vineyard Gazette.

A HEAVY TAX.—The largest individual tax paid in this city is by William B. Astor.—Last year he paid into the City Treasury the sum of twenty-three thousand eight hundred and ninety-one dollars for taxes. The assessed value of his property in this city is \$2,600,000.—N. Y. Sun.

An editor in Georgia, who has just 'busted up,' says he did it with the honors of war. Although he retired from the field, it was with flying colors—a sheriff's flag fluttering from two windows and the door,

The Irish Emigrant and his Family.

We have no doubt that most of our readers are aware, that every year many of the Irish and other foreigners come to this country to find the blessings of freedom. A large proportion of these are Catholics, and very ignorant. Perhaps some of you have laughed at the Irish boys and girls, because they could not read and spell, or were not so well dressed as yourselves. You all know that this is very wrong. You must have learned in the Sabbath school, "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them," and you surely would not wish to be taunted under such circumstances. We trust that in future you will feel more kindly towards such children, and think of the ways in which you may do them good.

Some years since, a young Irishman left his little family, to seek a new home for them in this land. His attempt was successful, and in a short time he returned to his native country. Nearly eight years ago, he again engaged a passage for himself on board a packet, and now his wife and three daughters, the eldest but five years of age, and the youngest scarcely one, were to accompany him. His heart beat high with the hope of soon being in a land where his children could be free from the bondage of superstition; for during his former visit to America, he had been convinced of the error of Popery. He thought, too, that he should soon see them standing on a level with American children in intelligence and refinement.

Just before the packet was to sail, however, the elder children, Catherine and Mary, were attacked with the small-pox, and no hope of their recovery was entertained. Of course they could not be received on board the vessel, and the father found that no part of the passage money would be refunded, even if the whole family remained in Ireland. The trial was great, but he decided to remain with his children; and how could a parent's feelings prompt otherwise? But the friends of the father and mother urged them to leave the children in their care. Their arguments at last prevailed, and heart-rending as the struggle must have been, the afflicted parents embarked with their little Ellen, while their first-born was apparently in the agonies of death.

Their voyage was an uncommonly prosperous one. Peace smiled upon their new home, but many anxious thoughts were sent across the sea, and the months seemed long before any intelligence reached them from their children.

Perhaps you would like to hear more from this little family, next week. A. J.

For the Well-Spring.

Frank and George.

"I'll have revenge—yes, that I will!" said Frank Hasty, as he rushed into the room where his mother sat sewing.

His mother looked up, and seeing that Frank was in no very amiable mood, bade him sit down. Frank obeyed, but he had not sat long before his mother called him to her, and asked him what he meant by the angry expressions he had been using?

"Why, mother," said he, "I was out here playing marbles just now, when George Dike came up behind me, and snatched off my hat, and threw it into the air, and when it came down he kicked it into the dirty street. But this is not the first time he has vexed me, or I should not mind it." And here the recollection of former injuries came up so forcibly in his

mind, that an angry scowl passed over his face, as he said, "But I'll have revenge on him for it—see if I don't."

"But," said his mother, "did you not know that it is wrong to harbor a revengeful or unforgiving spirit; and that is entirely different from the teaching of the meek and lowly Saviour, whose whole mission on earth was to bring peace and good will—and who, even on the cross, said, 'Father, forgive them?' Since the Saviour is so willing to forgive *your* many sins, how much more ought you to be willing to forgive those who trespass against you. And now, Frank, in future let your deportment be such as will convince George that you are determined to forgive and forget his conduct towards you,—and you will learn him a lesson that he will not soon forget."

Frank took his seat, and drawing his chair close up to the fire, sat with his face deep buried in his hands, and he inwardly resolved to follow the advice of his mother. And as time passed on, he treated George with great kindness, never letting an opportunity pass to do him a favor, always speaking to him with a winning smile and a gentle tone.

This lesson of love was not lost on the heart of George. Seeing the contrast between his own conduct and that of Frank's, he was soon led to feel the shameful manner in which he had treated him, and frankly to acknowledge that he was wrong, but that he had been set right by the gentle means and kind treatment of his now dear Frank.

D. F.

The True Riches.

"I wish I was rich," said Frederick Gray to his mother, as he looked down contemptuously upon his patched garments and old shoes.

"And why do you wish so?" asked his mother.

"I could have better clothes then," he answered. "I would have a new jacket with bright buttons, such as some of the other boys have that go to our school, and would not wear this old faded out cap that I have had so long."

"My child," said the mother, "I know we are not rich like many around us, but we have every thing necessary to our subsistence. Your father cannot procure you the luxuries either of food or clothing which many parents provide for their children—"

"And that is why I wished I was rich," interrupted Frederick. "We would have a larger and better house instead of this old low and mean one, beside a great many other things;" and the eyes of the little boy sparkled as he thought of the comforts and elegancies which riches would purchase.

The mother looked at her son and sighed, yet not because the cap which he held in his hand, was, as he said, "an old and faded one," and his clothes were patched, nor yet at the thought of the very many luxuries which could be obtained by wealth. But the knowledge that her only child sought the riches of this world, which are empty and unsatisfying, and that he forgot to lay

up abiding treasures in heaven, where moth and rust cannot corrupt,—these thoughts caused that sigh in the mother's bosom. "Frederick," she at length said, "do you remember William Ross, who died last summer?"



"Oh! yes, mother," answered Frederick, "we used to play together very often under the large trees near his father's house."

"His father was very rich," said Frederick's mother, "and if William had lived, he would have had more money than you and I ever saw. His parents loved him very much, and his death almost broke their hearts. Their money could not preserve his life, or even add one more day to it. I sat up with him not long before he died, and if you had seen the anguish of his soul, as he desired to live and feared to die, you would have felt that the riches of this world are of little worth in a dying hour. William had been surrounded by every thing to make him happy. He never wore old or mended garments as you do, and all the luxuries wealth could give were his. Yet he had never been told he must die and leave all the pleasant things of this world, nor had he been taught to seek abiding riches in heaven. I thought, as I looked on him when stretched on his bed of sickness, how insufficient wealth imparted happiness in a dying hour."

"My dear Frederick, I wish you to be rich, but not in earthly goods alone. The things of this world are passing away, and its choicest treasures avail not in the hour of death. Money can procure many enjoyments while living, but it cannot soothe the pang of the last moment, or impart peace to the departing spirit. The riches that I wish you to possess are treasures in the skies. Some who have been very poor as it regards earthly things, have possessed this treasure, and are now rejoicing in the presence of their God."

"The wealth of the whole universe would have been as nothing to William Ross, in the trying season of sickness and death, compared with the heavenly treasure. That would have calmed the agony of his soul, and he would have felt as he was about to die, that the scenes beyond were infinitely fairer and brighter than aught here."

"You, Frederick, have been taught to look from earth to heaven; from the corruptible, fading things of time, to the incorruptible, unfading glories of eternity. When you envy the riches of others, or the advantages wealth confers, think of the true riches in heaven, and seek that you may have a portion there."

Frederick listened attentively to what his mother said; he remembered William Ross and the many times he had envied his wealth, and now felt as he never had before, the insufficiency and emptiness of earthly riches.

"Mother," he said, "I wish I was rich in heavenly treasures."

"Go then humbly to God," answered his

mother, "ask him to give you a heart to love and obey him, ask him to fit you for heaven, and, while life is spared, be continually seeking the true riches."

Frederick Gray is now a man; he is rich, though his home is not surrounded with the adornments of wealth: he has a treasure in heaven that will remain when all things earthly have passed away.

H. S. G.

Belleville, Mass.

AN ACROSTIC.

That youth who would in wisdom's ways,
H is footsteps keep through all his days,
E ach Sabbath is at school.

S hould he his Sabbath days profane,
A nd thus despise his Maker's name,
B e in the streets upon this day,
B e with bad boys to laugh and play,
A fearful end that youth will see,
T hat lasts through all eternity,—
H e does not love the Lord.

S hould children who the Sabbath break,
C ome to the school, their play forsake,
H ear all the teachers have to say,
O r learn to sing, to read and pray,
O such are in the way to Heaven,—
L et youth and life to God be given.

Man's Judgement.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

"Who art thou that judgest another?"—Jas. iv 12

Uncurl that look of scornful pride;
Unbend that haughty brow!
The censor's part though bravely played,
Doth ill become thee now.
What hast thou heard? A tale of woe
And mournful wretchedness,
Of one who yielded in that hour
Of hopeless—wild distress.

There came to him in friendly guise,
But with a sophist's art,
One who appealed to every chord
Of that poor bruised heart;
And in the twilight of despair,
Confounding wrong with right,
He ceased to pray for strength to cope
With fell temptation's night.

And he hath erred—past hope of heaven,
So thou hast rashly said:
A sentence of dark banishment
Pronouncing—in God's stead,
Faith, Hope, may be thy guiding stars,
But Charity is kind,
And her sweet influence is not felt
On thy relentless mind.

Through all thy life, hath every fault
Been checked by strong control?
Forgettest thou the sins which lie
So heavy on thy soul?
There is one Judge who knows no sin—
Let him the guilt decree;
He may absolve the erring one,
While he condemneth thee.

TRUE LOVELINESS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

She who thinks a noble heart
Better than a noble mien—
Honors *virtue* more than an art,—
Though 'tis less in fashion seen—
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who deems that inward grace
Far surpasses outward show,
She who values less the face
Than that *charm* the soul can throw—
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew—
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

She who knows the heart requires
Something more than lips of dew—
That when love's brief rose expires,
Love itself dies with it too—
Whatso'er her fortune be,
She's the bride—the wife—for me.

Poetry

For the Reporter.

THE ORPHAN'S PRAYER.

Oh! thou, the helpless orphans friend,
To whom alone my prayers ascend,
In each dark gloomy day;
Father! for that is the sweetest name;
That infant lips, were taught to frame;
O! teach me how to pray

Lo! in the dust my parents lie,
And no attentive ear is nigh,
To know and feel my woe.
No hand to wipe away my tears—
No gentle voice, to calm my fears,
Remains to me below.

My nearest friends, on earth may know,
An orphan lonely—here below,
But never count my tears;
But thou my father—thou my guide!
Can count my tears—my sorrows hide;
And chase away my fears.

If I am spared throughout the span,
That bounds the shortened life of man,
May virtue crown my age
Encline my heart to love thy will—
Teach me the duties to fulfill,
Of each succeeding stage

[From the Cincinnati Casket.]

Dead Open and Shut; OR THE WAY THEY PLAY IN ARKANSAS.

BY TOM HARRINGTON.

Few who travelled on the Mississippi at an early day, but what have heard with dread the name of Gen. William Montgomery, and none, but knew of the landing called 'Montgomery's Point,' which for its location and advantages, was hard to be excelled. Montgomery himself was a shrewd quick witted, low bred fellow, who in roguish exploits was seldom if ever equalled. He was the terror of the South to all who knew him, and as a sportsman, gambler, &c., was as notorious as the celebrated Captain Kidd for a pirate. The General was said to have many redeeming qualities in his gaming transactions, which might be classed as follows:

FIRST. If he found a man naked, he clothed him. If he was hungry, he fed him.

SECOND. If he was thirsty and poor, he gave him to drink, and advised him to be off for some other more salubrious climate.

And last though not at least, if he were thirsty and rich, he made him drink and then robbed him.

His notorious life was the occasion of all gamblers yielding to his nefarious designs who chance to fall in with him; and whatever the general said must of course be right, as no one dared to gainsay him.

It was about the time when his notoriety had gained its height, that a French gentleman accompanied by a huge Yankee, arrived at the 'Point,' on their way to the head waters of the Arkansas river, as there was no other hotel in the place, put up with the general.

Applications being made to him for conveyance, he advised them to defer their journey some few days, as he thought the prospect of high water was in their favor. This proposition was by no means a welcome one to Jonathan, who had heard more than once of the desperate character of their host; and he declared he would rather walk, and the Frenchman assured him, likewise, that his business was very urgent, that he must go, on foot even, if there was no other conveyance. The General who not pleased at the determined obstinacy of the two, but could not well hit upon a plan whereby to detain them with their own consent, so he finally agreed to take them through on horseback as far as Fort Smith. The horses were accordingly equipped, and the General with his negro, the Frenchman and the Yankee, at length set out—making quite a caravan for the Arkansas wilderness.

Ere they mounted, however, the General began running his 'soft soder' on the Yankee about the many advantages he possessed over multitudes of the southern people, which were no other than his being sufficient in strength to be his own pack-horse, and though he might have bushels of wooden nutmegs, and horn gun flints to pack through the state, he could always accommodate himself.

The Yankee felt somewhat chagrined at the General's insinuation, for fear the Frenchman might consider him a man of that character. After leaving, the General still caused Jonathan no small uneasiness by his continued attacks upon his nativity, etc. The Frenchman soon discovered the annoyance the General was

giving the Yankee and insisted that he was too hard, in accusing his honest friend of having to do with anything of so base a character. At this the General laughed and told him his accusations were no ways erroneous. The Yankee ground his teeth and remarked, 'It's tarnal well for you

that I aint at hum, for if I was I'd give it to ye, darn quick, tew'

'Dont you see,' said the General, turning to the Frenchman, with an insinuating glance, 'Monsieur believes it too true to be a joke.' At this the Frenchman assured the six foot down easter that he, the General only jested.

'You are as much mistaken,' replied the General, 'as though you had burnt your finger. I never accuse a man but what I am willing to back my accusation with money; and I will bet a hundred dollars, that to search the Yankee's saddle bags, you will find at least one hundred horn gun flints, and as many wooden nutmegs.'

'I bette you five hundred dollars,' said the Frenchman, 'that my friend carry no woode nutmeg nor no gun flints in von leetle raddle bag.'

'I take all such bets,' said the General, turning to cuff—who was showing his ivory, and placing the above named sum in his hand. This was covered by the Frenchman, while the Yankee prepared to settle the matter by unloading his saddle bags.

For some time all gathered around in breathless silence, when the Yankee, to his astonishment drew forth the above named articles.

'Well, you see I have won,' continued the General, while Cuffy roared and capered about with delight, showing the whole breadth of his whites—his eyes opening to an extraordinary magnitude, and his nose flattening like a viper—crying—

'You didn't catch the General dis'artime gosh a mighty! wid dem 'ar horn gun flints.'

'What have you to do with it, you tarnal black nigger you?' cried out Jonathan, turning to him with a furious look.

'Why, you see I is de General's aid-de-camp in holding de stakes, in dis 'ar special gamin; at de same time he handed them over to his master with a chuckling laugh.'

The losing party now saw the deception and appeared doubly anxious to facilitate the journey.

The General was none the less merry for having won their money, and occasionally laughed over it, saying he had merely made his expenses whereas he had thought to have made several thousands of dollars.

The Frenchman sighed, and said that he thought it 'von vair expensive contrée.'

The General assured him, however, that he should have a chance to win back his money, so soon as he should feel disposed by any other game he or his friend, the down Easter, should see proper to select.

Monsieur said he only knew one, which was the French game, Vingt-uh, or twenty-one.

The General replied that so soon as they could make themselves comfortably situated as to their lodgings, they would have a friendly touch of it.

Arriving at a hotel, where they intended to pass the night, the Frenchman and his companion having determined not to proceed any further with the General, made their intentions known to him; stating as a reason, that the friend whom they sought was on a tour to the South, and that on the first opportunity they should embark on a boat for Natchez.

The General said he thought they would have a very pleasant trip, and that he would despatch his servant home with the horses, and accompany them. This was any thing but agreeable; but as there was no help for it, our travellers thought it best to assent.

The water at this time being very low, it was proposed by the General that a flat boat should be procured, which would be very advantageous as he and the Frenchman could play at their favorite game of twenty-one, while the down Easter and the landlord, whom the General persuaded to accompany them should manage the boat.

This, accordingly, being acceded to, the boat was soon under way. Scarcely had they left the shore, ere the General eager for the game, gave the French gentleman a hint to that effect, and they were soon in full blast, the Frenchman taking the deal, the General betting high, and losing. Night setting in, they concluded to lay to, and dispense with the game until morning.

The next day while lying at the shore, they resumed their play—the General still losing the most important bets. At last he proposed a change of deal. Monsieur assured him that he could play his game only one way, and that was to deal. Again they played on for a time, when the General appearing to get out of patience, insisted that the game should be changed, as he was over a thousand dollars the loser.

Monsieur said he thought it an unfair request, as he had frequently said he knew no other game. The General still presse

his suit, and said he was willing to leave it to their host, whether or no it was right that he should have a chance to win back his money. The host being a staunch friend of the General, of course decided in his favor.

By this time all was ready for their morning departure, and Monsieur thinking he might come out second best was anxious for their departure; but the General declared that his game must be played without further delay.

'Vel, den, Monsieur,' whined the other, 'you shall propose your own game—vot is it?'

'My game' replied the General, 'is *Dead open and shut*.'

'Vot you say, Generale? me no understand you. Is it von dead open and shut with von card, eh?'

'Open and shut with any thug else but cards,' said the General with a coarse laugh.

'I will give you an example.' He then placed his hands behind him, and required the Frenchman to say whether they were open or shut.

Monsieur hardly knowing what to make of it, said 'open.'

'How much will you bet?' asked the General.

'Suppose me bette you von leetle hundred dollar'

'Done!' said the General, at the same showing him his closed hands. I am sorry to inform you that you have lost, and a smile of peculiar meaning played about his lips.

'Ah sacre! me shall no understand von such game, Generale.'

'Must understand it by Jubiter!' thundered the General, once more placing his hands behind him.

The Frenchman guessed again and of course lost. This was repeated several times, until Monsieur declared he could no longer play.

'Produce a substitute then!' cried the General, 'by thunder this must be played.'

Monsieur then referred to his worthy friend the Yankee—who, being called upon proposed that he should be alternately entitled to the privilege of secreting his hands.

But the General soon gave him to understand that this could only be played one way—at the same time telling the landlord he might as well station himself on shore with his rifle, as he intended there should be very little equivocating in his gaming transactions.

The Yankee, finding that he was determined not to give him a fair chance—proposed that the other should bet him two to his one. The General laughed at his simple proposition, and readily consented, provided the Yankee would allow him to name the amount, which was also conceded.

To a northern traveller this scene would have been highly interesting. About thirty yards from the boat perched upon a stump, with a long rifle in his hand, was their worthy host, ready to obey the slightest command of the General. At the stern of the boat stood Monsieur, with a pale cheek, and feelings that can be better imagined than described, as he thought of the termination of a game which would, in all probability, end by leaving him and his heirs several thousand dollars minus. A little distance in front of him, stood the General and the Yankee—the former cool and collected—the latter exhibiting much uneasiness; which was particularly perceptible in his bloodless, quivering lips—and he seemed half inclined to 'back out.' A few oaths from his dreaded antagonist, finally nerved him to the 'sticking point,' which was made manifest by his saying—

'I guess I'm about as ready as I ever will be, General, so how much do you think I ought to bet? Don't be gittin' it tew, high now, cause you see, General, you'll have to bet me tew to one.'

'O, that matters not, my dear fellow,' said the General, 'we Arkansas Generals only play for amusement; and so, merely to make the game interesting, my larky, I will try with you two thousand dollars.'

Good Night.

Good night, dear mother!
Mercies unending,
Through thy sweet slum,
Beau from above;
Round thy still pillow
Graciously lending
Shadows of beauty,
Whispers of love.

Fa well, dear Mother!
Till sleep be driven,
Be her dominion
Balmy and light.
Peace be around thee,
And may kind heaven
Grant thee a blessing—
Mother, Good Night!



A portrait of Billy Bowline



Setting a man-trap.



The Murderer of Shakspeare



A literary spread.



Passenger—Wm. P. Miller,
Benj. F. Coffin,
Joseph Worth,
Peter Folger, 2d.

TORACE.

Sailed March 10 '49.
Passenger—Rev. Jos. Brown,
Bark PEYTONA,
sailed January 16, '49.
1st Mate—Edwin Pease.
Ship HARRIET NEWELL,
sailed January 9, '49.
1st Mate—Thomas Jenkins.
Ship James L. Thompson,
1st Mate—Benj. Wood.
Steamer CRES. CITY,
sailed Sept. 1, '49.
Passenger—F. A. Hussey.

Persons that started from
various ports on the Pa-
cific, in vessels unknown.

Charles Allen,
Jethro Hussey,
Edward A. Husier,
John House,
Josiah Swain,
George C. Harris,
Isaac Austin, Jr.,
Edward B. Chase,
Francis B. Swain,
Edward Wier,
Samuel Perry,
William Onell,
James Baker, 2d,
Charles W. Macy,
Barzillai Hussey,
Charles B. Swain, 2d.,
Reuben C. Andrews,
Peter F. Ewer,
Josiah Gorham,
Edward Sutton,
George W. Macy,
Rowland Bunker,
George W. Folger,
George Cresscy,
Oliver Gibbs,
Calvin Worth,
Joseph B. Myrick.

Total—468.

The Sailing Party.

It was a pleasant morning, on the day previous to the Fourth of July, that anniversary of our National Independence, when all hearts should beat happily, but a shade of sadness seemed cast over the minds of a few, for reasons they scarcely knew why. Perhaps some slight disappointment, while, to some, might seem of trifling moment, while to others it seemed of mighty importance—had depressed the spirits of some few individuals who were about to embark on board of a small vessel, on a pleasure excursion.

It was a bright, lovely morning, not a cloud dimmed the horizon, while the sun diffused his radiant smiles to all; and all upon whom his smiles fell reflected them to hearts, who received, and returned silent gratitude to the giver. It was on such a morning that several carriages might have been seen approaching a neighboring village, where the vessel lay moored which was to take us out in search of pleasure. We found ourselves after a little delay "all aboard," and ready for a start "anywhere," some twenty or thirty of us in all, and as we waved an adieu to those we were to leave behind, we felt that could they have been of our company it might have added to our pleasure if it could not to theirs. We left the harbor at a rapid rate, and as we bounded o'er the rough billows, and viewed the many white caps which here and there dotted the blue expanse around, there came a presentiment that some might be fated to find relief from the dull monotony around in that most unpleasant of all unpleasant feelings, and which excites the least sympathy, sea-sickness.

Our accommodations, it is true, were small, but the deck was newly washed, and clean, and then there was a nice clean canvass spread by our kind captain, who seemed to do all which lay in his power for our comfort, if comfort it might be called, but

"Some strange comfort every state attends."

And thus we found it as we reached the cabin by a flight of perpendicular stairs, "such stairs!" at the risk of broken limbs; for those accounted themselves fortunate who reached the floor without a fall, but there we were sure that hats would be safe, if rope-yarns which confined them at the risk of our being strangled, were unloosed, and there we could be allowed to breathe the not most agreeable air without danger of our mouths being filled with salt water, of which by the way

we had many a taste, as the spray flew around us while the waves washed our deck. To think of stopping below was out of the question while the scene on deck was so grand, I might say terrific, had not one of our three captains flattered me by saying he thought "I would make an excellent sailor," and that "he would risk me round the Horn without danger of my being sea-sick." I must describe our deck scene, although one neither imposing nor calculated to awaken interest except in a beholder. The ladies appeared to be congregated in a group, until the first symptoms of sea-sickness were visible, when they were handed across the deck by a young gentleman who took pity upon their sufferings and seemed to find his chief enjoyment through the day in administering to the wants of sufferers; but he was a sailor, and thus I would account for his kindness of heart, for sailors are always kind-hearted, and perhaps I might say true-hearted—yet I more than once thought as he thus gallantly handed one lady after another across until but two were left, that the responsibility of so many ladies seemed to him rather a pleasure than a task. Yes, I did think he rather seemed to enjoy it, and who would not, (for I enjoyed it myself,) for his numerous patients seemed to recover rapidly under his care.

Our company seemed to be rather undecided where to land, but at length concluded to make a short stop at a small island, and if time would permit to visit another in its vicinity. As we neared its shores many a drooping head revived, and Columbus, perhaps, was not more elated when the new world burst upon his longing sight, than

were this little band who eagerly stepped into the boat at the risk of upsetting in their haste to be the first to set foot upon land. I cannot say that they, like Columbus, knelt and kissed the ground, for they were away quicker than thought, over the green hills in search of something new, though nothing new seemed to meet the eye through the day, unless it was the "sea-serpent," and he seemed not to be a sight entirely new to all, for he has many forms, and is apt to be visible in some of them go where he may. As I said before, we were soon away over the hills, and at length arrived at the "big house," where the governor, as he was called, stood under the piazza awaiting the arrival of a steamer which was to bring some friends, to spend a few weeks, and enjoy the sea-breeze. Some being very anxious to be at the wharf at the arrival, we all hastened back just in time to see quite a company step on shore with any quantity of baggage, which was borne away in carriages brought down by the servants, who stood ready to obey the summons of the governor, a large portly, gouty man, who stood by with lordly air, and looks which seemed to speak that he was "monarch of all he surveyed." We witnessed the departure of the steamer, and also of the gouty man and his company, and then with all possible despatch we were conveyed on board where we eagerly sought the cabin to take a luncheon, from boxes, pails, satchels, or whatever else our food might be deposited in, and by appearances food was well relished by all, except the bachelor who had lost his box, and dare not

look for it among so many ladies. The ladies commenced a search and his lost box was no sooner restored than word was brought us from on deck, that we were aground owing to some carelessness in taking up the anchor, and we should be obliged to wait for the movement of the waters, and some hours might elapse ere we might leave.

What a dilemma! To think of stopping on board was like being in prison, and a few of us determined to enjoy ourselves let what would happen. A determined mind can overcome all obstacles, and find that "every cloud has a silver lining;" and thus it was with us, as our captain said we might go ashore and gather wild parsnip seed, (with which the island abounds,) to our hearts' content. Thanks to him for his ready jokes as well as kindness, for this was not the first time we had enjoyed a sail while his skillful hand directed our course; and we always felt that we were in safe hands when under his care. We left the vessel and were soon conveyed from

the boat to the land in a somewhat novel manner, but we cared not as long as we were to be at liberty and could breathe the fresh air of heaven, which we enjoyed for an hour or so, and then returned on board. We found it to be too late to think of stopping elsewhere, and were not sorry to find ourselves homeward bound.

To attempt an account of what happened on our return voyage, would be but a repetition of the past; sufficient to say we enjoyed it quite as well as might be expected under existing circumstances. In an incredibly short time found ourselves "home again;" nor did we cast a lingering look behind. All seemed quite as happy to be back again as they were in the morning at the idea of a day of pleasure. How often are we sadly mistaken in our search after happiness, and how few of us know or ever may know the means by which it can be obtained. Of one thing I am satisfied—I think it can never be found on a sailing excursion, especially if one is sea-sick.

Rochester, July, 1852.

OPIMUM-EATING IN ENGLAND. This pernicious practice appears to be very alarming—on the increase in England, and is evidently extended to all ranks of society. By the reports of the Board of Trade down to the 5th of May, 1848, it is shown that the consumption of opium has been doubled in England in one year. The imports of this drug for the past year amounted to 24,929 pounds. The paupers in the alms-houses are said to be much addicted to the fatal indulgence of opium-eating.

AN OLD MAN, seventy-five years of age has been committed to jail at Syracuse, on a charge of forgery.

It is to be doubted whether he will find the way to heaven, who desires to go there alone.

Dress makes the man, and the feathers are sometimes more valuable than the bird.

AUCTION SALES.

BY N. WATERMAN.

OFFICE CORNER UNION AND SOUTH WATER STS
Waterman's Auction Mart, No 50 Union corner of South Water street, New Bedford.
GOODS AT PRIVATE SALE DURING THE DAY, AND AT AUCTION EVERY EVENING.

Declaration of Dependence—Feb. 10, 1851.

"When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a man to advertise his Goods, it is but just and proper that he should entertain a warm regard for the public, the printer, and himself; that is—The public should know Where is the best show FOR A BARGAIN."

"Always strike when the iron is hot," "make hay when the sun shines," and "buy goods when you can buy them at half price."

CHAPTER II.

The Printer who gives the sign to the world, And tells where the flag of low price is unfurled, Should receive a "fat" job every once in a while, To assist him to sport a new coat or new tile— So we pay him.

CHAPTER III.

The Boss of the Mart is thus well aware That the fruits of his industry others should share; He cares not a fig for a trip to New York, To Boston, Nantucket, London or Cork, So that he buys goods either big, middling or small, And sells them for just next to nothing at all. The counters and shelves of the famed Auction Mart Are very near crushed—their timbers do quit With the weight of new goods, and they grow quite forlorn For the cry of "last chance—once more—going—gone!" Ten minutes intermission, to allow the reader breath to peruse the following:

CHAPTER IV.

Come, come from each mountain, each plain, each dell, Let the loud tocsin sound and the loud bugle swell; Come the lame, come the halt, come the blind as a bat, Come the naked, the shoeless, come those void of a hat— Come all to our store, and we never will part Till you get a good bargain at the Auction Mart. Come from the east, "down east," or Japan— Hurry up each lady, boy, girl or man; Hurry up when you've read our own Poet's lore, And though leaping down cataracts, haste to our store; Though you dwell where the fires of Etna doth start, Forsake home and country and visit our Mart. Come from the north, mount up on the wind, Let not e'en chain-lightning your energies bind— Dash over rivers, rush 'cross the sea, Rush down the mountains, glide o'er the lea; Come, come at all hazards—fly like the dart— Let fate not withhold you from our Auction Mart. Come, come from the south, where the nectarines grow, Come on the telegraph—never say "No— Mount on an eagle, take the swift car; Famine or pestilence, rapine or war, Will never oppose if ye but start To see the Golconda in WATERMAN'S MART. Come from the west, where the soft balmy breeze Whispers of love as it sighs through the trees: Come! all are welcome from wherever you're found, Come from Cape Cod—hang it come from "fall round;" Come, come and buy! I'll cheer every heart At the cheapness of goods at the famed Auction Mart. Given at my Council Chamber, 50 Union street, corner of South Water, this 10th day of Feb. 1851. (Signed) N. WATERMAN.

DEFINITIONS.—Gentleman.—A man with a fast horse, not paid for; fashionable clothes for which the tailor suffers; all ruffle and no shirt; a cane in hand and a long nine in his mouth.

Lady.—A female shaped something like a woman, very small in the middle, and of large dimensions elsewhere; to be found any where except at home; with a natural attraction no where.



A Story for the Ladies.

Written for the American Union.

AURELIA:

—OR—

REMINISCENCES OF A TEACHER.

BY MISS SARAH M. HOWE.

Aurelia! What a host of sweet and pleasant memories, that steal like some dream of early days into my heart, crowd upon my mind at the mere mention of that name! A fair young girl, with golden tresses, and azure eyes, and snowy brow, rises before my memory's vision, and steals her way into my heart, to rouse the sweet memories hidden there. I remember—ah, yes, I remember her! How I first met, and how her blue, deep, earnest eyes won their way to my heart, at their first look of gentle brightness.

At the time when I first met her, at the academy at Laureldale, she was just eighteen—in the bloom of youth and beauty, and even the most careless observer would have called her beautiful. Her features were so classically moulded, her complexion so delicate, her eyes and hair of such sunny loveliness as poets always admire, and her whole bearing so noble and gentle, that she was truly fascinating—and her air of sadness only made her the more interesting. Of her connections or fortune I knew nothing, and could learn nothing. All that was known of her, was that a middle-aged man, whom they supposed to be her father, brought her there, placed her under the care of the principal of the seminary, paid all of her expenses, and gave directions that no pains should be spared to render her accomplished and thoroughly educated. She had been a member of the school for three years; but her father—or rather, the gentleman who seemed to be such, had informed the principal that the present would be her last term at the seminary. She was dressed elegantly, and even richly—and always seemed to possess plenty of money. My ever-busy fancy pictured her as some wealthy merchant's daughter, whose father had sent her from the busy turmoil and fashion of the city, to a quiet village seminary, thinking—and justly too, that the influences and companions surrounding would be more for her moral and intellectual developments. But if this was the case, why that sad expression in those speaking eyes, and that strangely mournful smile I could not divine—but I determined to ascertain from her own lips, if possible, the cause. It was my destined mission to find my own happiness in rendering others happy—in healing breaking hearts, and binding up the bruised spirit of the world-weary.

Six weeks of the term passed on—and though I had won the love and confidence of Aurelia, yet I had not ascertained her secret—neither had I yet made any decided endeavors to. The same sad light was still in those beautiful eyes—the same mournful smile on that fair cheek—and Oh, how I longed to remove them.

It was a sunny afternoon in the early part of the seventh week of the term—when we were suddenly startled by a knock at the academy door. As it was my business to answer such calls, I immediately laid down the Algebra from which I had been hearing a recitation, and went to the door. Two men stood on the steps—the elder, I knew by descriptions I had heard given, was the father, or guardian of our Aurelia. The other was a young man, of graceful form and handsome face, the very look of whose blue eyes reminded me of Aurelia—somehow or other, the idea entered my mind, though they could not be said to really resemble hers. They were of a deeper, bolder blue—and with a dash of haughtiness and conscious pride in their depths, that was not visible in hers. But I had but an instant to gaze upon him—for the elder of the two, raising his hat respectfully, asked:

"Can you tell me madam, if Miss Aurelia Carroll is within?"

"She is, sir," replied I, "shall I call her?"

"If you please, madam," was the politely spoken reply.

I returned to the school-room, and whispered to Aurelia that friends at the door desired to see her. The slight rose tint that usually tinged her cheeks faded in an instant, leaving her fair countenance deathly pale. But she thanked me with a still sadder and fainter smile than usual, and rising as if with an effort, she left the room. I heard low voices in the hall for some ten or fifteen minutes, and then the door again opened, and Aurelia, with a countenance as white as chiselled marble, and her blue eyes dim with unshed tears, entered the room. She did not take her seat, but approached me, as I was standing at the head of the alley.

"Miss Chandler," said she, in a voice more excited than usual, "my friends desire to know if I can be excused from school the remainder of the afternoon. I will be back to-morrow morning."

"Certainly, Aurelia," replied I, "going to take a ride, are you?"

"Yes—no—perhaps so," hurriedly replied the girl, and turning, left the room. I was startled; I did not understand the proceedings. The evident agitation of Aurelia—the ashy, pale cheek, and dimming eye, contained a mystery that I knew was a sad one to my gentle favorite, and which I resolved to ferret out if possible, and do what I could to relieve it. During that afternoon, my thoughts would wander, in spite of me, and though I endeavored to draw them back, and do my duty as a teacher, to those placed under my care, yet my heart was far away with Aurelia.

The next morning she appeared in her accustomed place, but oh, how changed! The weight of years and care seemed laid on that classic brow, a sorrow looked forth in every glance of her tear-swollen eyes. No one could help noticing that gentle Aurelia was very miserable; and though all offered their sympathy, and endeavored to draw from her the cause of her grief, yet all efforts were unavailing—she would reveal nothing, and finally they gave up the trial, but still sympathized with and endeavored to console her. As yet, I had not even asked her to tell me the cause of her misery—but my determination was fixed.

A week passed on—the sweet face of Aurelia was gradually becoming sadder and thinner, and we saw with regret that her secret unhappiness was gradually eating away her life-blood, and paling her cheek, and dimming her eye, long ere it should have been thus. I could not endure to see her fading thus—I felt as if I must relieve her. I was sitting in my room one evening after school, meditating on the most appropriate manner in which to break such a delicate subject to the sensitive girl, when a light knock at my door interrupted me, and in response to my cheerful "come in," the subject of my thoughts entered, and stood before me.

"Ah dear Aurelia," I am very glad to see you," exclaimed I, earnestly, springing up and clasping her hand warmly. "Take off your bonnet, dear, sit down in this nice cozy rocking-chair by the fire, for it is cold out to-night, and I fear you may be chilly."

"Thank you, Miss Chandler," said the girl, with a sad, faint smile, so touchingly mournful, that it went to my very heart. "You are very kind," she continued, "and I have come to trespass on that kindness so much as to ask if you will give me a little assistance in my Geometry lesson. The pages for to-morrow are very dry and difficult, and I feared I should not be able to understand them without some extra assistance from you."

"I am very glad you have come, dear Aurelia," said I, seating myself beside her and taking up the book and slate that rested on her lap. "I am very willing to help you. Always come to me if you wish for assistance, and you shall certainly have it."

And patiently I explained the dry and tedious figures, and pointed out the relations and equalities, so that she might understand them, though my heart was all the time wandering to the sorrows of the sweet girl by my side, and resolving that, before I slept, I would ascertain their causes, and relieve them, if it lay in my power.

"Do you understand it now Aurelia?" I asked, smilingly, as I laid down the book and the slate upon which I had drawn the figures.

"O, yes, very well, indeed. You explain it so nicely, Miss Chandler, that I can't help but understand it," and again that fair face was illumined by one of those strangely sad smiles.

"In your estimation only, perhaps," said I, smiling.

She leaned her fair head upon my shoulder, and closed her eyes. "I must go home again, for I am weary," she said, with a sigh.

"Aurelia, dear," said I, laying my hand amid her curls, "I fear 't is more than weariness—for I have noticed that for a week past, you have been very sad indeed—and I know by your mournful smile, and the dimming of your eyes, that something is preying upon your heart, and eating away your life. Aurelia, will you not confide in me? Will you not tell me all, and permit me to sympathize with and assist you?"

She trembled violently, but said not a word.

"Do not fear to trust me, dear Aurelia," said I, tenderly, "it pierces my heart to see you so sad—you—who are too fair and gentle ever to know unhappiness. My hearts bleeds for you, and yearns to know and relieve your sorrow. My dear Aurelia, will you not trust me?"

For a moment she was silent, and then raising her eyes, and laying her hand confidently in mine, she said—"Miss Chandler, I will tell you all—all the sadness that has been so long preying upon my mind. Though you cannot aid me, you can sympathize with me; and I know you will do that."

"I will, dearest Aurelia, and it may be that I can aid you, though you know it not. But if I know your sorrow, I can sympathize with and understand you, better than if I knew not the cause of your misery."

"I will trust you, Miss Chandler, for I know you will not betray me," said the girl, looking up confidently in my face, with her tear-dimmed eyes, "you have been my friend and counsellor, and have never yet betrayed my confidence."

She leaned her head wearily upon my shoulder, as if to control her excited feelings, for a moment, and then raising it, she asked—

"You know that the elderly gentleman who called for me last week, was my guardian, do you not?"

"Your guardian or your father, I supposed."

"My father and mother too have long slept the sleep that knows no earthly waking," said the young girl, with a heavy sigh. Mr. Carroll, my adopted father, (though I can never call him anything but my guardian,) took me to his home when I was but an infant—so young that I remember nothing of my parents, or anything that transpired previous to my becoming an inmate of my adopted father's house. I was well clothed and educated, and I needed nothing but affection and sympathy, to render me perfectly happy. My adopted father did not love me—certainly not as I wished to be loved—though he was proud of my beauty, my talents and fascinations, and earnestly endeavored to cultivate them, yet it was only from a selfish motive—for there was no fatherly affection in his kindness.

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met, and loved; and before the term closed, we were affianced—young and inexperienced as we then were. Then I first knew the bliss of loving, and being loved. I was happy—supremely happy—I thought of nothing but the present, and the exquisite bliss of enjoying Arthur's society. The term closed—we separated, but with promises of often communicating with each other by letter, and a hope of a speedy and happy meeting. I returned home, by request of Mr. Carroll, while Arthur remained at the academy.

"A week passed away—and then the penny post brought me a letter from Arthur. It was just what I desired—kind and affectionate—and breathing the most earnest and tender love, and expressing a hope of a speedy meeting. I kissed the precious missive, and concealed it in my bosom, and went about my daily duties with a heart as light as the bird that sang in the elm-tree belfry."

"By him I'm all forgot!
years ago, representing a murder scene in a desert plain. A man was lying upon the ground, dead, while his murderer had turned to flee from the spot. No human eye was there to see the deed enacted, but resting upon his shoulders, with an upraised sword in her right hand, was the avenging angel, destined to pursue, with unrelenting watchfulness, the murderer to his doom. The picture made a deep impression upon our mind, and for an allegorical scene was better expressive of a great fact than anything we have ever seen. We know it is a fact that no sin goes without its reward; that however concealed from the eye of the world, hidden in caves or buried in the earth where the leaves may fall and cover it, one knows the sin—the sinner himself—and in that knowledge there is a torture to him worse than exposure, where his secret is divulged with the great world. We know of the certainty of punishment in some manner, but it is hard to comprehend the invisible agencies at work to secure the ends of justice. We are often astonished at the seemingly miraculous discovery of crimes that the best efforts of villanous ingenuity have long studied to conceal. This ingenuity itself is often the means of its own detection. A word, a look, a gesture, will awaken a train of suggestions that may lead directly to a discovery of wickedness that years of silence and darkness have rested on. The question may well be asked, if the idea embodied by the painter above alluded to, is not a fact? May there not be an avenging spirit that springs up from a sin to follow its perpetrator, whose mission and power are revealed in the mysteries of detection, that so bewilder us by their strangeness? The facts seem to warrant such a belief, and many "Providences," so regarded, may be an exhibition of the spirit deputy of avenging justice—implacable justice—that admits of no palliation. Should we be convinced of this fact, let us watch ourselves well, and do nothing that shall draw upon us this invisible attendant, a belief in whose presence only would carry a punishment with it hard to bear. We should rather have the company of the benignant angels that come to men in pleasant consciences and beautiful thoughts—those that come to men in their dreams and wave their white wings above the sleepers, and breathe the airs of heaven upon their heads. We must be good to be happy."

"I am firm in my determination—you cannot shake me by tears or pleadings. You will wear the mantle I have chosen. Next week you will leave this place, to attend some Seminary that I shall decide upon, where you will have no chance to ever hear again from your *ci devant* lover," and turning, he left the room. I did not weep, or groan, or murmur; but bowing my head upon the sofa, I fainted.

"A week passed away; my guardian had performed his threat respecting that precious letter, and though I was sick and weary from anguish and exhaustion, he immediately brought me here, and securing me an excellent boarding place, left me in the charge of the principal, with directions that no pains should be spared in my education."

Pride—of which I have a large share—prevented me from permitting my grief to be visible on my countenance, and I learned to wear a sunny smile over my breaking heart. Friends rose up around me—I found the school a pleasant one, and my teachers kind and interesting, and had it not been for the anguish in my heart, I should have been very happy. But my poignant grief soon subsided into a calm, settled melancholy; and I was in some degree contented, if I was happy. During this time, I had not heard a word from Arthur, and I gradually learned to regard him as dead. My guardian came regularly at vacations, and engaged my boarding place for another term, though not once since I first came has he taken me home. He said nothing respecting the future, or his plans for me; but I knew his determination and his stern character.

"Last week—three days before their visit—I received a letter from my guardian, informing me that he should visit me on an appointed day, accompanied by my destined husband. Consequently, when you informed me that afternoon, friends desired to see me, I well knew who were—which will explain to you the cause of agitation, which I know you must have found very singular. Mr. Carroll introduced a companion to me as 'Herbert Fay.' I could not be interested in his appearance—for his eyes, and something in his eyes, immediately won my friendship, but he could not take the place of the early loved!

Aurelia," said my guardian, smiling and extending his hand, "I am happy to see you, and so well. If you can be excused from school afternoons, Mr. Fay and myself should be glad to have company in a pleasant chat, and perhaps."

"I will see," said I, mechanically, and left to ask leave of absence. You know my dress, and putting on my bonnet I accompanied my guardian and Mr. Fay to my boarding place. "Aurelia," said my guardian, in a low whisper, "I wish to see you a few moments in private." I assented, and excusing our short absence from Mr. Fay, we entered my private parlor, and closed the door. I turned and faced him—awaiting his pleasure in opening the subject upon which he wished to consult me.

"Aurelia," said my guardian, "you are probably aware that the young man with me to-day, is our future husband."

"The one you have chosen for me," said I, eagerly.

"Aurelia," said he, sternly, "I trust he is *your* choice as well as *mine*—for it is no more than that you should obey the wishes of one who has been to you a kind father and benefactor. I have, I hope and trust, forgotten the foolishness you once professed for another."

"Mr. Carroll," said I, with a dash of spirit, though the tears were flooding my eyes, "I love no other can ever fill his place in my heart. If you command it, I will relinquish all my hopes of future happiness, and do as you have bidden me. You have been a kind benefactor to me, and I do not forget the gratitude I owe you."

"I am glad you have so readily consented," said Mr. Carroll, pleasantly, "and I know that after you are wedded, you will be happy, for Herbert Fay is every thing that is good and noble. And Aurelia, he loves you, and it is his belief that you return his affection. Will you have compassion on him, Aurelia, and never deceive him?"

"For a moment there was a struggle in my heart—but the stern eyes of my guardian were upon me, and I consented. We then returned to the hall, where we found Mr. Fay. The carriage was waiting at the door—Mr. Fay handed me in, then he and my uncle followed. We drove to the next village, Mr. Fay seated by my side, and entertaining me with his pleasant and instructive conversation, though not a word was spoken on the subject that was occupying both our minds."

"Come, Aurelia," said Mr. Carroll, as we

drew up at the door of the inn, "we will stop here a few moments and meet a mutual friend of ours." Herbert gave me his arm, and we entered the inn and proceeded to a private parlor, my guardian leading the way. An elderly gentleman, with a cold, sinister look, was the only occupant of the room, and he was introduced to me by my guardian as Mr. Fay, the father of Herbert.

"Mr. Fay," said Mr. Carroll, turning to the elderly gentleman, after a few cold, common-place remarks, "I suppose it is understood by us all, that the two young persons before us, are promised to each other in marriage."

"You are right, Mr. Carroll, I believe," replied the sinister gentleman, in a cold, business-like manner.

"Herbert," said Mr. Carroll, "you promise to take the young lady by your side, at some time not far in the future, as your wedded wife?"

"Mr. Carroll," said Herbert, folding his arms and looking him sternly in the face, "I respect and admire the young lady to which you have this day introduced me. Her beauty and gentleness have won their way to my heart, and I know she is worthy—more than worthy—to be my wedded wife. I doubt not but she is everything I could wish in my bride. If it is the young lady's wish, and she consents to accept my hand, I offer it to her."

"Aurelia," said Mr. Carroll, bending down and speaking very gently, though his eyes flashed with such a fire that I dared not disobey, "you consent to be the wife of Mr. Fay, and love and honor him as a devoted wife should?"

"I dared not disobey those eyes—and in an almost inaudible voice, I answered, 'yes.' Mr. Carroll then joined our hands, and requested us to swear that in three months from that time, we would stand before the marriage altar and be united for life. I remember taking the oath—of feeling Herbert's lips pressed in a tender kiss to my forehead—and then all is a blank. The next morning I found myself in my room, reclining upon a couch—alone. Herbert and my guardian had gone. Since then, life has been a monotonous dream—and I have felt nothing and known nothing but my own misery. But I am becoming resigned, for to grieve is useless. I shall pluck the image of my early love from my heart, and be to Herbert Fay a true and devoted wife. He is good and noble, but I know he loves me not, and is only compelled to this union, as well as myself. But it must be so—for we have sworn. O God! forgive me for thus perjurying my heart!"

And as she closed, the poor girl sobbed in bitter anguish upon my bosom. My heart bled for her—but I saw I could do nothing for her. I could do nothing for her. I could only trust in Providence for her deliverance. With gentle and hopeful words I endeavored to console her—but it was useless.

"O, Miss Chandler," was her only reply, "you can do nothing—I can only submit to my fate, and patiently await the rest of the grave."

Poor girl! her heart was breaking, but I could not relieve her! With my feeble power I attempted to console her, but could offer no ground for hope.

The term closed; Mr. Carroll came for Aurelia, who had now acquired her usual calm and pleasant smile, but it was only the bitter calmness of despair. We parted with tears—she that she was losing her only confidential friend, and I that I must leave her in her misery.

Three months passed away. The balmy winds and sunny skies of spring were once more upon us, awaking all nature to life and beauty. Ill health had prevented me from following my usual occupation of teaching, and I was now domiciled in my own pleasant home.

"A letter for you, Helen," said my brother, handing me a white-enveloped missive that he had just taken from the office. I opened and glanced over it—it was an invitation to the wedding of Herbert Fay and Aurelia Carroll, to take place a week from that date.

"Poor Aurelia!" I sighed, as I glanced dreamily over the delicate sheet, "and is she thus to be

years ago, representing a murder scene desert plain. A man was lying upon the ground dead, while his murderer had turned to flee from the spot. No human eye was there to see the deed enacted, but resting upon his shoulders, with an upraised sword in her right hand, was the avenging angel, destined to pursue, with unrelenting watchfulness, the murderer to his doom. The picture made a deep impression upon our mind, and for an allegorical scene was better expressive of a great fact than anything we have ever seen. We know it is a fact that no sin goes without its reward; that however concealed from the eye of the world, hidden in caves or buried in the earth where the leaves may fall and cover it, *one* knows the sin—the sinner himself—and in that knowledge there is a torture to him worse than exposure, where his secret is divided with the great world. We know of the certainty of punishment in some manner, but it is hard to comprehend the invisible agencies at work to secure the ends of justice. We are often astonished at the seemingly miraculous discovery of crimes that the best efforts of villanous ingenuity have long studied to conceal. This ingenuity itself is often the means of its own detection. A word, a look, a gesture, will awaken a train of suggestions that may lead directly to a discovery of wickedness that years of silence and darkness have rested on. The question may well be asked, if the idea embodied by the painter above alluded to, is not a fact? May there not be an avenging spirit that springs up from a sin to follow its perpetrator, whose mission and power are revealed in the mysteries of detection, that so bewilder us by their strangeness? The facts seem to warrant such a belief, and many "*Providences*," so regarded, may be an exhibition of the spirit deputy of avenging justice—implacable justice—that admits of no palliation. Should we be convinced of this fact, let us watch ourselves well, and do nothing that shall draw upon us this invisible attendant, a belief in whose presence only would carry a punishment with it hard to bear. We should rather have the company of the benignant angels that come to men in pleasant consciences and beautiful thoughts—those that come to men in their dreams and wave their white wings above the sleepers, and breathe the airs of heaven upon their heads. We must be good to be happy.

NATURE

Why is it that in every department of Nature's economy, man alone shows symptoms of physical deterioration? The trees grow in luxurious beauty, and fruits and flowers are everything rich and delightful. Animals and birds are as beautiful and as agile as they were at the first day of creation. But man—a being that is superior to all the rest of creation—has fallen literally from his high estate, and the evidences of his degradation are seen upon every hand. Toothless and bald long before his maturity, with bent shoulders and lagging gait ere his prime, his eyes failing him, charged with "thick amber and plum-tree gum," wheezing with greasy redundancy as he walks, his cheeks pale and attenuated as if from ghostly vigils, and "his deep-toned, manly voice" groaning like a cracked bassoon. Such is man as he is seen on every hand. Nature meant well by him. He has the groundwork of *perfection*, but Nature is disregarded and her laws violated, and like a severe lawgiver she enforces her penalties rigorously, and each offence has its punishment.

As she is rigorous in enforcing her laws, so is she bountiful in her rewards for their observance. Look back two generations, upon the sturdy men that lived as Nature taught them. They were vigorous. They knew no sickness, but died of old age at the last. We boast of the more mind of the present generation. The "more mind," then, should look after the more body of the fathers, to support it. The Webster intellect should have the Webster frame, otherwise it is like a big bell in a weak tower, that every swing of which will shake. Did anybody ever hear of Indian corn plaster, or Indian toothache drops, or dyspepsia bitters? We don't believe a dentist ever set a tooth for an Indian in his life. Nature fulfils her duty to them as they discharge theirs to her.

A life more in accordance with the simple dictates of Nature, would make men better and wiser and healthier and happier, and men would be beautiful in proportion to their obedience. There is no mistake about this, any more than there is in the fact that the flowers and trees are beautiful by observing the same laws. The artificial mode of life is enervating and weakening. Live naturally, and a quietude will be yours, arising from a healthy and harmonious system.

met, and loved; and before the term closed, we were affianced—young and inexperienced as we then were. Then I first knew the bliss of loving, and being loved. I was happy—supremely happy—I thought of nothing but the present, and the exquisite bliss of enjoying Arthur's society. The term closed—we separated, but with promises of often communicating with each other by letter, and a hope of a speedy and happy meeting. I returned home, by request of Mr. Carroll, while Arthur remained at the academy.

"A week passed away—and then the penny post brought me a letter from Arthur. It was just what I desired—kind and affectionate—and breathing the most earnest and tender love, and expressing a hope of a speedy meeting. I kissed the precious missive, and concealed it in my bosom, and went about my daily duties with a heart as light as the bird that sang in the elm-tree before our door.

"What makes you so unusually gay, Aurelia?" said Mr. Carroll, with a good-natured smile, as he entered the parlor where I was playing with my kitten, and laughing and capering in high glee. I blushed to the eyes, and my gaiety vanished in an instant.

"Why, Aurelia!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll, "you need not feel so ashamed of it, for I am very glad to see you gay and lively. It pleases me more than your usual quiet and sober demeanor."

"I blushed deeper yet, for it was not my gaiety, but the cause of it, that had covered me with conscious confusion.

"What in the world has happened, Aurelia, to render you so gay, and then so ashamed when I rally you respecting it? Your conduct puzzles me, my daughter," said Mr. Carroll.

"I had never been accustomed to deception, and I could not begin now. I drew the precious letter from my bosom and handed it to Mr. Carroll. He turned pale as death, and gave a nervous start as he took it, but striving to be calm, he opened and read it from beginning to end, while I stood beside him, trembling and blushing and earnestly watching the varying emotions delineated upon his expressive countenance. He folded the letter, put it in his vest pocket, and looked sternly at me.

"Aurelia," said he, in a voice which threw back the warm blood chillingly upon my heart, "Aurelia, do you love the author of this letter?"

"I do, father," returned I, tremblingly, "love him with my whole heart and soul."

"So much the worse for you, Aurelia," said he, firmly and sternly, "for you must never see him again. You can never marry him, for I have chosen a husband for you, whom you *must* and *shall* wed. Forget Arthur Elliott—you can never be his bride. I shall send this letter back again, with a few words to him, that it is at his peril that he ever attempts to see you again, or communicate in any manner with you, for you are promised to another."

"Mr. Carroll—father! hear me an instant!" I pleaded, sinking on my knees at his feet, and raising my streaming eyes and clasped hands imploringly. But he was deaf to my entreaties—and bending upon me a look that pierced my very soul, he said—

"It is useless, Aurelia, to plead with me. I am firm in my determination—you cannot change me by tears or pleadings. You will wed the man

I have chosen. Next week you will leave this place, to attend some Seminary that I shall decide upon, where you will have no chance to ever hear again from your *ci devant* lover, and turning, he left the room. I did not weep, or groan, or murmur; but bowing my head upon the sofa, I fainted.

"A week passed away; my guardian had performed his threat respecting that precious letter, and though I was sick and weary from anguish and exhaustion, he immediately brought me here, and securing me an excellent boarding place, left me in the charge of the principal, with directions that no pains should be spared in my education.

Pride—of which I have a large share—prevented me from permitting my grief to be visible on my countenance, and I learned to wear a sunny smile over my breaking heart. Friends rose up around me—I found the school a pleasant one, and my teachers kind and interesting, and had it not been for the anguish in my heart, I should have been very happy. But my poignant grief soon subsided into a calm, settled melancholy; and I was in some degree contented, if happy. During this time, I had not heard a word from Arthur, and I gradually learned to regard him as dead. My guardian came regularly at vacations, and engaged my boarding place for another term, though not once since I first came has he taken me home. He said nothing respecting the future, or his plans for me; but I knew his determination and his stern character.

"Last week—three days before their visit—I received a letter from my guardian, informing me that he should visit me on an appointed day, accompanied by my destined husband. Consequently, when you informed me that afternoon, that friends desired to see me, I well knew who they were—which will explain to you the cause of my agitation, which I know you must have thought very singular. Mr. Carroll introduced his companion to me as 'Herbert Fay.' I could not but be interested in his appearance—for his earnest eyes, and *something* in his eyes, immediately won my friendship, but he could not take the place of the early loved!

"Aurelia," said my guardian, smiling and extending his hand, "I am happy to see you, and looking so well. If you can be excused from school this afternoon, Mr. Fay and myself should be pleased to have company in a pleasant chat, and ride, perhaps."

"I will see," said I, mechanically, and left them to ask leave of absence. You know my success, and putting on my bonnet I accompanied my guardian and Mr. Fay to my boarding place.

"Aurelia," said my guardian, in a low whisper, "I wish to see you a few moments in private." I nodded assent, and excusing our short absence to Mr. Fay, we entered my private parlor, and locked the door. I turned and faced him—awaiting his pleasure in opening the subject upon which he wished to consult me.

"Aurelia," said my guardian, "you are probably aware that the young man with me to-day, is your future husband."

"The one you have chosen for me," said I bitterly.

"Aurelia," said he, sternly, "I trust he is *your* choice as well as *mine*—for it is no more than just that you should obey the wishes of one who has been to you a kind father and benefactor. You have, I hope and trust, forgotten the foolish love you once professed for another."

"Mr. Carroll," said I, with a dash of spirit, though the tears were flooding my eyes, "I love Arthur Elliott with a first and true and *only* love, and no other can ever fill his place in my heart. But if you command it, I will relinquish all my hopes of future happiness, and do as you have bidden me. You have been a kind benefactor to me; and I do not forget the gratitude I owe you."

"I am glad you have so readily consented, Aurelia," said Mr. Carroll, pleasantly, "and I know that after you are wedded, you will be happy, for Herbert Fay is every thing that is good and noble. And Aurelia, he loves you, and it is his belief that you return his affection. Will you have compassion on him, Aurelia, and never undeceive him?"

"For a moment, there was a struggle in my heart—but the stern eyes of my guardian were upon me, and I consented. We then returned to the hall, where we found Mr. Fay. The carriage was waiting at the door—Mr. Fay handed me in, then he and my uncle followed. We drove to the next village, Mr. Fay seated by my side, and entertaining me with his pleasant and instructive conversation, though not a word was spoken on the subject that was occupying both our minds.

"Come, Aurelia," said Mr. Carroll, as we

drew up at the door of the inn, "we will stop here a few moments and meet a mutual friend of ours." Herbert gave me his arm, and we entered the inn and proceeded to a private parlor, my guardian leading the way. An elderly gentleman, with a cold, sinister look, was the only occupant of the room, and he was introduced to me by my guardian as Mr. Fay, the father of Herbert.

"Mr. Fay," said Mr. Carroll, turning to the elderly gentleman, after a few cold, common-place remarks, "I suppose it is understood by us all, that the two young persons before us, are promised to each other in marriage."

"You are right, Mr. Carroll, I believe," replied the sinister gentleman, in a cold, business-like manner.

"Herbert," said Mr. Carroll, "you promise to take the young lady by your side, at some time not far in the future, as your wedded wife?"

"Mr. Carroll," said Herbert, folding his arms and looking him sternly in the face, "I respect and admire the young lady to which you have this day introduced me. Her beauty and gentleness have won their way to my heart, and I know she is worthy—more than worthy—to be my wedded wife. I doubt not but she is everything I could wish in my bride. If it is the young lady's wish, and she consents to accept my hand, I offer it to her."

"Aurelia," said Mr. Carroll, bending down and speaking very gently, though his eyes flashed with such a fire that I dared not disobey, "you consent to be the wife of Mr. Fay, and love and honor him as a devoted wife should?"

"I dared not disobey those eyes—and in an almost inaudible voice, I answered, 'yes.' Mr. Carroll then joined our hands, and requested us to swear that in three months from that time, we would stand before the marriage altar and be united for life. I remember taking the oath—of feeling Herbert's lips pressed in a tender kiss to my forehead—and then all is a blank. The next morning I found myself in my room, reclining upon a couch—alone. Herbert and my guardian had gone. Since then, life has been a monotonous dream—and I have felt nothing and known nothing but my own misery. But I am becoming resigned, for to grieve is useless. I shall pluck the image of my early love from my heart, and be to Herbert Fay a true and devoted wife. He is good and noble, but I *know* he loves me not, and is only *compelled* to this union, as well as myself. But it must be so—for we have sworn. O God! forgive me for thus perjurying my heart!" And as she closed, the poor girl sobbed in bitter anguish upon my bosom. My heart bled for her—but I saw I could do nothing for her. I could do nothing for her. I could only trust in Providence for her deliverance. With gentle and hopeful words I endeavored to console her—but it was useless.

"O, Miss Chandler," was her only reply, "you can do nothing—I can only submit to my fate, and patiently await the rest of the grave."

Poor girl! her heart was breaking, but I could not relieve her! With my feeble power I attempted to console her, but could offer no ground for hope.

The term closed; Mr. Carroll came for Aurelia, who had now acquired her usual calm and pleasant smile, but it was only the bitter calmness of despair. We parted with tears—she that she was losing her only confidential friend, and I that I must leave her in her misery.

Three months passed away. The balmy winds and sunny skies of spring were once more upon us, awaking all nature to life and beauty. Ill health had prevented me from following my usual occupation of teaching, and I was now domiciled in my own pleasant home.

"A letter for you, Helen," said my brother, handing me a white-enveloped missive that he had just taken from the office. I opened and glanced over it—it was an invitation to the wedding of Herbert Fay and Aurelia Carroll, to take place a week from that date.

"Poor Aurelia!" I sighed, as I glanced dreamily over the delicate sheet, "and is she thus to be

I finally concluded to attend the wedding, as I felt that my presence would be needed by Aurelia. I arrived early and arrayed the victim for the altar, though there was great danger of my tears soiling the purity of the snowy satin which enveloped her graceful form. Beautiful Aurelia! Gloriously beautiful indeed, but with the frenzied brilliancy of despair. But my judgment told me it would not be for her benefit to tell her she was to be sacrificed—she was near enough to madness before.

The magnificent parlor of Mr. Carroll was filled to overflowing with invited guests, the favorite friends of the bride and bridegroom. On one side of the altar stood Mr. Carroll, with a feverish light in his eye, that told his mind was ill at ease. On the other stood Mr. Fay—I knew him by the cold, sinister look of his eye, which Aurelia had so well described. Before the altar knelt the bridegroom and bride—Herbert pale and thin, and sad looking—and Aurelia seeming more like a corpse than a bride! The holy man had commenced the service so solemn and impressive and a deep silence reigned over the whole company—when a clear, deep voice at the door called out, in commanding tones—

"I forbid the banns!"

The minister paused. A breathless silence reigned for an instant, and then a tall, noble form forced itself through the crowd to the altar.

"I forbid the banns!" he exclaimed, in the same clear voice; "and for this reason; the young couple before the altar are brother and sister!"

A shriek escaped the lips of Aurelia, and she fell fainting into Herbert's arms. A great sensation pervaded the assembly, and both Mr. Carroll and Mr. Fay stepped angrily forward, demanding an explanation of the strange proceedings.

"And an explanation I will give," said the noble-looking man, "but first let me embrace my children!" Herbert and his sister understood the words, and the next instant they were clasped tightly to the heart of their preserver, and—"My father!" "My children!" were murmured in endearing tones.

"Permit me to explain what now seems to you a very singular circumstance," said the noble looking man, after the excitement had in some degree subsided, "I will be very brief, and detain you but a few moments. I am the Duke of Welford, an English nobleman of wealth and honor. Seventeen years ago—nearly—I came to this country, hoping that a change of scene and a sea voyage would better the failing health of my beloved wife. We had been here but a few days, when our two children, Herbert, but little more than three years of age, and Aurelia scarcely two, strayed away by the carelessness of their nurse, and could not be found. Though most diligent search was made for them, all was useless—our children were lost. The blow sank my poor wife rapidly into the grave; and not wishing to remain where I had seen so much sorrow, returned to England.

"Two years ago, I came back to America, hoping that I might discover some trace of my children. For a long time I searched in vain; but at last an incident occurred, that led me to hope. By diligent search and investigation, and by comparing resemblances between them and my lost wife and myself, I at last discovered them, in the persons of Herbert Fay and Aurelia Carroll. In their wanderings, the little ones had probably got separated, and one picked up by Mr. Fay, and one by Mr. Carroll, and each had adopted one. They have grown up without any knowledge of their parentage, no one knowing but Mr. Fay himself, but Herbert was his own child.

"Years passed. The families chanced to meet. Mr. Fay looked with a covetous eye on the beauty, grace and superior talents of Aurelia Carroll, and Mr. Carroll on the wealth and broad lands possessed by the supposed father of Herbert. A plan was thus concocted by the two heartless men to join the hands—if they could not the hearts—of the two young persons, and thus gratify the

ambition of both. I will do them the charity of believing that they knew nothing of their relation to each other. The heartless plan was effected, and would have been entirely carried out, had it not been for my interposition this evening—thus crushing the early love of a fair and gentle girl, and blighting two hearts forever! There has been much fraud on the part of the planners in this matter, and may just retribution overtake them!"

The speaker's voice was very firm and stern. A murmur of surprise ran through the assembly followed by one of indignation. Both Fay and Carroll understood it, and making their exit as best they could, they sneaked away to hide their shame and confusion.

"One thing more," said the Duke of Welford, as he beckoned to a very handsome young man, who had been standing by the door, gazing earnestly upon Aurelia, and who approached at the signal, "these two young lovers, my Aurelia and her first love, and who are true to each other, shall be no longer separated. He is worthy of her and I trust she is of him."

"Arthur!" "Aurelia!" exclaimed the long-separated lovers, and the next instant they were clasped in each other's arms.

The old duke looked on with a genial smile of happiness on his noble countenance—and then joining their hands, he turned to the minister, saying—

"Now, reverend sir, be pleased to unite the hands of Arthur Elliott and Lady Aurelia Welford. We will have a wedding after all."

And now, how brilliantly, gloriously beautiful was my darling Aurelia. With the light of happiness gleaming from her glorious azure eyes, the sunlight of her inward life shining upon her lovely brow, and her cheeks glowing with the rose-hue of joy! And with what love and devotion did she bend those glorious eyes upon the noble one by her side. Ten minutes after, Lady Aurelia and the noble youth were pronounced husband and wife!

I pressed forward with the rest to offer my congratulations to the happy pair. With heartfelt joy did I speak of the happy consummation of her blighted hopes, and the dawn of joy over the misery of her past life—and with what a sisterly grasp did I clasp the hand of the noble young man she now called husband.

The married pair, with the father and brother of the bride soon departed for England. Sir Herbert has been for some time married to the lady of his choice—and a happier household than that united band, never offered up to God, their prayer of Thanksgiving and praise!

BRANDY SMASHERS ILLUSTRATED.—We have long known 'brandy smashers' by reputation, but not until recently have we witnessed 'brandy smashers' illustrated. While coming up the Hudson not long since, we noticed four nice young men in tight pants, hair on their upper lips, and rattans in their hands. They walked the decks as though the river was barely wide enough for them to sail on, and tossed their empty heads high above the crowd around them. They acted very much like human creatures, and we sat them down as a cross between the monkey and peacock. They finally went aloft and soon called for ice and brandy. The waiter soon passed up with four glasses, and a glass 'imbiber' in each. The animals leaned back naturally enough in their chairs, and after finding where their mouths were located, inserted their 'imbibers' and languidly commenced. Just as one of them opened his mouth and sighed, 'Aw! this is dem'd foine,' the slat against which they were leaning gave way, and down went the four nice young men *ker thrash* upon the deck below. Hats, glasses, imbibers, etc., were most emphatically smashed to the uproarious amusement of the passengers. The gentlemen sloped away, one of them marked by an unseamly rent just beneath his coat tails, and his battered nose dripping with blood. That brandy smasher answered the young until the boat arrived at Albany.—*Carroll*

ADVICE TO YOUNG LADIES.—When asked to sing in company, always hold back a trifle at first, saying, you are 'out of practice,' or 'haven't your music with you,' or something of the sort. You will then have the pleasure of being urged, and will find yourself of some consequence.

It will be well enough to remark, that you 'can't sing well enough to please any one,' for this will be sure to get you some very pleasant compliments. 'Why, Miss Snooks,' that handsome Fitz-Noodle, who is so agreeable, and always turns the leaves, will say, 'how can you say so; you who sing so divinely!' It requires a little skill to know just how long and how much it will do to refuse. If you go too far, they may ask some one else; so you must be governed by circumstances, and yield just before they stop urging. Then, when you are seated at the piano, and turning over the music, hem and cough a little, so it gracefully, and say you have a cold, and are sure you shall break down. In case any such calamity should happen, you could say: 'There, I told you so!' and, besides, they will think, 'If she sings so well when she has a cold, what must she do when she hasn't any!'

RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—At West Newton, on Tuesday evening Miss Sarah R. Bassett, daughter of Mr. James N. Bassett, of this town, jumped from the Saxonville train as it was nearing the depot. From some cause she lost her balance, and her right foot passed down between the platform and the wheels, by which it was terribly crushed and mangled.—Amputation was considered necessary by Dr. Warren and other surgeons of Boston, and it was to have been performed on Wednesday morning.

Flight of the Wild Goose.

The editor of the Rochester Daily Advertiser is authority for the following:—Coming up on the express train the other day, it so happened that on leaving Fonda, a flock of some thirty wild geese swept over into the valley of the Mohawk just as the cars were under way. The geese being manifestly bewildered, kept on steadily up the river, but well over on the opposite side of the valley, hence a good chance to compare their speed with the lightning train was afforded. At first it seemed to be about an even thing, but after a few minutes, the flock seemed half inclined to drop down into the Mohawk, and abated much of their speed—the engine recovering the lost ground. But the geese, tho' better of it, changed front, sought a greater elevation, and pushed ahead again in the same direction as the train. By this time the race became quite exciting, and we could hardly refrain from exclaiming, 'go it engine, pair in geese,' but there was no need of exhortation, as both seemed letting out all they knew—the geese gradually drawing ahead till within a short distance of Little Falls, when the bevy hauled up in the wind's eye, shivered a moment, and stood down the river again, having gained in the race about two miles. The geese must have been going, when last seen, at the rate of sixty or seventy miles an hour. This is the first race we have seen between a locomotive and the feathered race, and though the latter had the best of it, the former did well considering that it was compelled to carry weight.

THE YANKEE AND MONT BLANC.

How de du, Mont Blanc! I vow I'm glad tu meet ye;
A thund'rin' grist o' miles I've come to greet ye;
I'm from America, where we've got a fountain,
Niagara it's called, where you might lave
Your mighty phiz; then you could shirt and shave
In old Kentucky—in our Mammoth Cave;
Or take a snooze, when you're in want of rest,
On our big prairies in the "Far West;"
Or, when you're dry, might cool your heated liver
By sipping up the Mis-sissipp river.
As for compassions, should you wish for any,
Why, we've got the Catskill and the Alleghany;
You may accept them with impunity,
They both stand high in our community.
Give us a call. You'd almost step from hence;
Our folks all long to see Your Eminence.
Come over, Blane!—don't make the least ado;
Bring Madame Juba with you, and the little claciers too!

NOTICE EXTRA

WILLIAM MCCOY,

THE ONE CENT

BUTTON MAN,

Selected for the Messe

Thou and I.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Sadly afar;
Thou safe beyond, above,
I 'neath the star;
Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade;
Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid time's shade!
Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest tost;
Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost;
Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow;
Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.
Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife;
Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life;
Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain;
Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.
Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever;
Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river;
Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I strength to trust;
Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust!

For they've been scarce of late
All with the Button Man.

I've now on hand a good supply,
Which I am pleased to know,
That when I come, if you will buy,
You'll get them very low.

I'll sell at half the retail price
My Pearl and Black Whalebone;
Those Buttons now are made so nice
They look like Silk you'll own.

And when one dress they shall out-wear,
You'll trim with them again,
For they're well made you'll all declare,
All by the Button Man.

The Button Man you can't mistake,
With his black moustache,
And basket too of his own make,
With Buttons cheap for cash.

TOWN,

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is, there are *Twelve*
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-Four Buttons,

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Silent Reproof.

Some years ago, I was going down the James river in a steamboat, in company with several clergymen, whose eyes may alight on these lines. There was also with us a judge of one of the Virginia courts, much celebrated for his eccentricity and his genius. In the course of conversation, mention was made of the Rev. Dr. JOHN H. RICE, then lately deceased. The attention of the judge was awakened, and he related the following anecdote:

"I was once crossing the James river at Osborn's, in company with Dr. Rice. When we reached the further side, it became necessary for us to be carried ashore on the shoulders of the black ferrymen. One of these, not sufficiently careful, let my cloak drag in the water, upon which I visited him with a sudden oath. Dr. Rice, who was immediately before me, and had just landed on the bank, drew up his tall figure, and turned his large, speaking eye upon me, with an expression of mingled surprise and sorrow. Perceiving that he was a clergyman, I instantly begged his pardon, though he had not uttered a syllable. 'Your offence is not against me,' said he. The implication was obvious and affecting, and I shall never lose the remembrance of it as long as I live."

A.

For the American Messenger.

"I must Earn my Dollar a Day."

A young man was married, and entered into business. He was industrious and greatly prospered. Being acquainted with music, and skilful in the performance of it, he was employed to take charge of the singing on the Sabbath in public worship. For this service he received about a dollar a day, or fifty dollars a year. He of course confined his worldly business to six days in a week, and attended church regularly on the Sabbath. At length some of the people became dissatisfied with him as a leader of the music, and he was no longer employed in that service. He then ceased to attend public worship, and employed himself on the Sabbath in his secular concerns. He said he *must earn his dollar a day*; and if he could not do it by attending church, he would do it by attending to his business. For a time he earned his dollar a day; sometimes, it may be, he earned more. But his affairs by and by became embarrassed. It was evident that he was running behindhand. At length he failed in business. His property was sold to pay his creditors, and his family was left destitute. His earning his dollar a day by attending to his worldly business on the Sabbath, and his neglect of public worship for that purpose, was like putting his money into a bag with holes: it tended to poverty.

If a young man would have good reason to expect that he shall continue to prosper in his worldly business, and that his prosperity will be a blessing to him, he must confine his attention to secular concerns to six days in a week, and must devote the Sabbath to the worship of God and the promotion of the spiritual good of men.

The Power of Kindness.

Many years since, there lived in one of the central counties of New Jersey a poor mechanic, eminent for his pious zeal and consistency. He was very much tried by the conduct of an ungodly neighbor, who was in the habit of cutting his wood for the week on the Lord's day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. Father H., as he was called, often remonstrated earnestly and kindly with his neighbor, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. One Saturday afternoon his neighbor found the old man very busy at his woodpile, and inquired in astonishment what he was doing. "Why," replied Father H., "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow." The man was at once overcome, and exclaimed, "No, you shall not, I will do it myself. Nor will you ever, after this, have reason to complain of me for chopping wood on the Sabbath." And he was as good as his word.

The old man has long since gone to his reward, but this incident lives after him to enforce the divine direction, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

NOTICE EXTRA

WILLIAM MCCOY,

THE ONE CENT

BUTTON MAN,

IS NOW IN TOWN,

And the people can be supplied at short notice, as there is "a few more left." The idea is, there are *Twelve Dozen Buttons* on each card, making a gross, or

One Hundred and Forty-Four Buttons,

The whole for the trifle of

SIX CENTS,

WHICH IS A

HALF A CENT A DOZEN.

All warranted *not to cut in the eye*, and any size from as small as a musquitoes toes, up to as large as a six-penny bit. He has on hand a great assortment of colors, and the new Whalebone Buttons for Ladies' dresses.

The Button man has come to town,
With buttons of all kinds;
And shortly he will come around,
To trade and suit your minds.

He's got good Pearl, for trimming shirts,
Some for Ladies' dresses;
Black whalebone Buttons, he asserts,
Do well suit the misses.

They're much in fashion, I will state,
Just buy them while you can,
For they've been getting scarce of late
All with the Button Man.

I've now on hand a good supply,
Which I am pleased to know,
That when I come, if you will buy,
You'll get them very low.

I'll sell at half the retail price
My Pearl and Black Whalebone;
Those Buttons now are made so nice
They look like Silk you'll own.

And when one dress they shall out-wear,
You'll trim with them again,
For they're well made you'll all declare,
All by the Button Man.

The Button Man you can't mistake,
With his black moustache,
And basket too of his own make,
With Buttons cheap for cash.



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Sadly afar ;

Thou safe beyond, above,
I 'neath the star ;

Thou where flowers deathless spring,
I where they fade ;

Thou in God's paradise,
I 'mid time's shade !

Thou where each gale breathes balm,
I tempest tost ;

Thou where true joy is found,
I where 'tis lost ;

Thou counting ages thine,
I not the morrow ;

Thou learning more of bliss,
I more of sorrow.

Thou in eternal peace,
I 'mid earth's strife ;

Thou where care hath no name,
I where 'tis life ;

Thou without need of hope,
I where 'tis vain ;

Thou with wings dropping light,
I with time's chain.

Strange, strange for thee and me,
Loved, loving ever ;

Thou by Life's deathless fount,
I near Death's river ;

Thou winning Wisdom's love,
I strength to trust ;

Thou 'mid the seraphim,
I in the dust !

A SNAKE IN A STOVE—A MODERN "FIERY SERPENT."—The following singular but truthful statement we copy from the Hanover (Pa.) *Spec-tator* :

A gentleman residing in our town some few weeks ago purchased a lot of old condemned sleepers from the railroad company for the purpose of using it for firewood. They were accordingly conveyed to his residence and sawed in suitable lengths for the stove, and were used for fuel, and as such gave great satisfaction, until one evening the good wife placed one of the pieces in the stove, when a very strange and remarkable occurrence happened. Shortly after placing the wood in the stove her attention was attracted by a singular noise in the room, not unlike the crying of a child or the moaning of a person in distress, and upon searching for the cause of it, ascertained that the noise proceeded from the stove, and becoming somewhat alarmed, called her husband and acquainted him of the matter.

The gentleman at once advanced to the stove, and upon opening the door, a strange and fearful sight met his astonished gaze. Right in the very midst of the blazing flames was a large black snake, writhing in agony, and uttering the piteous noise which had attracted the attention of the lady. The snake slowly crawled out of the stove and dropped on the floor, a veritable "fiery serpent," and in a few seconds expired. The snake had, doubtless, entered a hollow cavity in the sleeper in the fall, and relapsing into a torpid state, was only aroused when encompassed by the flames.

HOW DO YOU SPELL "TURNER."

"Mr. Read," said a Mr. Turner one day to a friend with whom he had been conversing, "I have just been thinking that your name is about as changeable as any I know."

"Why, how many ways of spelling it are there?"
"Read, Rede, Reid, Read, Rede, Wrede, Wread, —and I don't know how many more—ha ha! I am glad my name is not Read."

"Not quite so fast," said Mr. R., "you have little to boast of in your own name. I am inclined to think you will find it undergoes as many varieties as my own, if not more."

"Impossible," ejaculated Mr. Turner, "T-u-r, tur, n-e-r, ner, Turner; how otherwise, pray, should you spell it?"

"We shall see," said Mr. R.; "in the first place you may spell it thus—*Thurner*."

"But on what ground do you use the *Th*?"

"For the same reason that you have these letters in *Thames*, *Thomas*, &c. If *Th* represents the sound of *T* in *Thomas*, why not in *Turner* or rather *Thurner*?"

"Well, this is but one change; what others can you show me?"

"Oh, several. You are not perhaps aware that the sound of *u* as in *Tur*, and that of *e* as in *ner*, are each represented by various vowels in our language, as well as by several combinations; thus, the *u* as in *Tur* by *attorney*, *our*, *journey*, *motion*, &c.; and the *e* as in *ner*, by *medlar*, *earth*, *stir*, *soldier*, *answer*, &c. Thus we may legitimately spell your name *Thornar*, *Thornier*, *Tornear*, *Thornir*, *Thorneir*, *Thornwer*; *Thurnar*, *Thurner*, *Thurnear*, *Thurnir*, *Thurnier*, *Thurnwer*, *Thurnar*, *Th*—"

"Hold hard," cried Mr. T. in astonishment. "I see you are never going to stop. How many more changes were you going to ring?"

"To tell you the truth," replied Mr. R., "I scarcely know where to end, for I have not shown you the twentieth part of the changes your name might undergo. But how do you like it spelled thus—*Tholognyrrh*?"

"That's far too much like Dutch for my liking," said Mr. T. "By what process do you arrive at such an out-landish combination of letters to represent *Turner*?"

"By a very simple one," continued Mr. Read. "In the word *colonel*, the combination *colo* is made to represent *cur*, and, by parity of reasoning, *Tolo* or *Tholo* will represent *Tur*. In the word *gnaw*, *gn* is the representative of the sound of *n*, and why not use it for the same purpose in your own name? As in *myrrh*, the combination *yrh* stands for the sound *er*, so *gnyrrh* will of course be *ner*. Thus we get *T-h-o-l-o-g-n-r-r-h*—*Turner*. Ha! ha! I am glad my name is not *Turner*."

A WOLF STORY.

A correspondent of the Boston Post, writing from Meredith Bridge, N. H., says:—

Fifty years ago these mountains were famous as the resort of bears and wolves, and the neighboring farmers were often troubled by the depredations of the latter ferocious animals. A man by the name of Folsom, who then lived at the foot of Mount Belnap, was troubled one night by what he supposed to be a fight between his neighbor's dog and his own; but on going out to part them, he found himself face to face with a large wolf, that in attempting to carry off one of his pigs, had been attacked by the faithful watch-dog. Folsom, physically speaking, was a powerful man; but a fight with a "ravenous wolf," entirely weaponless as he was, with nothing but his bare hands, seemed rather a desperate chance, whatever might have been his muscular strength; but there was no backing out. Like Captain Elderberry at the sham fight, he must either "conquer or die"—and although it was a desperate struggle, he did conquer. Grasping the wolf by the throat with his left hand, he held him as firmly as a vice, and it is said that he actually mauled him to death with his right fist, receiving for the exploit a bounty of thirty dollars from the town. The man, I am told, is still living at an advanced age, and known, from that time to this, by the cognomen of "Wolf Folsom."

CONSISTENCY!

The American Mechanic, (Poughkeepsie,) justly remarks:—A man grows at paying a shilling for a loaf of bread, thinking he ought to get it for eleven-pence, and the same evening takes his family to witness the feats of a magician, for the purpose of being humbugged, knowing they will be humbugged, and willingly pays a dollar for the privilege! Another is too poor to pay a dollar for a newspaper, but can spend two shillings every night at the tavern, and not miss it.—Another is too poor to pay a few dollars, but can attend concerts and negro performances that come along. Another wants a mechanic to work for nine and sixpence a day, when he demands ten shillings, and watches him to see that he labors faithfully, and the next day hires a horse and wagon, at the expense of two dollars, to travel ten miles to see a horse race. Another "beats down" an old woman a penny on a bunch of radishes, and before getting home spends two shillings in treating his friends.

Nantucket, March 1851.

The undersigned beg leave to call your attention to their large and well selected stock of SILKS, SHAWLS, DRESS GOODS AND TRIMMINGS, EMBROIDERIES, HOUSE-KEEPING GOODS, LADIES', MISSES', AND CHILDREN'S BOOTS SHOES, AND RUBBERS; FANCY ARTICLES, &c. &c., at the

LADIES' EXCHANGE.

We have enlarged and refitted the above Establishment, and have made arrangements to receive the latest and best styles of goods as soon as they are manufactured, also to be receiving new goods every week.

Our facilities for buying Goods in the New York and Boston markets are such that we shall always be able to offer UNPRECEDENTED BARGAINS to all who may favor us with a call.

To the former patrons of this Establishment we would say, if you have received *Good Bargains* heretofore, you may rely upon receiving *better* hereafter; and to all new customers, that we can offer you GREATER INDUCEMENTS to buy of us than any other Establishment on the Island; and, as we shall give our *particular attention* to this branch of our business, it will be our aim to SURPASS ALL COMPETITORS. We CHALLENGE COMPETITION either as regards *styles, qualities or prices*.

PIERCE, HESSELTINE & CO.,

LADIES' EXCHANGE,

Nos. 1 & 2, Centre Street Block.



JACK ASHORE.—SCENE I.

A LEGISLATIVE PRAYER.—The following laconic prayer was delivered in the Iowa House of Representatives, the other morning, by the Rev. Mr. Shine:

"Great God! Bless the young and growing State of Iowa, her Senators and Representatives, her Governor and State officers! Give us a sound currency, pure water, and undefiled religion, for Christ's sake. Amen."

Thirty-nine persons were admitted to the North Congregational (Orthodox) Church on Sunday last. *July 4th 1851*

CLERICAL.—Rev. J. Emerson Swallow, pastor of the North Congregational (Orthodox) Church, tendered his resignation to his charge on Sunday evening last. Ill health is the sole cause of this step, the sea air not agreeing with him. He desired a Council to be called Aug. 24th. *1851*

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

We ask the attention of both old men and young men, to the following brief expression against the ungentlemanly and wicked practice of swearing. It is not only a foolish habit, but vulgar, and debasing to the soul. Young men, especially, should form associations to break up the habit, to pledge themselves mutually to aid and uphold each other in so elevating a reform. Such is the good being effected upon the public mind, by this excellent little Poem, that we do not hesitate to say, that it should be issued from every Press in the land.

"Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise,
To swear is neither brave, polite, nor wise."

EDITOR.

"Swear not at all." My ear is pained,
To hear Jehovah's name profaned.
"Swear not at all," for so said Christ,
Whose words were ever gems unpriced.
This law the child of God proclaims—
"Above all things, swear not," said James.
That message was of priceless worth—
"God's throne is heaven—his footstool earth."
Swear not by these—before that throne
Our words, our very thoughts are known.
Swear not by thine own hand or head—
Not by the living or the dead;
Nor yet thy life, nor soul, nor health,
Nor yet the glittering phantom,—wealth.
Nor swear by earth; as we explore,
God's footprints tell on every shore.
Nor by the stars nor orb of day,
Nor gems that pave the milky way,
Nor yet more distant realms above,
Made vocal by Jehovah's love.
Not by the Saints nor Seraphim;
These are of God, and BOW TO HIM.
Not by the balmy breath of spring,
Nor feathered songsters on the wing.
Not by the monsters of the deep,
Nor raging storms that o'er us sweep,
Nor by the lightning's flash on high,
Nor by the thunder roaring by.
Not by angelic harp nor lyre;
And never on the Atlantic wire.
Nor by the King, nor Queen, or both,
Nor yet by any other oath.

"SWEAR NOT AT ALL."

LORENZO D. GROSVENOR.

South Groton, Mass.

"Fear God and keep his commandments."

THE LAST LEDGER STORY.—The teacher of a district school in this neighborhood is in the habit of questioning the children under his charge as to what they know of various historical characters they happen to meet with in their books. A few days ago the name of Washington occurred in the morning lesson, and those who had anything to say about him were asked to raise their hands. Of course, up went all hands and young America once more paid tribute to him "who was first, &c."

"He never told a lie," shouted one.
"Ate out of a tin plate all through the war."
"Never smiled for nine years," cried a third.
"He was the father of his country," piped several.

"Edward Everett is getting money to buy his grave," and so forth.

"Now then," said the teacher, "who can tell me about Edward Everett?"

No hand was raised.

The teacher somewhat surprised—

"Is there no one here that knows anything about Edward Everett?"

No hand up.

"Well, we will see what we can find out about Edward Everett, before to-morrow."

P. M.—Before school opens, up runs a little girl, in great excitement, as the teacher enters the school room

"I know something about Edward Everett."

"Well, what is it?" says the teacher eagerly.

"He writes for the New York Ledger!"

She had read it in nice large letters on the fence as she went home.

Such is "Fame."—[Salem Register.]

The rain of Saturday evening upon the snow, and the subsequent frost, made navigation in the streets considerable of a science, on Sunday. On account of the bad walking, the churches very properly remained closed, in the evening

The Old Folks at Home.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Many of your readers will doubtless be glad to see this very popular ballad expurgated and euphonized for parlor use. Both the words and the music are expressive of deeply tender emotions; and, in the following form, the song will certainly be unexceptionable in the most select circles:

Low down upon the Santee river,
Far, far away,
There's where my heart is turning ever,
There's where the Old Folks stay.
All up and down o'er State and Nation,
Sadly I roam;
Still longing for the old plantation,
And for the Old Folks at Home.
All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! hark ye, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the Old Folks at Home!

All round the little farm I wandered,
When I was young,
Then, many happy hours I squandered—
Many the songs I sung.
When I was playing with my brother,
Happy was I;
Oh! take me to my kind old mother—
There let me live and die!
All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! hark ye, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the Old Folks at Home!

One little cot inclosed with bushes,
One that I love,—
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see the bees, there humming
All round the comb?
When shall I hear those song-birds, coming
Down in my good old Home?
All the world is sad and dreary,
Everywhere I roam;
Oh! hark ye, how my heart grows weary,
Far from the Old Folks at Home!

[Commonwealth.]

'Tis brave to see a gallant ship,
With snowy pinions, fly
Across the ocean, like a bird,
Beneath a pleasant sky.
'Tis brave to think what precious things
Are heaped up in her hold,—
What goodly merchandise she brings,
And jewelry and gold.
How lofty is her carriage, when
She sitteth on the deep;
Her streamers loose, her canvas spread,
The rolling seas to sweep!
The loud hurrah,—the sailors' cheer,—
The tumult and the strife,—
The laugh, the farewell, and the tear;
She is a thing of life!

Yet braver sight I deem it is
And goodlier, when a ship,
With Mercy's heralds, doth her wing
In yonder waters dip,—
A burden bearing, richer far
Than gold, or cunning gem,—
Yea, wafting tidings of the Star
That shines from Bethlehem!
O 'tis a holy thought, that men
May watch, and toil, and strive,
And stir with enterprise the land,
And make the seas alive!
And open up new avenues
Which traffic never trod,
Only that Earth by these may be
A highway for our God!

Original.

OH! WEARY HEART.

OH! weary heart, wouldst thou find rest
From all thy toil and sorrow,
Which now in anguish rends thy breast?
Then comfort here you'll borrow.
The darkest night must surely end,
And sunlight beam in gladness.
At Heaven's door there stands a Friend—
Wouldst greet him there in sadness?

As sunlight oft on summer eve
Seems smiling while 'tis going,
Yet lingers long and still doth leave
Pure tints of its own glowing—
So doth the spirit, ere it flies,
Gaze back o'er those who're weeping,
Till, lost amid the azure skies,
Then severed friends are meeting.

'Tis vain to weep for those who've died,
But now are watching o'er us;
Bright guardian spirits 'round us fly
And show the way before us
To that dark vale, whence safely passed
They fly with joy to meet us,
Then sorrow's tears are wiped at last,
And Heaven opens to greet us.

There love no more will silent weep
O'er joys which have departed,
But all be present, fair and sweet,
And healed the broken-hearted.
There mourn no more o'er broken ties,
For death no more will sever;
There love and life all 'round us lies—
We live and bloom forever.

AMERICUS.

Barter

[From the German of Krummacker.]
THE SETTING SUN.

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

The sun is setting brightly;
How clear he looks, and sprightly;
How like a friend he seems to gaze,
While slowly sinks his golden blaze!

This is the way he preaches,
And *this* the truth he teaches:—
Who'er in goodness spends the day,
When evening comes, is always gay.

He walks from morn to even
His destined path through heaven,
And from his heavenly tent pour forth
Brightness and warmth o'er all the earth.

Then, when the day is ending,
He, to his rest descending,
Yet stays his downward course a while
To greet us with a farewell smile.

And now he is reposing;
Night shades are o'er him closing;
But with new splendor soon he'll rise,
And flame on high in eastern skies.

So tread the path before thee,
Of virtue, bliss and glory,
That, when the day of life is o'er,
Thy sun may rise in heaven to set no more.

BREATH OF SPRING.

Song from the German of Eichendorf, translated by John S. Dwight.

O'er the garden, hear the voices!
Birds of passage on their flight;
Spring is coming, earth rejoices,
Grass is springing all the night.

Shouting now, and now high weeping,
Feel I that it cannot be!
Wonders of the Past come creeping
With the moonlight in to me.

And the moon, the stars, they tell it,
Dreamy forests hush the sign,
Nightingales in sweet notes swell it:
"She is thine, is only thine!"

LIFE.

The days of infancy are all a dream:
How fair, but oh! how short they seem—
'Tis life's sweet opening spring.

The days of youth advance:
The bounding limb, the ardent glance,
The kindling soul they bring—
It is life's burning summer time.

Manhood—matured with wisdom's fruit,
Reward of learning's deep pursuit—
Succeeds as autumn follows summer time.

And that, and that, alas! gone by;
And what ensues? The languid eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercast;
'Tis winter's sickening, withering blast,
Life's blessed season—for it is the last.

[Robert Southey.]

left alone and wondering.

She paced the town in all directions, hoping to meet him; but nowhere was her husband to be seen. Worn and weary, she was observed from the window of a lodging-house, and a sojourner invited her to walk in and rest. The table was covered with good cheer, of which the good-natured woman (for it was by one of the better sex that the invitation was given) had freely partaken, and she pressed her guest to follow the example. She told her, with open heart, that she and her husband had come over from America to draw a legacy of £200, and, in the prospect of such good fortune, they had made merry, and wished everybody about them to do the same.

Our Manchester matron now began to "smell a rat." She held her tongue, however, and partook of the refreshments before her. While so occupied, in rolled her husband, overcome by strong drink. Then came a "scene." The man was face to face with two wives, neither of them slow of speech, and one of them filled with an "ardent spirit." She and he, yielding at length to the strength of their potations, fell fast asleep. Now was our countrywoman's opportunity—and it was not wasted. The legacy was whipped out of his pockets; the first train for Manchester was taken; and when the faithless emigrant awoke, he found that the only end of his voyage had been to place his lawful wife in possession of her kinsman's bequest. Whether the "two berths" are now occupied by the parties who took them, our informant sayeth not.—*Gateshead Observer.*

glided roofs and silver door locks
about our sleepless nights.
It is a worthless fellow who tries to
himself.

The Venetian who attempted to snuff
out the gas-light with his fingers, screamed
"Bloody murder, your pecky candlestick's
a-fire!"

Fashion's varieties have two faults — they
are hollow-headed, and hollow-hearted.
If you want to sleep quietly, don't praise
another woman while your wife is undressed.

THE RICH MAN AND THE POOR

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

I wonder if the rich man prays,
And how his morning prayer is said;
He'll ask for health of days,
But does he pray for 'daily bread'?

When by his door, in posture meek,
He sees the poor man waiting stand,
With sunken eye and careworn cheek,
To beg employment from his hand.

And when he tells his piteous tale
Of sickly wife and children small,
Of rents that rise, and crops that fall,
And troubles that the poor befall.

I wonder if the rich man's thought
Mounts free, as nature's hymn, to heaven
In gratitude, that happier lot,
By Providence to him has given.

And does his heart exult to know
He too like Heaven, hath power to give?
To strengthen weakness, soften woe,
And bid hope's dying lamp revive?

And when around his gladsome hearth,
A troop of friends the rich man greet,
And songs of joy, and smiles of mirth
And grace to flattery's homage sweet.

I wonder if his fancy sees
A vision of those wretched homes,
Where want is wrestling with disease,
And scarce a ray of comfort comes.

O world, how strange thy lots are given;
Life's aim how rarely understood!
And men—how far estranged from heaven,
If heaven requires a brotherhood.

INTERESTING TALES.

The Poor Scholar and the Cats.

A Scene in a Sky Parlor.

BY FALCONBRIDGE.

Many years ago, when I was an orphan of some ten or twelve years' growth, accident threw into my father's way, an elderly, sedate, seedy-looking gentleman of the old school, named Jackson. He was a scholar of no ordinary literary and scientific attainments; but misfortunes, and a sorrowful story to confess, liquor, had

Fifty years ago these mountains were famous as the resort of bears and wolves, and the neighboring farmers were often troubled by the depredations of the latter ferocious animals. A man by the name of Folsom, who then lived at the foot of Mount Belnap, was one night by what he supposed to be a fight between his neighbor's dog and his own; but on going out to part them, he found himself face to face with a large wolf, that in attempting to carry off one of his pigs, had been attacked by the faithful watch-dog. Folsom, physically speaking, was a powerful man; but a fight with a "ravenous wolf," entirely weaponless as he was, with nothing but his bare hands, seemed rather a desperate chance, whatever might have been his muscular strength; but there was no backing out. Like Captain Elderberry at the sham fight, he must either "conquer or die"—and although it was a desperate struggle, he did conquer. Grasping the wolf by the throat with his left hand, he held him as firmly as a vice, and it is said that he actually mauled him to death with his right fist, receiving for the exploit a bounty of thirty dollars from the town. The man, I am told, is still living at an advanced age, and known, from that time to this, by the cognomen of "Wolf Folsom."

CONSISTENCY!

The American Mechanic, (Poughkeepsie,) justly remarks:—A man growls at paying a shilling for a loaf of bread, thinking he ought to get it for eleven-pence, and the same evening takes his family to witness the feats of a magician, for the purpose of being humbugged, knowing they will be humbugged, and willingly pays a dollar for the privilege! Another is too poor to pay a dollar for a newspaper, but can spend two shillings every night at the tavern, and not miss it.—Another is too poor to pay a few dollars, but can attend concerts and negro performances that come along. Another wants a mechanic to work for nine and sixpence a day, when he demands ten shillings, and watches him to see that he labors faithfully, and the next day hires a horse and wagon, at the expense of two dollars, to travel ten miles to see a horse race. Another "beats down" an old woman a penny on a bunch of radishes, and before getting home spends two shillings in treating his friends.

corner of the literateur's garret was a small packing box, from which once in a while protruded the long, sharp, black snout of a pet racoon. On a perch along side of the chimney sat a parrot jabbering away for dear life. A few rickety old chairs, a broken table covered with old books, papers and writing materials, a few pieces of cooking apparatus, crockery, a furnace and a barrel of charcoal, finished very nearly the tout ensemble of the poor scholar's lone, and, to me at least cheerless garret.

I delivered my message, and the old gentleman showed me and described his coon, parrot, books, and other curious matter about him; and after exacting a promise from me to call next morning and go over the river to Jersey with him, he made me a present of a biography of that great yankee philosopher, old Ben Franklin, and I left. So much for the preliminary matters; now for the pith of my business you friend reader—the poor scholar and the cats.

The next day, as I had promised, I visited Mister Jackson. After doing up some edibles, fishing-tackle, &c., in a basket, not omitting his little flask of gin, the old man and I proceeded to the Arch street ferry boats which were propelled by superannuated and mostly blind horses, on a tread wheel; the engineer of that day was a man, with a cart whip; and he bestowed no few whistling chirps and whacks of the whip to keep the machinery going. Alas poor old horse boats, you have gone away of all flesh, and you'll soon be forgotten.

That day, Mister Jackson and I passed about Cooper's Cove, fishing, eating and gathering catnip, which latter article grew in the greatest profusion about that vicinity. Towards sundown, gathering up our fish and catnip, we toddled down to the ferry, crossed the river, and about dark, tired and as laden as a huckster's donkey, Mister Jackson and I reached the garret. The gentleman made a fire, cleaned and soon cooked his fish, and boiled his coffee. I little needed his second invitation to sit up bub and take something. 'Supper over, I was very sleepy, and old Mister Jackson insisted on my turning into his little bed and staying all night; so while busy sorting out the catnip, and giving it up to the rafters to dry, I doffed little breeches, &c., and turned in. Old man's bunk, sure enough; not going to make sundry inquiries as to whether the racoon ever bit any body, or about the room at night! Mister Jackson assured me all was right, cooney disturbed any body; and the old fellow from his perch, also repeating the words of his classical master, assured me I never 'studed any body!' wherefore of all fears or suspicious on my part, I invoked Morpheus and slept. Long or loud I slept I could not tell, but a rattling noise overhead accompanied by sundry feline 'mow mow, pur pur-r-r wow's' broke the thread of slumber; and first thinking, despite the assurance of Mister Jackson and the contrary, that cooney committed some nocturnal depredations, I called the old gentleman.

'Mister Jackson, what's that?' 'A bub?' replied the old man.

'Mow, wow.'

'Quoth I again.

'Mow, pur-r-r-r, wow.'

And the old man now was as truly as myself that an enemy was in the room, and faith, by their noise and on the roof overhead, there appeared many of the varminths carrying on. 'Pur-r-r-r-ow! wow, wow, mow, mow,' they augmented. The roof of Mister Jackson's 'sky parlor' joined and the same size of those of his neighbors, and there was a whole square of roof together with roof joining and going to the other all the cats of the families of the adjoining tenement, and really seemed to gather

for a revel on Mister Jackson's roof. 'Mow, ow, ow, pur-r-r-ow wow.' Murder! how they began to brawl, bicker and carry on over head to a most alarming crisis.

'Curse and blast me!' said the old gentleman, sliding out of bed to reconnoiter. 'Pur-r-r-r wow, gow wow phiz wow.' They now began to quarrel and flare up, and as the old man groped around the garret to get his tinder-box to make a light, two or three heavy mousers dropped down through the open trap door, or scuttle, on the floor.

'Ah scat you, you varminths!' shouted Mister Jackson; 'you're coming right on to a body, eh?' Whereupon the old man, knowing distinctly the localities of the garret, better than he seemed to know where his tinder-box was, seized an old broom and made a dash around with it upsetting the old coons box who not liking such mysterious civilities, 'hak-a-aka'd' ferociously, and setting my nerves into a perfect terpidation.

'Hist, scat you devils! hist, hist!' and the old man skited the broom about while the cats bounded up the scuttle on to the roof again, and all hands appeared to scamper off.

The old coon barked a little, which was echoed by the parrot, and Mister Jackson, with admonitions for his pets to be still, crawled into bed again; venting strong epithets on the whole cat species. The weather was very warm, and the tropical situation of Mister Jackson's lodgings made it necessary to leave the scuttle door thrown open. No sooner had the old gentleman coiled away again, when plump fell something through the scuttle on to the floor, which the parrot hailed immediately by singing out.

'What's that, daddy?'

Plump! in came another and plump in came a third, while the whole raft kit and branch of brawlers seemed instantly assembled again on the roof with their 'pur-r-r-r, wow, ow!'

'Why, cuss'em! what do they mean?—The very old boy seems in the varminths,' and out went the old gentleman on to the floor again. The cats 'yow, wow'd,' and purred and fought, and those inside scampered up the scuttle, while Mister Jackson searched in vain for his tinder-box and candle. Finding his search fruitless, the old man again seized the broom for the bawling and brazen cats threw themselves thick and fast into the garret and he swept about and scattered and hissed like a trojan. The cats flew around, something made a plunge on to the bed, and I, supposing the old coon, for whom I had a holy horror, had lit upon me, bawled out.

'O! Mister Jackson, the coon's got a hold o'me! O! O!'

Lay still, the coon's all right, it is the devils. His scat ye devils! what on earth possesses ye tonight?' and around trotted the old man hissing and scratching to the great disturbance of the parrot, kept bawling.

'What's that, daddy?'

'Hold your tongue, poll. Scat, ye wretches, hist, scat!' and just then the coon came in for a knock and he 'hak-a-aka'd' out again in glorious style! The cats and there seemed five wagon loads of them now raised one of the most elaborate and universal rows I ever heard.

'Who made yo-o-ar co-o-at?' bawled one in a most perfect baby voice.

'To-o-m the ta-a-y-lor, wow, wow!' responded another.

'Then I'll ta-r-r-r it,' squalled another, and at it they went, squalling 'wow-wow-ow!' in strains long and loud enough to wake the whole neighborhood! The cats now made a complete foray into the garret, while Mister Jackson plied his broom, chunked them with pieces of coal, knocking down his traps and raising an awful clatter while the coon barked, and poll she sung out—

The rose of Herculaneum, the most beautiful of flowers, emits no fragrance; the bird of paradise, the handsomest of birds, sings no song; the cypress of Greece, the finest of trees, yields no fruit.

An freshman caught a horned toad in his hand, and dropped it and exclaimed, "Be jabbers, what kind of beast do your birds have in a monkey's name?" "Why, yes, St. Paul like a horse! Because he saved Timothy."

"Harry, did you ask Hicks for that money?" "Yes, what did he say?" "Nothing, he just kicked me into the road. That's all he said."

"Have you said your prayers, John?" "No, mum; it ain't my work. Bill says the prayers, and I the amen!" "We agreed to do it so, because it comes shorter."

"Why didn't you catch that coon when you got so near him in the tree, Cuffee?" "Case, massa, one of us fell our-hump on the ground, and when I look round, I found 'twas dis nigger heaf!"

The squirrel jumps from branch to branch the first, from beam to beam. To a spectrator, what would you recognize?—A "stand!"

"Darkey, can you tell me," said Sambo, "why no nigger ebbler deat broke?" "Case he always hab a scent about him." "Yah, yah, Sambo! got you this time. It's a bad scent, so de nigger broke, after all."

One hot day in the month of June, a sunburnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road, when his crutch broke in his hand and he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sit down waiting till some coach or cart came by, when the driver he could ask to take him up. The first that passed by was a stage coach; but the man who drove it was a surly fellow, and would not help the sailor, as he thought should not be paid for it.

Soon after this, the tired sailor fell fast asleep upon the ground, and though a shower of rain came on, yet still he slept; and, when on board their ships, have to fight with the elements of weather.

When the wind blows, the waves of the ocean dash over the deck of the vessel, and the poor men to the skin, when they are pulling the ropes and shifting the sails.

When the lame sailor awoke, he found his coat and waistcoat laid on his head shoulders, to keep him from being wet; and boy sat by in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and so strong twine.

"My good lad," said the sailor, "why did you pull off your own clothes to keep me from being wet?"

"I," said he, "I do not mind the rain; but thought the large drops that fell on your face would wake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep so sound upon the ground. See! I have almost mended your crutch, which was found broken; and if you can lean on me, across yonder field to my uncle's farmhouse, am sure he will get you a new crutch. Please do try to go there. I wish I was tall enough to carry you on my back."

The sailor looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "When I went to sea five years ago, I left a boy behind me, and if I should now find him such a good fellow as you seem to be, I shall be as happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on crutches all the rest of my life."

"What was your son's name?" the boy asked.

"Tom White," said the sailor, "and my name is John White."

When the boy heard these names he jumped up, threw his arms around the sailor's neck, and said, "My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy."

How great was the sailor's joy; thus to meet his own child, and to find him so good to those who wanted help. Tom had been taken care of by his uncle while his father was at sea, and the sunburnt, lame sailor found a happy home in the farmhouse of his brother, and though he had now a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all strangers who came to the farm as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.

FAIR PLAY.—A nobleman, resident at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements of the feast were ready.

For the Nantucket Mirror.

THE WILD BIRD'S SONG.

Hark, 'mid the beauty and gladness of morn,
Sweet on the air is a melody borne,
Joyous to me is the song that I hear
For the thought it stirs to my soul is dear!

Happy in freedom that song is poured forth,
Soon may such freedom be spread o'er the earth,
God speed the day, when, rejoicing and free,
All, like the wild-bird, enjoy Liberty.

God speed the day when our brother, the slave,
Joys like our own, and true freedom shall have;
When all shall be equal, and all shall be free,
And each to the other a brother shall be!

No song from a caged bird sweet is to me,
As the son just warbled, joyous and free,
Hark, still I hear it, oh soon may such sound,
Anthem of Liberty, earth echo round.

Nations are striving this freedom to share,
Who too long a yoke submitted to wear;
Thrones are now tottering; welcome such deeds!
True struggle for freedom to victory leads!

Away with each King, away with each throne,
And let but one vast Republic be known!
The song of the wild bird shall yet echo sweet
From those who the splendor of that day shall greet.

Soon shall it come, oh, the time is not far;
Sovereign ascendant shall shine Freedom's star,
When men shall be brothers, and mind shall be free,
And God shall be worshipped and sects shall agree.

P. A. C.

The Bachelor's Complaint.

Written on the late marrying panic in Cheshire, by a young Cheshire bachelor.

They're stepping off, the friends I know,
They're going, one by one;
They're taking wives to tame their lives,
Their jovial days are done.
I can't get one old crony now
To join me in a spree;
They've all grown grave domestic men,
They look askance at me.

I hate to see them sobered down,
The merry boys and true,
I hate to hear them sneering now
At pictures fancy drew.
I care not for their married cheers,
Their puddings and their soups,
And middle-aged relations round,
In formidable groups.

And though their wives perchance may have
A comely sort of face,
And at the table's upper end
Conduct themselves with grace,
I hate the prim reserve that reigns,
The caution and the state,—
I hate to see my friends grow vain
Of furniture and plate.

Oh! give me back the days again
When we have wandered free,
And stolen the dew from every flower,
The fruit from every tree.
The friends I loved—they will not come,
They've all deserted me;
They sit at home and toast their toes;
Look stupid, and sip their tea.

Alas! alas! for the days gone by,
And for the friends I've lost;
When no warm feelings of the heart
Were chilled by early frost.
If these be Hymen's boasted joys,
I'd have him shun my door,
Unless he'd quench his torch, and live
Henceforth a bachelor!

AUCTION SALES.

BY N. WATERMAN.
Office Corner of Union and South Water Sts.

BE WISE IN TIME.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," 'tis said,
That word we now offer, and hope 'twill be read,
By the youth and the maiden, the pretty and good,
And by those who through many a winter have stood;
A word of advice, please listen, then start
And visit the place known as Waterman's Mart.

This is an age of improvement, and we, wishing to keep pace with the times, have had our heretofore spacious store very much enlarged. The work is now completed and ready for the reception of the people. We shall still continue to point of variety not to be outdone. We were never better sell goods at our former low prices. We were never better prepared to do business than at the present, having a store 30 by 50 feet on the lower floor, and 5 large rooms in the chambers, all of which are filled with the largest variety to be found in the city. Our friends and the public will always find our humble self on hand to attend to their calls.

A word about Trunks, Carpet Bags and Valises.—We shall continue to sell the above articles at our former low rates. We shall never conform to the custom of selling two Trunks a day at two dollars profit on a Trunk; we had rather sell ten and make three dollars on them, it makes our customers feel so much better.

N. W. would say that he intends to change to some extent his business relations, at or near the close of the present year. Circumstances at this moment will not allow of my issuing a programme of my contemplated movements, or to particularize to any great degree upon the immense stock of Goods now offered for sale at the never-to-be-forgotten Auction Mart. The stock now on hand will be sold very cheap, therefore I call upon those who patronize our Mart, to report themselves forthwith, for you shall be liberally dealt with. We respectfully invite all to come and mingle with the immense congregation who nightly visit the Mart, to hear the sweet melodious strains of our voice as it breaks upon the night breeze. We close this advertisement with a few sublime touches from the pen of our poet, who says—

Since Punch has taken up the glove
For our progressive nation,
N. Waterman will try his fist,
In Yankee Doodle fashion.
For Jonathan is hard to beat,
And so is Nehemiah;
His Auction Mart is now tip-top,
But still is going higher!

Yankee Doodle, &c.
He snaps his thumb at the "World's Fair,
And dares its competition;
They did not have a stock like his
In all the exhibition.
For he has Clothing, Trunks and Knives,
And goods of every nation,
Besides some things so very cheap,
They do defy creation.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
He has Muskets, too, of Uncle Sam,
Are first rate things for the hands,
When gone on shore to have a gam,
Among the Tongo islands.
He has every thing his friends can wish,
From Broadcloths down to Razors,
And those he cannot serve at once,
He'll soon find out a way, sirs.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
His Fiddles and Accordions, too,
Are mostly French and German,
His volumes bound in gilt, a few,
From Song Books to a Sermon.
And there are Coats, and Vests and Pants,
And Shirts and Dickies, too, sir—
If your underpinning needs a change,
A very handsome Shoe, sir.

Yankee Doodle, &c.
N. WATERMAN, Auctioneer.

A paper announces the marriage of R. Wolf to Mary Lamb. "The wolf and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them"—after a while.

Barter.

"So you've been home to Connecticut to keep Thanksgiving, have you?" said Brown to Smith, at the dinner-table, on the day of the latter's return.

"Yes," was the matter-of-course reply.

Now, Brown was a sharp fellow (at least in his own opinion), and a lurking grin had begun to steal over his phiz in such a knowing way that we outside barbarians began to listen.

"Let me see," said Brown, musing a moment, "don't they make horn gun-flints, wooden pumpkin-seeds, and wooden nutmegs down in Connecticut?"

"O, yes," said Smith, quite unconcerned; "but they sell them elsewhere."

'Twas evident Brown had not made much thus far. His grin was losing its glee.

"Well, Smith," said Brown, returning to the charge, "what kind of nutmegs do you think I should make if I was worked up?"

'Twas a most singular and in fact an unaccountable question, and 'twas evident Smith regarded it as such, for he laid down his knife and fork, and gazing deliberately at Brown's face, while a shadow stole over his own, he sadly shook his head.

"You wouldn't answer at all—not at all," said he; "there's too much sap in you. They use the clear wood."

The conclusion of the sentence was hardly heard; but when the uproar ceased, Brown's face had changed in its expression. He was evidently "a disappointed man."—*Hartford Times.*

On it's being reported in a party of ladies that a Capt. Silk had arrived in town, they exclaimed, with one exception—

"What a name for a soldier!"

"The fittest name in the world," rejoined a witty female, "for silk can never be worsted."

A BUCK, while being measured for a pair of boots, observed—"Make them cover the calf." "Heaven!" exclaimed the astounded snob, surveying his customer from head to foot—"I have not leather enough."

THE WIFE'S LEGACY.—A Domestic Romance.

Not long ago, a married man emigrated from Manchester to America, leaving his wife behind, with an understanding that he would send for her when he had the means of bearing her expenses. After his departure, a legacy of £200 was left her by a relative, which she could not draw without his participation; and he, being apprized of the fact, returned home, and received the money. There was now no obstacle to her removal to the land of his adoption, and he took berths for two in an emigrant ship. Strolling together through the streets of Liverpool, a narrow alley sucked him in, and she was left alone and wondering.

She paced the town in all directions, hoping to meet him; but nowhere was her husband to be seen. Worn and weary, she was observed from the window of a lodging-house, and a sojourner invited her to walk in and rest. The table was covered with good cheer, of which the good-natured woman (for it was by one of the better sex that the invitation was given) had freely partaken, and she pressed her guest to follow the example. She told her, with open heart, that she and her husband had come over from America to draw a legacy of £200, and, in the prospect of such good fortune, they had made merry, and wished everybody about them to do the same.

Our Manchester matron now began to 'smell a rat.' She held her tongue, however, and partook of the refreshments before her. While so occupied, in rolled her husband, overcome by strong drink. Then came a 'scene.' The man was face to face with two wives, neither of them slow of speech, and one of them filled with an 'ardent spirit.' She and he, yielding at length to the strength of their potations, fell fast asleep. Now was our countrywoman's opportunity—and it was not wasted. The legacy was whipped out of his pockets; the first train for Manchester was taken; and when the faithless emigrant awoke, he found that the only end of his voyage had been to place his lawful wife in possession of her kinsman's bequest. Whether the 'two berths' are now occupied by the parties who took them, our informant sayeth not.—*Gateshead Observer.*

What is good to raise a man's spirits? Praising people is like the great opiate—Laudanum.

Old rods and silver door locks cannot shut out sleepless nights. It is a worthless fellow who lives only for himself.

The Venetian who attempted to smother the candle with his fingers, screamed "Bleed! murder, your posy candlestick!"

Fashion's votaries have two faults—they are hollow-headed, and hollow-hearted. If you want to be quietly, don't praise another woman while your wife is uncomplacant.

THE BROKEN CRUTCH.

One hot day in the month of June, a poor, sunburnt sailor, with but one leg, was going along the road, when his crutch broke in halves and he was forced to crawl on his hands and knees to the side of the road, and sit down to wait till some coach or cart came by, whose driver he could ask to take him up. The first that passed by was a stage coach; but the man who drove it was a surly fellow, and he would not help the sailor, as he thought he should not be paid for it.

Soon after this, the tired sailor fell fast asleep upon the ground, and though a thick shower of rain came on, yet still he slept; for sailors, when on board their ships, have to bear all sorts of weather.

When the wind blows, the waves of the sea dash over the deck of the vessel, and wet the poor men to the skin, when they are pulling the ropes and shifting the sails.

When the lame sailor awoke, he found a boy's coat and waistcoat laid on his head and shoulders, to keep him from being wet; and the boy sat by in his shirt, trying to mend the broken crutch, with two pieces of wood and some strong twine.

"My good lad," said the sailor, "why did you pull off your own clothes to keep me from being wet?"

"I," said he, "I do not mind the rain; but I thought the large drops that fell on your face would awake you, and you must be sadly tired to sleep so sound upon the ground. See! I have almost mended your crutch, which I found broken; and if you can lean on me, and cross yonder field to my uncle's farmhouse, I am sure he will get you a new crutch. Pray do try to go there. I wish I was tall enough to carry you on my back."

The sailor looked at him with tears in his eyes, and said, "When I went to sea five years ago, I left a boy behind me, and if I should now find him such a good fellow as you seem to be, I shall be as happy as the day is long, though I have lost my leg, and must go on erod the rest of my life."

"What was your son's name?" the boy asked.

"Tom White," said the sailor, "and my name is John White."

When the boy heard these names he jumped up, threw his arms around the sailor's neck, and said, "My dear, dear father, I am Tom White, your own little boy."

How great was the sailor's joy; thus to meet his own child, and to find him so good to those who wanted help. Tom had been taken care of by his uncle while his father was at sea, and the sunburnt, lame sailor found a happy home in the farmhouse of his brother, and though he had now a new crutch, he kept the old one as long as he lived, and showed it to all strangers who came to the farm as a proof of the kind heart of his dear son Tom.

FAIR PLAY.—A nobleman, resident at a castle in Italy, was about to celebrate his marriage feast. All the elements were propitious except the ocean, which had been so boisterous as to deny the very necessary appendage of fish. On the very morning of the feast, however, a poor fisherman made his appearance with a turbot so large, that it seemed to have been created for the occasion. Joy pervaded the castle, and the fishermen was ushered with his prize into the saloon, where the nobleman, in the presence of his wistors, requested him to put what price he thought proper on the fish, and it should be instantly paid him.

"One hundred lashes," said the fisherman, on my bare back is the price of my fish, and I will not bate one strand of whip cord on the bargain."

The nobleman and his guests were not a little astonished, but our chapman was resolute, and remonstrance was in vain. At length the nobleman exclaimed, "Well, well, the fellow is a humorist, and the fish we must have, but lay on lightly, and let the price be paid in our presence."

After fifty lashes had been administered, "Hold, hold," exclaimed the fisherman, "I have a partner in the business and it is fitting he should receive his share."

"What, are there two such madeaps in the world?" exclaimed the nobleman; "name him, and he shall be sent for instantly."

"You need not go far for him," you will find him at your gate, in the shape of your own porter, who would not let me in until I promised that he should have half of whatever I received for my turbot."

"Oh, oh," said the nobleman, "bring him up instantly, he shall receive his stipulated moiety with the strictest justice!"

This ceremony being finished, he discharged the porter, and amply rewarded the fisherman.

THROWING ACROSS THE RIVER. On the bank of the Hudson river, in one of the villages that dot its shores, a lot of idlers were standing, seeing which could throw stones the farthest into the stream. A tall, raw-boned, slab-sided Yankee, and no mistake, came up and looked on. For a while he said nothing till a fellow in a green jacket, the leader of the party, a conceited broth of a boy, began to try his wit on Jonathan.

"You can't come that," said he, as he hurled a stone away out into the river.

"May be not," said Jonathan; "but up in our country we've a purty big river, considerin', and tuther day I hove a mau clear across it, and he came down far and square on the other side."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled his auditors.

"Wal, naow, yew may laff, but I can dew it again."

"Do what?" said the green jacket, quickly.

"I can take and heave you across that river yonder, just like open and shut."

"Bet you ten dollars of it."

"Done," said the yankee; and drawing forth an X (upon a broken down-east bank), he covered the bragger's shiplaster.

"Kin you swim, feller?"

"Like a duck," said green jacket, and without further parley the Vermonter seized the knowing Yorker stoutly by the nape of the neck and the basement of his pants, jerked him from his foothold, and with an almost superhuman effort dashed the bully heels over head from the bank, some ten yards into the Hudson.

A terrible shout ran through the crowd as he floundered into the water, and amidst the jeers and screams of his companions the ducked bully put back to the shore and scrambled up the bank, half frozen by this sudden and involuntary cold bath.

"I'll take that ten spot," if you please," said the shivering loafer, advancing rapidly to the stake-holders. "You took us for greenhorns, eh? We'll show you how to do things down here in York," and the fellow claimed the twenty dollars.

"Wal, I reck'n yew wunt take no ten spots jis' yit, captn'."

"Why? You've lost the bet."

"Not edactly. I didn't kalkilate on denin it the first time; but I tell you I kin dew it," and in spite of the loafer's utmost efforts to escape him, he seized him by the scruff and the seat of his overalls, and pitched him three yards further into the river than upon the first trial!

Again the bully returned amidst the shouts of his mates, who enjoyed the sport immensely.

"Third time never fails," said the Yankee, stripping off his coat; "I kin dew it, I tell ve."

"Hold on!" said the almost petrified victim.

"And I will dew it, if I try till to-morrow mornin'."

"I give it up," shouted the sufferer between his teeth, which now chattered like a mad badger's; take the money."

The Vermonter very coolly pocketed the ten spot, and as he turned away remarked:

"We ain't much acquainted with your smart folks daown here in York, but we sometimes take the starch aout of 'em up our way; and p'raps yew wunt try it ontu strangers agin. I reck'n yew wunt," he continued, and putting on a broad grin of good humor, he left the company to their reflections.

The following poetry handed to us by a friend, who we know greatly enjoyed its perusal, we submit to our readers, hoping they will all take the gentle hint:—

THE SIDEWALKS.

Why don't the people ash their walks?

I think it is a pity
That folks should be so 'tarnal slack
In this our famous city!
For if, to court the zephyrs cool,
You venture out at even,
Your head will court the icy walks,
Your heels, the stars in heaven!

'Why don't the people ash their walks?'

Cries out one, as he launches,
And sliding off a yard or two,
Comes down upon his haunches!
It's worse than walking in the mud,
Makes men appear quite baulky—
And the ladies shuffle it along
As if they danced the polka!

Then let each one, where'er he dwells,
With liberal hand spread ashes;
So that we all may safely walk,
Nor stand in fear of smashes.
But if you don't regard this hint,
Both married men and single,
I'll scold so hard next time I write,
That all your ears will tingle!

A SHARP INTELLECT.—George Smith do you recollect the story of David and Goliath?

'Yes sir. David was a tavern-keeper and Goliath was an intemperate man.'

'Who told you that?'

'Nobody. I read it—and it said that David fixed a sling for Goliath, and Goliath got slewed with it.'

Battles painted by artists are invariably drawn battles.

POP GOES THE QUESTION.

List to me, sweet maiden, pray;

Pop goes the question!

Will you marry me, yea or nay?

Pop goes the question!

I've no time to plead or sigh,

No patience to wait for bye and bye,

Saare me now, or I'm sure to dy,

Pop goes the question!

"Ask papa," Oh, fiddle de de!

Pop goes the question!

Fathers and lovers can never agree,

Pop goes the question!

He can't tell me what I want to know,

Whether you love me, yes or no,

To ask him would be very slow,

Pop goes the question!

I think we'd make such a charming pair,

Pop goes the question!

For I'm good looking, and you're very fair,

Pop goes the question!

We'll travel life's road in gallant style,

And you shall drive me to other mile,

Or if it please you, all the while,

Pop goes the question!

If we don't have an enchanting time,

Pop goes the question!

I'm sure I'll be no fault of mine,

Pop goes the question!

To be sure my funds make a feeble show,

But love is nourishing food you know!

And cottage rents uncommonly low,

Pop goes the question!

Then answer me quickly, darling, pray,

Pop goes the question!

Will you marry me, yea or nay,

Pop goes the question!

I've no time to plead or sigh,

No patience to wait for bye and bye,

Saare me now, or I'm sure to dy,

Pop goes the question!

ONE'S heart must needs melt over this feeling, appealing colloquy between a storekeeper and his customer:

STOREKEEPER.—That's a bad fifty-cent piece. I can't take it. It's only a bad silvered over."

"Well," replies the customer, "admitting such to be the fact, I should say that the ingenuity displayed in the deception might induce you to accept it. Admire, sir, the devotion of the artist to the divine idea of LIBERTY the idol of us all!—He, having wrought her effigy in humble lead, in order to make it worthier of that glorious impression, resorts to the harmless expedient of silvering it over! And shall we harshly repudiate his work? Oh, no, Sir! you'll take it, I know you will!"

"Enough said;" he *did* take it!

KILLING FOWLS.—Only turkeys and geese should be bled to death; the flesh of chickens becomes dry and insipid from loss of blood. The best plan, says the Poultry Journal, is to take a blunt stick, such as a child's bat or wooden sword, and strike the bird a smart blow on the back of the neck; about the third joint from the head. Death follows in a moment.

MARRIAGES.

In this town, on Sunday evening last, by George Cobb, Esq., Mr. Andrew S. Ellis, to Miss Mary E. Reynolds, both of this town.

In Providence on the 29th ult., by Bishop Clark, at Grace Church, Mr. George W. Cobb, of this town, to Miss Hannah M. Noyes, daughter of John I. Noyes, of Providence.

DEATHS.

In this town on Saturday morning last, after a lingering illness, Oliver C. Gardner, Esq., aged 76 years.

Thus hath passed from earth, another highly respected citizen, who, for his probity of character, benevolent and self-sacrificing disposition, has ever occupied a lofty position in the estimation of his fellow townsmen. For many years a government officer, always at his post, discharging his various duties with that promptness and fidelity which characterized him as a man. As a mechanic he had few superiors. He leaves a widow, and a large family of children, sons and daughters; among the former are some of our most energetic and successful ship-masters, and among the latter, those whose brilliant intellect is proverbial—a family reflecting the highest honor upon their worthy progenitor whose absence they mourn. The closing years of Mr. Gardner's life were spent in retirement, enjoying the society of those around which his deepest affection's clung, and the respect of the entire community, who, although his years numbered nearly fourscore, would gladly have retained him in their midst.

"Do not forever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common: all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity." [Editor.

HISTORICAL EVENTS

Connected with the Civil War in America, from Dec. 6th, 1860 to May 7th, 1861.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

1860.

DECEMBER 6—The Legislature of South Carolina passed a bill to place the State upon a war footing.

8—Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury, resigned.

10—A Committee of 33, on the State of the Union, was appointed in the United States House of Representatives.

14—Lewis Cass, Secretary of the United States, resigned. President Buchanan appointed a Fast for the 4th of January.

17—The South Carolina Convention met at Columbia. A bill for arming the States of North Carolina passed the Senate, 41 to 3.

18—Senator Crittenden of Kentucky offered a series of resolutions in the U. S. Senate, proposing amendments to the Constitution, which would practically reestablish the Missouri Compromise, prevent the interference of Congress with slavery in the States, and provide for the faithful performance of the Fugitive Slave Law. The South Carolina Convention adjourned to Charleston.

20—the South Carolina Convention unanimously adopted an ordinance of secession.

23—The Indian trust fund defalcation was made known.

24—Governor Pickens issued a proclamation, declaring that South Carolina was a separate, sovereign, free and independent State, with power to levy war, make treaties, etc. A secession meeting was held in New Orleans. The members of the U. S. House of Representatives from South Carolina resigned.

26—Major Anderson transferred the U. S. garrison at Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumter, in Charleston Harbor. The South Carolina Commissioners, appointed to treat with the Federal Government, arrived in Washington.

27—The Governor of South Carolina received offers of troops from Georgia and Alabama.

28—The Palmetto flag was raised over the Custom House and Post Office at Charleston, S. C. Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie were taken possession of by South Carolina Militia. A great Union meeting was held at Memphis, Tenn.

29—John B. Floyd, Secretary of War resigned because of the refusal of the President to withdraw the Federal troops at Fort Sumter.

30—South Carolina troops took possession of the Arsenal at Charleston.

31—Senator Benjamin of Louisiana made a secession speech in the United States Senate.

1861.

JANUARY 1—The South Carolina Convention passed an ordinance to define and punish treason.

2—Captain Charles Stone was appointed by Gen. Scott to organize the militia in the District of Columbia. Forts Pickens and Jackson, and the United States Arsenal at Savannah, were seized by Georgia State troops. Fort Macon and the United States Arsenal at Fayetteville were seized by North Carolina State troops.

3—The demands of the South Carolina Commissioners were refused by the President. The Florida State Convention assembled at Tallahassee.

4—Fort Morgan and the United States Arsenal at Mobile were seized by Alabama State troops. The National Fast was generally observed.

5—South Carolina Convention adjourned, subject to the call of President. Steamship Star of the West left New York with 250 artillerymen and marines.

7—Alabama Convention met at Montgomery. Major Anderson's removal to Fort Sumter sustained by the U. S. House of Representatives. The Governor of Virginia, in a message to the State Legislature, condemned the hasty course of South Carolina, but opposed Federal coercion. The Mississippi Convention met at Jacksonville.

8—Forts Johnson and Caswell, at Smithville, where seized by North Carolina. Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, resigned.

9—The 'Star of the West,' bearing reinforcements for Major Anderson, was fired at in Charleston harbor. The Mississippi State Convention passed an ordinance of secession.

10—Fort McRae, at Pensacola, was seized by Florida.

11—Hon. John A. Dix was confirmed as Postmaster-General, in place of Hon. Joseph Holt, appointed Secretary of War. The U. S. Arsenal at Baton Rouge, and Forts Pike, St. Phillip and Jackson were seized by Louisiana. The Florida Convention adopted an ordinance of secession—61 to 39. Judge Jones of the U. S. District Court for the Southern District of Alabama, declared the Court 'adjourned forever.' Banquet given to John B. Floyd at Richmond, Va. An Abolition meeting at Rochester, N. Y., was broken up.

12—Fort San Carlos de Barrancas and the Navy Yard at Pensacola were seized by Florida. Senator Seward made a great Union speech in the U. S. Senate.

15—Maj. Gen. Sanford tendered the 1st Division N. Y. State Militia to the Commander-in-Chief.

17—South Carolina voted to organize the nucleus of a standing army.

18—The Mass State Legislature tendered to the President of the U. S. aid in men and money.

19—State Convention of Georgia adopted an ordinance of secession, 208 to 89.

20—Wendell Phillips, in a speech at Music Hall, declared himself to be a disunionist, and said he was glad to see the movement of South Carolina.

21—U. S. Senators from Georgia, Alabama and Florida formally withdrew from Congress. Postal service in Florida was discontinued.

22—Sherrard Clemens of Virginia made a Union speech in the U. S. House of Representatives.

24—The annual meeting of the Mass Anti-Slavery Society, in Boston, was broken up. The U. S. Arsenal at Augusta, Georgia, was surrendered to Governor Brown.

25—The Rhode Island Personal Liberty Bill was repealed by the Legislature.

26—The Louisiana State Convention adopted an ordinance of secession.

27—The Grand Jury for the District of Columbia made presentments of Ex-Secretary Floyd for maladministration in office, complicity in the abstraction of Indian Bonds, and conspiracy against the Government.

31—The Attorney General of South Carolina made proposals to Government in behalf of state, to buy Fort Sumter. The U. S. Branch Mint and the Custom House at New Orleans were seized by the State authorities.

FEBRUARY 1—The Texas Convention passed an ordinance of secession, subject

to ratification by the people Feb. 23d.

4—The Commissioners to the Peace Conference proposed by Virginia, met at Washington, and organized by choosing Ex-President Tyler to preside. The Congress of the seceded States assembled at Montgomery, Ala.

8—The Montgomery Congress agreed to a Constitution and Provisional Government, and elected Jefferson Davis President, and Alexander H. Stephens Vice President of the 'Southern Confederacy.' The Little Rock (Ark.) Arsenal was surrendered to the State.

9—Tennessee voted by a large majority to remain in the Union.

13—The Virginia State Convention met at Richmond.

18—Jefferson Davis was inaugurated as President of the Provisional Government of the Southern Confederacy.

21—The Montgomery Congress passed an act declaring the free navigation of the Mississippi river.

23—The United States property and army posts (with the exception of Fort Brown) in Texas were delivered to the State by Gen. Twiggs.

27—The Peace Convention recommended certain amendments to the Constitution, and adjourned without day.

28—Senator Crittenden of Kentucky presented the recommendations of the Peace Convention in the Senate, and favored their adoption. Mr. Corwin's proposed amendment to the Constitution passed the House of Representatives.

MARCH 1—Gen. Twiggs was expelled from the U. S. Army.

4—Mr. Corwin's proposed amendment to the Constitution passed the Senate. The 36th Congress adjourned *sine die*. President Lincoln was inaugurated. Troops in Washington were under arms to prevent an apprehend attack from the secessionists.

5—Jefferson Davis appointed Gen. P. G. T. Beauregard to the command of the Confederate troops at Charleston, S. C.

9—The Congress of the Southern Confederacy passed an act for the establishment and organization of an army.

12—The Confederate Commissioners, Forsyth and Crawford, sent a communication to the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward.

13—Bill modifying the Massachusetts Personal Liberty Law passed by the Legislature.

15—Secretary Seward replied to the communication of Forsyth and Crawford, declining official intercourse.

16—The Montgomery Convention adjourned to May 13th.

22—A meeting was held at Frankfort, Alabama, opposed to secession.

28—The vote of Louisiana on secession was published in the New Orleans papers, as follows: For Secession, 20,448; against Secession, 17,296.

APRIL 3—The South Carolina Convention ratified the Constitution of the Confederate States by a vote of 114 to 16.

4—An ordinance of Secession to be submitted to the popular vote was offered in the Virginia Convention, and rejected by a vote of 89 to 45.

5—The steamers Atlantic, Baltic, Illinois, and Ariel were chartered by Government to take troops and provisions to the South.

8—The Governor of South Carolina was notified by the Federal Government that supplies would be sent to Major Anderson, 'peaceably, if possible, otherwise by force.'

11—The Confederate State Commissioners left Washington for Montgomery. Before their departure Secretary Seward expressed a peaceful policy on the part of the Government. General Beauregard demanded the surrender of Fort Sumter, at 2 p. m.; at 6 p. m., Major Anderson

replied that his 'sense of honor and his obligations to his Government, would prevent his compliance' with the demand.

12—At 4.30 a. m., Fort Moultrie opened fire upon Fort Sumter; and the batteries on Mount Pleasant, and Cummings Point, and also the floating battery, opened soon after. At 7 a. m., the fire of Fort Sumter was opened on all these points.

13—At 12.55, p. m., the flag of Fort Sumter was lowered, and the fort was soon after surrendered upon honorable terms. The Virginia Commissioners, Hon. Messrs. Preston, Stuart and Randolph, waited upon the President, and presented the resolutions under which they were appointed.

14—Major Anderson evacuated Fort Sumter, after saluting his flag.

15—The President issued a proclamation, calling for 75,000 volunteers for three months' service, to suppress insurrectionary combinations. In the same proclamation, and extra session of both Houses of Congress was called for the 4th July. Large and enthusiastic Union meetings were held all over the Northern and Western States. The Governor of Massachusetts issued orders to the Colonels of the 3d, 4th, 6th and 8th regiments of Massachusetts Volunteer Militia to report with their several commands, on Boston Common, forthwith. Governor Magoffin of Kentucky, in reply to Secretary Cameron's despatch calling for troops, says:—'Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States.'

16—The four regiments of Massachusetts Volunteers ordered to report for service, in Boston, began to arrive there at 9 o'clock in the morning, many of the men having left their homes with not more than two hours' notice. Gov. Letcher of Virginia, in reply to the call for troops from that State, says: 'The militia of Virginia will not be furnished to the powers at Washington for any such use or purpose as they have in view.' Gov. Ellis of North Carolina, telegraphed to the President that he could not respond to the call for troops, as he had doubts of his authority and right to do so. A bill appropriating \$3,000,000, for war purposes, passed the New York Legislature. The government of the Southern Confederacy called for 32,000 men, 2,000 from Florida and 5000 from each of the other seceded States.

17—The 6th regiment M. V., Col. E. F. Jones, left Boston in the evening for Washington, via Providence and New York. The 3d regiment M. V., Col. D. W. Wardrope, and the 4th regiment, Col. A. B. Packard, left Boston for Fortress Monroe. Jefferson Davis issued a proclamation inviting applications for letters-of-marque and reprisal. Gen. Cass made a speech in support of the Government at Detroit, Michigan. An exciting secession meeting was held at Baltimore, Md. Gov. Letcher of Virginia, issued a proclamation, in which the independence of the Confederate States was recognized. The Virginia State Convention passed 'an ordinance to repel the ratification of the Constitution of the United States.'

18—Gov. Harris of Tennessee, in reply to the President's call for troops, says, 'Tennessee will not furnish a single man for coercion, but fifty thousand, if necessary, for the defence of our rights or those of Southern brothers.' Gov. Jackson of Missouri, in reply to the call for troops, says the 'requisition is illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical, and cannot be complied with.' John Bell and other prominent citizens of Tennessee issued an address, advocating neutrality. Harper's Ferry Arsenal was destroyed by its garrison, to prevent its falling into the hands of the secessionists. The 8th regiment of Mass. volunteers, Col. Monroe, left Boston for Washington.

Brig. Gen. B. F. Butler went with them. Gen. Hicks of Maryland issued a proclamation, assuring the people that no troops would be sent from that State, unless it might be for the defence of the National Capital. Great Union meeting held in Louisville, Ky.

19—The Massachusetts 6th regiment was assailed by a mob in its passage through Baltimore, en route for Washington. Four Mass. soldiers killed, and several wounded. The President issued a proclamation ordering the blockade of the ports of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana and Texas, and declaring that if any person, acting under the pretended authority of said States, shall molest a vessel of the United States or the persons or cargo on board, such persons shall be deemed guilty of piracy. Gen. Scott issued an order extending the military department of Washington, so as to include the District of Columbia and the States of Maryland, Delaware and Pennsylvania, and appointing Major Gen. Patterson to the command. Gov. Hicks of Maryland and Mayor Brown of Baltimore informed the President that it was not possible for soldiers to pass through Baltimore unless they fought their way. President Lincoln replied that no more troops would pass through the city for the present. The City council of Philadelphia appropriated \$1,000,000 to equip volunteers and support their families.

20—A mob from Baltimore destroyed the railroad bridges on the line to Philadelphia. The Gosport Navy Yard, opposite Norfolk, Va., was burned by U. S. officers, to prevent its falling into the hands of the secessionists; U. S. ships Pennsylvania, 74 guns; Delaware, 74; Columbus, 74; steam frigate Merrimac, 44; frigate Raritan, 44; frigate Columbia, 44; sloop Germantown, 22; sloop Plymouth, 22; brig Dolphin, 8; and the frigate United States (in ordinary), in the harbor, were scuttled and set on fire. The value of the property destroyed was estimated at \$50,000,000. John C. Breckenridge made a speech at Louisville, Ky., denouncing President Lincoln's proclamation as illegal. A great mass meeting called by the leading citizens of New York city, was held in Union Square. The citizens of Taunton, Mass., presented Major Robert Anderson a sword. The U. S. Arsenal at Liberty, Mo., was seized by rebels.

21—The Mass. 5th regiment started for Washington; also the 6th, 12th and 71st regiments of New York. A mass meeting held in State street, Boston, to aid Col. Fletcher Webster in raising a regiment of volunteers. The U. S. Branch Mint at Charleston, N. C., was seized. The burial of the American flag was publicly celebrated at Memphis, Tenn.

22—Gov. Hicks presented a communication to the President, urging the withdrawal of troops from Maryland, a cessation of hostilities, and a reference of the National dispute to the arbitration of Lord Lyons. Secretary Seward replied that the troops must pass through Maryland, and that our troubles could not be referred to any foreign arbitration. Gen. Robt. G. Lee was appointed by the Virginia convention 'Commander of the military and naval forces of Virginia.' The Common Council of New York passed an order, appropriating \$1,000,000, to equip volunteers and provide for their families. The New York Seventh Regiment arrived at Annapolis, Md., and were joined there by the Massachusetts Eight, with Gen. B. F. Butler.

23—Gen. Butler took military possession of the Annapolis and Elk Ridge Railroad. Gov. Hicks protested against it. John Bell and Edwin H. Erwing made a speech at Nashville, Tenn., advocating 'resistance to the attempted subjugation of the South.' The 1st regiment of South Carolina volunteers left Charleston for the seat of war on the Potomac.

24—Gov. Magoffin of Kentucky issued

a proclamation, calling upon the State to place herself in a condition of defence. The Legislature of Vermont appropriated \$1,000,000 for war purposes. Gen. Cushing made a speech in support of the Government at a flag raising in Newburyport.

25—Fort Smith, in Arkansas, taken possession of by State troops. Col. Van Dorn, of the State troops Texas, captured 450 U. S. troops at Salina. General Harney, on his way to Washington, was arrested by the Virginia authorities, at Harper's Ferry. The steamship Cahawba was seized at New Orleans, but afterwards released. The Legislature of Maine appropriated \$1,300,000 for war purposes. The Maryland Legislature met at Frederick. Gen. Butler stated that if they passed an ordinance of secession, he would arrest the entire body. Gov. Letcher of Virginia issued a proclamation announcing the transfer of the State to the Government of the Southern Confederacy. Senator Douglas made a speech before the Illinois Legislature, urging immediate action in the support of the government.

26—Gov. Brown of Georgia issued a proclamation prohibiting the payment of Northern debts till the end of hostilities, and directing the payment of the money into the State Treasury.—Gov. Ellis of North Carolina issued a proclamation convening the General Assembly in special session, and calling the proclamation of the President a 'high-handed act of tyrannical outrage.'

27—Gen. Scott was authorized by the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus in the military district between Washington and Philadelphia, if found necessary to the public safety.—Col. J. K. F. Mansfield was appointed to the command of the 1st military department, Brig. Gen. B. F. Butler to the 3d, and Major Gen. Patterson to the 4th.—Southerners employed in the Departments at Washington resigned and left for the South, refusing to take the oath of allegiance.—Hon. Edward Everett delivered a Union speech at a flag raising in Union Square, Boston.—A mass meeting was held under the old Washington elm at Cambridge Mass.—The President issued a proclamation extending the blockade to the ports of Virginia and North Carolina.

29—Wm. C. Rives, Senator Hunter, Judge Brockenbrough, and Messrs. Preston and Camden were appointed by the Richmond, Va., Convention, delegates to the Montgomery Congress.—The Maryland House of Delegates voted against secession, 53 to 13. The State Senate published an address, signed by all the members, denying the intention of passing an ordinance of secession.—Jefferson Davis sent a message to the Congress at Montgomery, in which he stated that there were in the field, at Charleston and the forts in the South, 19,000 men, and 16,000 en route for Virginia.

30—The Toronto Leader, the Government organ, in an editorial, expressed fear that Canada might become involved in the war, and advocated an armed neutrality. The citizens of Philadelphia addressed a congratulatory letter to Lieut. Gen. Scott. General Harney was released by Gov. Letcher. The school teachers of Boston offered to relinquish a large percentage of their salaries during the continuance of the war.

MAY 1—The bodies of the three Massachusetts soldiers of the 6th regiment, who were killed in Baltimore on the 19th of April, arrived in Boston, and were received by the Governor and Staff, and placed in the Vassal tomb, under King's Chapel. The American flag was raised on the steeple of the Old South Church. The Baptist Convention of Georgia submitted a communication to the Congress at Montgomery, endorsing the acts of the Confederate Government, and requesting them to proclaim a day of fasting and prayer.

2—Judge Campbell, of the United States

Supreme Court, who resided in Alabama, sent in his resignation.

3—The President issued a proclamation calling for 82,748 additional men for the army and navy of the United States. The Governor of Virginia issued a proclamation authorizing the Commanding General to call out, and muster into service, such additional volunteers as he might deem necessary. The Legislature of Connecticut passed a bill appropriating \$2,000,000 for war purposes. Gov. Jackson of Missouri, in a message to the Legislature, justified the action of the Confederate States, but did not recommend immediate secession. The privateer *Savannah* (No. 1) of the Confederate States, was captured by the U. S. brig *Perry*.

4—A great Union meeting was held at Wheeling, Va.

5—A body of troops under the command of Gen. B. F. Butler, arrived at the Relay House nine miles from Baltimore, and encamped.

6—Virginia was admitted into the Southern Confederacy, in secret session of the Confederate Congress. The Arkansas Convention passed an ordinance of secession, 69 to 1. The act recognized the existence of war between the United States and the seceded States, which had passed the Congress at Montgomery was made public. The correspondence between Mr. Faulkner, late American Minister to Paris, and Secretary Seward was published.

[To be continued.]

THE OLD FAMILY CRADLE.

Laid in the garret, where darkness and dust
Are the sole wardens of many a trust,
Silently standing amid its compeers,
Mute mementoes of many a score years,
Shapeless and homely, a cast-aside thing,
Thus the old family cradle I sing.

Once with vermillion its coating was gay,
Now all its brightness is faded away;
Worn is the paint from the sides and the head,
There no soft coverlid longer is spread,
And the stiff rockers creak over the floor
Like a rheumatic, limb-weary and sore.
Yet there are thoughts full of goodness and grace
Brightening with beauty the homeliest face;
Speak to us now of the years that are fled,
Changed are the living and peaceful the dead;
What are thy memories mournful and glad,
Family histories, mirthful or sad?

Once a young mother bent over thy side,
Fair, as a maiden, and blest, as a bride,
There were warm kisses and tears of delight,
And the kind angels looked pleased at the sight.
While the old cradle rocked gently away
Seeming in musical murmurs to say,
"To and fro, to and fro, little one, sleep—
Angels their watch o'er thy cradle shall keep;
To and fro, to and fro, thus as we rock,
Softly and solemnly ticketh the clock,
And the swift moments, while hurrying by,
Lullaby, lullaby, sing as they fly."

But the light moments bear years on their wings—
Summer and Autumn and Winter and Spring
Quickly succeeding, pass quickly away,
And the young parents are careworn and gray.
Children are gathered by table and fire,
Blessing and honor to mother and sire.

Still the old cradle rocks steadily there,
Still there are treasures to trust to its care.
He who its pillow in infancy prest,
Soothed by the song of a mother, to rest,
New in his manhood stands proud at its side
Watching the sleeper with fatherly pride.
And the old cradle as lovingly still
Guards like a casket its jewel from ill.

Gone are the aged ones now to repose,
Sleep which nor dreaming nor weariness knows—
Gone are the children who grew by their side
Far from the home of their childhood and wide.
And the old cradle, forsaken, forlorn,
To its long rest in the garret is borne.

Yet not forever its usefulness o'er,
In age it is summoned to service once more.
Another new-comer, bewildered, astray,
Would sleep in thy bosom, its troubles away.
But alas for the love that its sorrows would share,
Alas! for the ceaseless and weariless care,
A guardian sterner is sought in thy room,
And the sleep of the cradle exchanged for the tomb.

Rest, then, old friend, in a quiet profound,
Stirred not or startled by movement or sound.
Or if the wind, with its deep, mournful sigh,
Bring to thee memories long since gone by,
Softly as one who may murmur in sleep,
Rock in thy dreams, and thy solitude keep.

J. K. L.

HOW TO REFUSE A LOAN.—A young city clerk, who felt inclined for a trip to the seaside, called upon a friend. "Hal, my dear boy," said he, "I'm off for my holiday, and I find I'm a trifle short; lend me a ten, will you?" Hal, after a pause, which apparently included a mental examination of his financial arrangements, replied, "Well, Phil, to tell you the truth, I do not feel—disposed—at present—to make any—permanent investments."

[Written for The Journal.]

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

[A soldier, whose wife was in a decline and evidently had but a few weeks longer to live, had received notice that his regiment was to proceed at once to the defense of our national capital.]

He was devotedly attached to his wife, and taking her hand tenderly in his, he told her that his country had summoned him to her defense; adding that he left it to her to decide whether he should go or stay.

With a heroism which finds its parallel only in those times which tried the souls of men and the hearts of women, she bade him go. Though well she knew, as he drew her fondly to his heart, that she should never more behold him until they met in that home of peace and love into which the tumult of war never enters.]

Said a stately form, upspringing,
While his stirring accents, ringing,
Sounded like some martial strain,
"Lo, I hear my country calling!
Unavenged her sons are falling!
By their treacherous brothers slain."

"Shall I hear that call unheeding?
Shall I see her wronged and bleeding?
All my strength and valor needing,
And my righteous wrath restrain?
By the flag that waves above me!
By the cherished hearts that love me!
Neither doubt nor fear shall move me!
I will Freedom's cause maintain!"

Gentler, softer thoughts came o'er him,
As a slight form rose before him;
Mournful was the look she gave,
Like a broken lily lying,
Well he knew that she was dying,
That each winged moment flying,
Bore her swiftly to the grave.

Fondly on her pale cheek gazing,
To his lips her thin hand raising,
Tender grew his voice, and low;
"Well I know how much 'twill grieve thee;
Speak, dear love, 'tis hard to leave thee!
Shall the patriot's ranks receive me?
Tell me, shall I stay, or go?"

On his face her dark eyes turning,
All her soul within her burning,
Still every tender yearning
That would keep him by her side,
"Shall my woman's tears restrain thee?
Shall my clasping arms detain thee,
When thy country calls?" she cried.

"Dearer than the dearest brother,
Loving sire or tender mother,
To my heart there is no other!
Naught have I on earth beside!
What am I that thou should'st heed me?
Go! the God of Freedom speed thee!
As of yore, His hand shall lead thee
Safely o'er the stormy tide."

"Freely to thy country giving
Health, and strength, and life, while living,
Live, our land to guard and save!
All her traitorous foes defying,
Never wavering, never flying,
In her cause, if wounded, dying!
Die, as die the true and brave!"

Thus she spoke, his grief beguiling,
Yet, though brightly, softly smiling,
Heavy grew her heart with pain,
As she felt his arms enfold her,
Knowing that he ne'er would hold her
Warmly to his heart again.

Where seraphic strains are breathing,
There the angels' hands are weaving
For her head the martyr's crown;
Who, with steps that did not falter,
Upon Freedom's holy altar
Laid the best beloved down.

M. G. H.

Nashua, N. H., May, 1861.

BOTH SIDES.

A man in his carriage was riding along,
A gallily dressed wife by his side;
In satins and laces she looked like a queen,
And he like a king in his pride.

A wood-sawyer stood on the street as they passed,
The carriage and couple he eyed,
And said, as he worked with his saw on a log,
"I wish I was rich and could ride."

"The man in the carriage remarked to his wife—
"One thing I would give if I could—
I would give all my wealth for the strength and good health
Of the man who is sawing the wood."

A CURIOUS BUSINESS. The author of "Photographs of Paris Life," one day, on asking a young girl what her occupation was, was told, by way of reply, "I am an *avanceuse d'ouvrage* (advancer of work)." "And what, pray, is that?" "Why, you see, monsieur, there are an immense number of ladies who begin all sorts of fancy work—crotchet, worsted work, or knitting, and such things, on which they work in the evening, when the husband goes out to the club, the opera, or any place to which madame does not happen to accompany him. The lady, perhaps, has an engagement of her own, to which, as soon as monsieur is out, she flies. The work is brought to me or I go and fetch it; and next morning, right early, I take it back. After breakfast, madame exhibits triumphantly her work of the evening before, and monsieur praises her industry, never dreaming that madame was amusing herself, and that other hands had made the evident progress in the work."

He who has no respect for religion, can have no true respect for himself.

"AND ONE PRIVATE KILLED."

Cold words, to tell a mother's doting love
That her old age was desolate indeed—
That the proud stay of her declining years
Was taken from her at her utmost need.

Brief words—yet it was terrible to feel
The bitter woe their scanty limits held!
Small joy it seemed in that still hour to know
The field was taken and the foe was quelled.

Was it for this they sent him forth in pride,
A mother's blessing on his boyish head,
A sister's kisses on his beardless lip—
Thus to receive him—voiceless, cold, and dead?

He was their all, perchance, they loved him so!
He went; and now—O breaking hearts be still—

Columbia's blessing on her bravest sons
Hallows the grave his precious form shall fill.

God bless him! no delusive hopes of gain,
No glittering glory lured his youthful eye;
Loving his country with a boy's proud love,
He thought it little for her sake to die.

And so he went—and thus they bear him home,
The crimson stain upon his golden hair,

The hush of death upon the hero heart—
The heart so eager then to do and dare.

And though on earth no trumpet sound his fame,
Royally angel harps in Heaven shall tell

How, with his young soul full of holy zeal,
The brave boy-patriot for his country fell.

—Chicago Record.

A TIGER STORY.

"Lucy and Fanny were two little girls who lived with their father and mother in London. When Lucy was six and Fanny five years old, their Uncle George came home from India. This was a great joy to them; he was so kind, and had so much to tell them about far-away places, and strange people, and animals, and things, such as they had never seen. They never wearied of hearing his stories, and he did not seem to weary either of telling them.

One day after dinner they both climbed on his knees, and Lucy said,

"O, Uncle, do tell us a tiger story!"

"Very well," said he, "I will tell you a story about a tiger and a baby, which happened to some friends of my own. This gentleman and lady had one sweet little baby, and they had to take a very long journey with it, through a wild part of India. There were no houses there, and they had to sleep in a tent. That is a kind of house made of cloth, by driving high sticks firmly into the ground, and then drawing curtains all over them. It is very comfortable and cool in a warm country where there is no rain; but then there are no doors or windows to shut as we do at night, to make all safe.

One night they had to sleep in a very wild place, near a thick wood. The lady said,

"O, I feel so afraid to-night; I cannot tell you how frightened I am. I know there are many tigers and wild animals in the wood; and what if they should come out upon us?"

Her husband replied,

"My dear, we will make the servants light a fire, and keep watch, and you need have no fear; and we must put our trust in God."

So the lady kissed her baby and put it into its cradle; and then she and her husband knelt down together, and prayed to God to keep them from every danger, and they repeated that pretty verse,

"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."

In the middle of the night the lady started up with a loud cry,

"O, my baby! my baby! I dreamed just now that a great tiger had crept below the curtains and ran away with my child!"



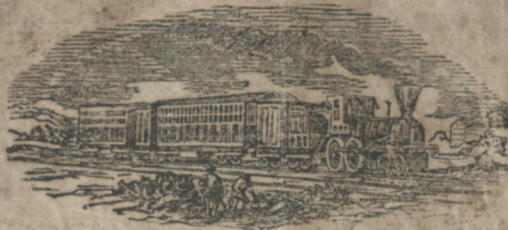
SECURED

BY THE

PLEDGE

OF
INDUSTRY, TRUTH,
HONOR,

AND
FIDELITY.



STATE OF
INDUSTRY



BANK OF INDUSTRY

I promise to pay to the Bearer on demand,

**Ten Dollars, if I do not sell articles cheaper
than any body else. For Myself & Co.**

John Burke, N. Y.



And when she looked into the cradle the baby was not there! O, you may think how dreadful was their distress. They ran out of the tent, and there in the moonlight they saw a great animal moving toward the wood, with something white in his mouth. They wakened all the servants, and got loaded guns, and all went after it into the wood. They went as fast and yet as quietly as they could, and very soon they came to a place where they saw through the trees that the tiger had laid down and was playing with the baby just as pussy does with a mouse before she kills it. The baby was not crying, and did not seem hurt. The poor father and mother could only pray to the Lord for help, and when one of the men took up his gun, the lady cried,

"O, you will kill my child!"

But the man raised the gun and fired at once, and God made him do it well. The tiger gave a loud howl, and jumped up, and then fell down again, shot quite dead. Then they all rushed forward, and there was the dear baby quite safe, and smiling as if it were not at all afraid.

"And did the baby really live?"

"Yes; the poor lady was very ill afterward, but the baby not at all. I have seen it often since then. You may be sure that often, when they looked at their child afterward, the parents gave thanks to God. It was He who made the mother dream and awake just at the right minute, and made the tiger hold the baby by the clothes so as not to hurt it, and the man fire so as to shoot the tiger and not the child. But now good-night, my dear little girls; and before you go to bed, pray to God to keep you safe, as my friends did that night in the tent."

THE HEROINE OF SARATOGA.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.

At the dark period of the Revolution which preceded the capture of Burgoyne on the plains of Saratoga, the friends of liberty, increased and driven almost to desperation, by the repeated success of the British arms and the cruelty with which the American prisoners were treated by the enemy, resolved to leave their domestic friends, march out to the battle field, and risk their all upon the hazard of a die. It was a fearful hazard. New York, Philadelphia and many other important places on the seaboard, were undisturbed possession of the invaders—the northern frontier was lined with a savage and blood-thirsty foe, and the little Spartan band, who swore, by the ashes of their fathers, to live free or die, were compelled to seek refuge in the interior, and patiently but anxiously wait for a favorable opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their oppressed country.

The entrance of Burgoyne into the State of New York, from Canada, with a powerful and well-disciplined army, created a fresh alarm and excited a spirit of patriotism among all classes and both sexes, which even the martyrs of Thermopylae might have envied.

Among the many who thought more of liberty than life was Hezekiah Everton, one of the pioneers of Western Massachusetts. He was among the first to raise the standard of liberty in New England, and embraced every opportunity of inculcating into the minds of his wife and son (who composed his whole family) the same patriotic spirit which animated him.

On a beautiful evening in August of 1777, Mr. Everton appeared more than usually agitated. He paced the room to and fro for a considerable time, as though in deep thought, and then requested his son to bring his inkstand and pen, and a sheet of paper; after which time not a word was whispered by any member of the anxious little family. He carefully folded the sheet, and still holding it in his hand, placed himself between his wife and son.

"Henry, are both guns ready?"

"Yes sir. I cleaned them both yesterday, and put in a new flint, for the purpose of pursuing the wolf that has made such havoc among our sheep. I was about to ask you to allow me to join a small party of our neighbors for the purpose to-morrow, the rogue cannot be far off, and I think he might be easily captured."

"Henry, did I ever refuse you a reasonable request?"

"No, father—on the contrary, you have granted me many an unreasonable one. But this is for our interest and we know that our long sizer seldom betrays us. Come, father, let us both go."

"Henry," replied the patriot, his eyes sparkling with youthful animation, "why should we hunt the wolf when a lion is in the neighborhood."

"A lion!" a lion exclaimed the old lady, "how did he get among us?"

"No matter how. He is among us and must be met and conquered. Henry have you any bullets cast?"

"Only a few—we are out of lead."

"Out of lead! go to the closet and get two of the heaviest pewter plates and melt them into bullets before you go to bed. The lion must be conquered, and both of us must join the party."

"But where is he, father?"

"I will explain my son. A division of the British army is near us, and anxious for plunder, and thirsting for blood. Gen. Stark has ordered out his militia, and calls earnestly on every patriot to join him. At dawn in the morning, we must start for Bennington."

"Hannah, put a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a few pieces of dried venison into our hunting pouches. And should I never return—for the first time a tear glistened in the eye of the patriot, but he dashed it from him and continued—Should I never return, this letter (reaching her the letter which he held in his hand) contains some instruction relative to the management of our worldly affairs."

She took the paper and deposited it in her bosom.

Henry promptly obeyed the instructions of his father, relative to converting the plates into bullets, and had scarcely finished them when his mother brought him a large pewter mug.

"Melt this also, my son; it cannot be put to a better use, and when you meet the enemy, let every shot count, but before you go bid farewell to Emeline, for it may be your last farewell."

"Yes, Henry," said the father, "I will cast the bullets, while you call upon Emeline. Tell her the bridal day must be postponed. Tell her to pray for the success of our arms, for the speedy emancipation of our country from the thralldom of despotism, and for our happiness."

Henry Everton and Emeline Wharton had been intimate from childhood. They had recently exchanged vows of eternal fidelity; and the day was appointed when those vows already recorded in Heaven, were to be ratified at an earthly altar.

The present unlooked for emergency was like a death blow to the youthful hopes of Henry, but he braced his nerves to meet it, as he rushed from his father's house to reveal it to Emeline. In ten minutes he was by her side. The deepest anxiety was depicted on his manly countenance as he spoke—Emeline.

Overcome by his emotion, he could say no more, and for the first time for many years his cheeks were moistened with tears.

"Henry?"

Another pause ensued. The anxious girl knew not what to fear, expect or hope, but she endeavored to prepare for the worst.

"Henry explain and relieve my suspense."

"Emeline, we must part, perhaps forever."

The bloom left her cheek, and she in vain attempted to rise, when Henry, forgetful of everything but her safety and welfare, caught her in his arms. The embrace was mutual, and restored to Emeline that confidence in Henry's fidelity which his last words had rendered doubtful.

"No more, Henry," said she, as she grasped his arm more closely; "a proof of your affection, no more. Obey your country's call. Should you fall, it would be in a righteous cause; but," she said, after a moment's hesitation, "but Henry, we shall meet again."

Another heartfelt embrace closed the scene, and Henry left the presence of his early love with a much lighter heart than when he entered it. Encouraged by her he could face the cannon, thoughtless of danger, in the hope of returning to his much loved home, a sharer in the honors of a glorious victory.

The parting of Mrs. Everton from her husband and son was brief and affectionate.

Her heart was full, but not a tear bedewed her aged cheek, and she gave them a blessing and urged them to depart.

On their arrival at Bennington, the bloody strife had already commenced. The odds were fearfully against our ill-armed and undisciplined militia, but the appearance of recruits, constantly approaching and joining them from ever quarter, encouraged Stark and his little band to hold out until their forces should justify them in making a bold but well planned *chevaux de frise*, in hopes to surprise and ensnare the enemy. The soldiers felt, moreover, that they were fighting for their firesides and little ones, the graves of their ancestors, and the consecrated altars of their religion, against the foe whose only fear was the displeasure of their royal master. These considerations nerved every arm, and animated each heart.

The battle was short and decessive, and in favor of the Americans. Many a fond wife on that day became a widow, many an anxious mother was doomed to consecrate the memory of a favorite son by her unavailing tears of sorrow, and many a maiden pressed to her anguished bosom the cold likeness as all that remained of her beloved departed.

Immediately after the battle of Bennington, a beardless youth, apparently not more than fifteen, offered his services to the commander of the company to which the Evertons were attached, and was accepted. He gave his name as Robert Wilbur. Notwithstanding his youth, his swarthy complexion indicated that he had been accustomed to labor under the scorching rays of summer's sun.

The company, with several others, set off with all possible dispatch, to join Gen. Gates at Saratoga, where it was expected that a severe and decisive battle would take place. Burgoyne was the more anxious for it, having ascertained that the American force was daily and hourly increasing.

Early in the evening of the 7th of October, a British sentinel introduced himself to one of the picket guards of the American army, in the character of a deserter from the British camp, and was immediately arrested as a spy and brought before General Gates. Alarmed for his safety, the prisoner offered to give the English countersign for that night, and remained a close prisoner until it could be ascertained whether or not he was deceiving them. Of the intended movements of the enemy he knew nothing. He gave the countersign to Gen. Gates, and was placed under a strong guard.

Taking advantage of this timely and unexpected intelligence, Gen. Gates immediately summoned a council of officers, in order to inquire whether any brave spirit could be found under their respective command who would voluntarily run the almost desperate risk of ascertaining as nearly as possible their intended movements. The project was immediately made known to a chosen few whose zeal in the cause could not be doubted, when about thirty of the number whose enthusiasm overcame all fear of danger, except for their common country, simultaneously volunteered to make the rash attempt.—Lots were cast, and the important and daring enterprise devolved on young Wilbur. For a moment even his apparently sunburnt cheeks could not conceal the flush with which they were suffused; but it was only for a moment a score of New England hunters offered them selves as his substitutes.

'No!' replied Wilbur, with firmness, 'should I consent, I should be deserving of a coward's fate. It has fallen to my lot, and let mine be the peril.'

'Hush, youth,' said the general, 'leave this dangerous undertaking to some of the many who have already offered their services, and who if they have no stouter hearts, must be supposed to have had more

experience, and to possess more physical energy than could possibly be expected in a lad of your age. I doubt not your patriotism, but old soldiers, and we have but few among us, are more efficient in such cases than a mere schoolboy.'

'Sir,' said Wilbur. 'I am not a schoolboy. My appearance deceives you. I have recently passed through a more trying struggle than this; then do not compel me either to shun that danger which would attend a failure, or the glory which would crown such an undertaking.'

'Enough,' replied the General, but remember on you, perhaps even more than myself, depends the fate of our gallant little army.

Then calling Wilbur aside, he gave him the English countersign, with such advice and directions as he thought would probably be of some service to the young soldier, who immediately commenced making preparations for placing himself between a bare chance for his life, and the almost certain death. Arrayed in the uniform of a British soldier, and wrapped in a dark cloak, he was conducted by an officer of the guard to the outposts of the American camp, when bidding farewell to his comrades, he started for the camp of the enemy.

He had now a moment for reflection. He thought of his late and happy home, of the parent whom he had left clandestinely, and the probability of never again meeting them on earth, but he thought of his country too, and pressed forward. In a short time he found himself within hailing distance of the British picket.

'Who goes there?' demanded a sentinel, in a rough voice.

'A friend.'

'Give the countersign.'

Wilbur advanced to the point of the sentinel's bayonet, and opening his cloak sufficiently to show his uniform whispered—

'Success.'

'Right,' replied the unsuspecting sentinel. 'What news from without?'

I have been in the rebel camp, was the reply. 'Their force is small, but rapidly increasing, and they are not expecting an attack from us for several days.'

'Then they will be disappointed,' replied the British soldier. 'Even now Gen. Burgoyne is preparing to attack them. Before sunrise we must be under arms.'

'I know it,' replied Wilbur, 'and they will fall an easy prey to us, but I must hasten to join my company,' and throwing off his cloak he was soon in the heart of the enemy's camp. There was all bustle and activity, in anticipation of the next day's conflict; and all were elated with the certainty of an ignoble victory.

Having satisfied himself after an hour's rambling among the tents, of the inability of procuring any further information, and aware of the importance of immediately conveying to the American General the little intelligence he had received, he cautiously but boldly left the camp in a different direction from that which he entered. He met no detention, until accosted by the picket guard.

'Who goes there?'

'A friend.'

'The countersign.'

'Success.'

'Whither bound?'

'For the camp of the rebel, in quest of intelligence, I shall be prepared with a disguise if I escape detection, I shall return to General Burgoyne before the dawn of tomorrow. If I return not you will know my fate.'

'Go then, and may God and the King protect you.'

He reached his anxious comrades in safety, and was soon in the presence of his General, where he had a conference a few minutes, when confidential messages were immediately prepared for a desperate struggle. Wilbur having changed his

dress was made bearer of dispatches to the different commanding officers of the regiment and company to which he was attached, which he was not backward to execute.

Just before dawn, a soft voice whispered in the ear of Henry Everton, as he was laying on his musket; 'take courage we shall meet again.' Before Henry could recover from his surprise the mysterious speaker disappeared; the next moment the drums beat loudly to arms.

It is unnecessary to repeat the bloody scenes of that eventful and that glorious day, the pages of history record them in letters which can never be effaced.

Immediately after the battle, General Gates' first inquiry was for the gallant youth whose deeds of daring had contributed so much to the success of the American Arms. But he was not to be found. It was ascertained however, from Everton by whose side Wilbur fought, that he had left the field a few moments before the close of the action, in consequence of having received a severe bayonet wound in the right hand. His last words to Everton as he dropped his musket and left the ranks, were 'conrage Henry, we may met again!' All search for the brave young hero proved fruitless.

On the evening of the 11th of October, a wounded soldier presented himself at the farmhouse of Isaac Wharton, and craved accommodations for the night. He bore the impress of extreme fatigue, and was readily admitted. After having partaken of a hearty meal, with which he seemed much refreshed, he recounted the principal incidents which attended the battle of Saratoga, and spoke with almost supernatural eloquence of its glorious termination.

After a moment's pause—'Stranger,' inquired the host, 'did you ever chance to meet a young soldier in the army by the name of Everton?'

'I did,' said Wilbur, scarcely able to conceal his emotion, 'and bravely did he acquit himself. I received this wound in my hand while fighting at his side. He escaped uninjured.'

'Thank heaven for his safety, but he little dreams what sorrow there is in store for him. I fear that he will never again embrace a beautiful bride, or we an only daughter.' Wilbur could hold out no longer.

'Father, mother, forgive, forgive your daughter!' and the next moment Emeline Wharton was in the arms of her mother!

Let those who imagine what cannot be described, picture the scene which followed this revelation.

On the surrender of Burgoyne, about five days after the general battle, Everton and his father were discharged, and reached home on the very day following the incident. After an affectionate welcome by his mother, Henry's first question was: 'How is Emeline?'

'Alas! my son.

Sobs and tears deprived her of utterance. Henry had forgot the laurels which his bravery had won, even patriotism itself was forgotten, as he hung in painful suspense over his weeping and fainting mother. Though his mind was on the rack to know the fate of Emeline, he refrained from asking any questions until she should become more composed. At this moment a sweet voice from the outer door fell upon his ear, 'Henry, we have met again!' The voice was familiar, he had heard it in the battle. Springing to the door to welcome the brave Wilbur, he encountered Emeline Wharton! It was long before he could be persuaded that the gallant soldier who so bravely fought at Saratoga, was his betrothed.

About three weeks afterwards, a gentle looking stranger, accompanied by a single servant, halted at a neat little cottage in Berkshire county, Massachusetts, in front of which sat a sturdy yeoman,

gulling to sleep, by humming 'Yankee Doodle,' a restless lad some two years old. 'My friend,' said the stranger, 'will you be so kind as to furnish me with a glass of water. Our horses too, need refreshment; you shall be rewarded.'

The father cast a scrutinizing glance at the stranger—

'General, I am already rewarded, if you will deign to enter my humble cottage!'

Further utterance was impossible; he thought of former scenes, and rushed from the presence of the distinguished traveller, he sought his young wife and whispered—'An old friend wishes to see you.'

Observing an unusual flush in the countenance of her husband, she anxiously inquired—'who is it?'

'I will show you,' said he, 'come with me.'

In the meantime the stranger dismounted and without ceremony entered the cottage, anxious to know by whom he had been recognized, in a section of country he had never before visited, and where he would least expect to be addressed by his military title.

He was met at the door by Henry Everton, leading by the hand the blushing Emeline, and bearing on the other their only pledge of youthful love.

'General Gates,' said Henry, 'do you remember Robert Wilber?'

'I do,' said the General, interrupting, 'where is he?'

'She is here,' returned Henry, pointing to Emeline.

'Thanks be to heaven for the discovery,' exclaimed the veteran hero, as he grasped the hand of the soldier's bride, and kissing the little one that was nestling uneasily in the hands of its father 'receive the blessing of an old soldier, who will never forget the Heroine of Saratoga.'

Fact and Fancv.

A Scotch old maid who was asked to subscribe to raise men for the king during the last war, answered "Indeed, I'll do nae sic thingr I never could raise a man for myself, and I'm not going to raise men for King George."

While his mother lives, a man has one friend on earth who will not desert him when he is needy. Her affections flow from a pure fountain, and cease only at the ocean of eternity.

An old lady wishing to show her minister how smart her son was, introduced him: "This is my son John—John, blow your nose."

We often hear of doctors agreeing to disagree; but were they ever known to disagree on one important point—killing?

An honest Hibernian tar, who was a favorite of Paul Jones, used to pray in these words every night when he turned in.—'God be thanked, I never killed a man, nor no man ever killed me. God bless the world, and success to the United States Navy.'

Vice stings us even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

Though the world was not made in a day, there are worlds of mischief made every hour in the day.

The 'small end of nothing' is decided to be the remnant of a bad reputation.

Question for a Debating Club—Which is the easiest mended—the gait of a snob, or the gate of a fence?

A Pennsylvania farmer, an enthusiastic Unionist, raised a large flag on his premises last week, and the same evening his wife presented him with a nine pounder.

When we see 'young ladies wearing red white and blue rosettes, are we to infer that they are ready for an engagement?

As editor out West, who served four days on a jury, says that he is so full of law that it is hard work for him to keep from cheating everybody.

There is no pain in the wound received in the moment of victory

If you would live innocently, seek solitude.

Avarice is destitute of what it has, as poverty of what it has not.

He who violates another's honor, loses his own.

God looks at the clean hands, not the full ones.

You need not seek twice for the rose already withered.

Look for a tough wedge for a tough log.

We should bear our destiny, not weep over it.

There is no mortal whom sorrow cannot reach.

It is better to have a little than nothing.

Equanimity is calamity's medicine.

The master who fears his slave, is the slave himself.

It is an unhappy lot which finds no enemies

It is an unhappy lot which an enemy does not envy

Happy is the man who dies before he prays for death.

Those who are teaching the people to read, are doing all that in them lies to increase the power and to extend the influence of those that can write.

'I can't see how you can sit and eat, while your wife is so sick.' 'Why, my dear fellow, it is not that I love my wife less, but that I like pancakes more.'

'My native city treated me badly,' said a drunken vagabond, 'but I love her still.'—'Probably,' said a gentleman, 'her still is all that you do love.'

Let friendship creep gently to a height; if it rush to it, it may run itself out of breath.

The human heart beats about seventy-two times in a minute, or in a life of sixty years, two thousand millions of times.

A man that can be flattered is not necessarily a fool, but you can always make one of him.

To the man of strong will and giant energy possibilities become probabilities, and probabilities certainties.

The injustice from which a man has most to fear is his own.

From the Beverly Citizen.

WAITING.

Waiting, waiting, wearily waiting,
Yearning for something which lingers so long—
et hoping, still hoping, and never repining.
Sure that in God's appointment there lurketh
no wrong.

Waiting, aiting, tearfully waiting
Darker the shadows, and denser the gloom,
earing, sometimes, while the blessing so lingers
That the light that I look for, shines over
the tomb.

Waiting, waiting, patiently waiting,
Praying the prayer that God will not deny;
ure that in God's own good time it is coming,
Sure that my blessing will come by-and-bye!

Waiting, waiting, hopefully waiting—
Learning a lesson of faith from the flowers,
aking at last from their long winter slumber,
Come to their blessing of sunshiny hours.

Waiting, waiting, joyfully waiting,—
Sure that the Love which remembers each
stem
Will still be unfailing,—ah! sure that, that
mercy
Forgetteth not me, which so careth for them.—

We believe that the following is a correct list of Nantucket persons now in service of the United States in the army or navy.

Tristram C. Allen,	Joseph S. Hussey,
Leander F. Alley,	William T. Hines,
Edward Alexander,	Obed H. Harris,
Benjamin Alley,	William W. Hilliker,
Charles H. Baker,	John Holmes, Jr.,
William R. Bunker,	George L. Imbert,
Washington I. Baker,	Obed S. James,
Charles F. Barnard,	Timothy Kelley,
Wm. M. Barrett, 2d,	William R. Kelley,
George R. Bailey,	Albert Killey,
Lemuel F. Bassett,	William C. King,
Reuben F. Barnard,	Charles Killeen,
Ariel C. Barnard,	Samuel Lowell,
Alexander Barker,	George S. Long,
William F. Barnard,	George N. Macy,
John L. Beekman,	John G. Mitchell,
Thomas H. Barnard,	David Myrick,
Francis I. Briggs,	Edward Marshall,
Patrick Conway,	Wm. Henry Macy,
Henry P. Cook,	David Morrow,
E. G. W. Cartwright,	Charles G. Macy,
David B. Coleman,	Peleg W. Morgan,
Edward P. Chase,	Edward P. Orpin,
John B. Chase,	Benjamin B. Pease,
Benjamin Cathcart,	George H. Paddock,
Thomas E. Coffin,	George C. Pratt,
Peter Chase,	Nelson Provost,
Rufus Coffin,	Thomas E. Paddock,
Henry F. Coffin,	Sampson Pompey,
Alfred Coleman,	Charles H. Pearson,
William S. Coon,	George F. Ryder,
John S. Chase,	Thomas Riddell,
William B. Drake,	Benjamin F. Ray,
John W. Davis,	Andrew W. Reed,
Benjamin C. Easton,	William H. Swain,
Stephen Easton, Jr.,	Levi Starbuck,
Ellery C. Folger,	James B. Skinner,
Isaac H. Folger,	John W. Summerhays,
Charles G. Folger,	Alvin C. Smith,
Charles C. Folger, 2d,	Albert Stackpole,
Charles C. Folger, 3d,	Clinton Swain,
Nathan F. Fish,	Edward M. Swain,
James Folger,	Cyrus Silvia,
Edward P. Greene,	Joseph Silvia,
Edward J. Godfrey,	George H. Tracy,
Benjamin S. Gibbs,	Shub'l M. Winslow, Jr.,
Thomas M. Gardner,	Edward B. Wilson,
Francis Gardner,	Benjamin H. Whitford,
William H. Gibbs,	William H. Wood,
Hiram C. Gardner,	George G. Wilson,
James Gifford,	James H. Wyer,
William C. Gruber,	George G. Worl,
Charles H. Gruber,	James A. Welcome,
Albert B. Holmes,	Edward H. Wing,
Jured M. Hunter,	Howard Vincent,
William R. Hathaway,	

Mr. George N. Macy, of this town, has been appointed 1st Lieutenant of Company I, of the 20th Regiment, under Col. Lee. The Regiment is now encamped at Readville near Dedham, and will be called into active service within forty days. Is a fine Regiment and wants but a few more men. Lieut. Macy is now here, for the purpose of enlisting men desirous of entering the service.

Capt. William Summerhays is making exertions to fill his company, and secure their acceptance by the State. The cause is a holy one, and the sons of Nantucket will doubtless respond. The occasion for such procedure is a melancholy one truly, but the government must be preserved, and the only way to effect this is to put all the men into the field that is possible to be raised.

We are glad to learn that Capt. Wm. R. Hathaway, of this town, has received appointment as Sailing Master and Acting Lieutenant in the U. S. Navy.

When good cheer is lacking, our friends will be packing.

Who practice not virtue in youth cannot fly sin in old age.

Words are nothing but wind, but seeing is believing.

All that some young women need to inflame their hearts is a Spark.

Why are church steeples like fish stores? Because they contain tongues and sounds.

Bridget says, you must talk to him.

HISTORICAL EVENTS

Connected with the Civil War in America, from May 6th, 1861 to October 4th, 1861.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

1861.

MAY 7—The contributions of the people of the North for the war, during the last three weeks, have amounted to \$23,277,000. The Governor of Tennessee sent a message to the General Assembly, announcing the formation of a military league between that State and the Confederate States.

8—The Richmond Examiner said: 'No power in executive hands can be too great, no discretion too absolute, at such moments as these. We need a Dictator.' The steamship Minnesota, the flag ship of the blockading squadron, sailed from Boston, with Commodore Stringham on board.

9—The Congress at Montgomery passed an act, authorizing Jefferson Davis to raise such a force for the war as he might deem expedient. The Legislature of Pennsylvania passed a bill appropriating \$3,000,000 for war purposes. The 1st regiment of Connecticut Volunteers left New Haven for the seat of war. The 1st regiment of Vermont Volunteers left Rutland for the war.

10—President Lincoln issued a proclamation authorizing the commander of the forces of the United States on the coast of Florida, to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and to remove from the vicinity of the United States fortresses all dangerous or suspected persons. The Winans steam gun was captured near the Relay House. The Maryland Legislature passed a resolution imploring the President of the United States to cease the present war. The rebel troops at Camp Jackson, St. Louis, Mo., were surrounded and compelled to surrender to Capt. Lyon of the U. S. forces. Gen. Sam. Houston, in a speech at Independence, Texas, declared his opposition to the coercive policy of the Federal Government.

11—The Queen of England issued a proclamation of neutrality. The U. S. steam frigate Niagara arrived off the bar of Charleston, S. C., and began the blockade of that port. A great Union Demonstration took place in San Francisco, Cal.

12—Gen. Harney, commanding the Military Department of the West, issued a proclamation at St. Louis, Mo.

13—The troops under Gen. Butler, at the Relay House, entered Baltimore and encamped on Federal Hill. Judge Giles of Baltimore issued a writ of habeas corpus, directing the delivery of a soldier, at Fort McHenry, but Major Morris refused to obey it. The Virginia Union Convention assembled at Wheeling.

14—Gen. Harney published an 'Address to the people of Missouri.' Ross Winans was arrested at the Relay House. The special session of the Massachusetts Legislature met. Gen. Butler issued a proclamation to the people of Baltimore, concerning his occupation of that city.

15—The Second Regiment of Maine Volunteers (the first to leave the States) started from Portland for Washington.

16—Brigadier Generals Butler and

McClellan were appointed Major Generals.

17—The Congress at Montgomery authorized the issue of confederate bonds to the amount of fifty millions of dollars, payable in twenty years, at an interest not exceeding 8 per cent.

18—Arkansas was admitted to the Southern Confederacy. The Military Department of Virginia, embracing Eastern Virginia to the summit of the Blue Ridge, and the State of North and South Carolina, was created, and Major General Butler was placed in command.

20—The North Carolina Convention passed an ordinance of secession. Gov. Magoffin of Kentucky issued a proclamation of neutrality.

21—General Price of the Missouri Militia, and General Harney, U. S. A. agreed upon plan to maintain the public peace. The Confederate Congress adjourned to meet at Richmond, Va., July 20. Jefferson Davis approved of the act repudiating Northern debts.

22—Maj Gen Butler arrived at Fortress Monroe and assumed command. In a speech at Atlanta Georgia, Howell Cobb proposed that the planters should sell half their cotton crop to the Government and accept bonds in payment. Maj Gen Sanford of New York was placed in command of the N Y troops at Washington.

23—The Massachusetts Legislature (special session) appropriated \$1,000,000 for war purposes, and adjourned sine die. The Kentucky Legislature passed a bill appropriating \$1,000,000 for war purposes. Gen. Patterson assumed command at Fort McHenry.

24—The city of Alexandria, Va., was captured by Federal troops. Col Elmer E Ellsworth, of N Y Fire Zouaves, was murdered at the Marshall House. An article on the 'Causes of the Civil War in America,' written by J Lothrop Motley, was published in the London Times. Jefferson Davis appointed the 13th day of June as a day of fasting and prayer.

25—Gen Butler decided that slaves were contraband of war. The First regiment of New Hampshire Volunteers left that State for war. John Merryman was arrested and confined in Fort McHenry.

26—Postmaster General Blair issued an order to the effect that all postal service in the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas and Texas would be discontinued from and after the 31st. Gen McClellan issued a proclamation to the Union men of Western Virginia.

27—A writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Taney, was served on Gen Cadwallader, a Fort McHenry, requiring him to produce the body of John Merryman before a Justice of the Supreme Court. The General answered that he was authorized by the President to suspend the writ of habeas corpus at his discretion. Brigadier General McDowell, U. S. A., assumed command of the Federal forces in Virginia, and relieved Major General Sanford, N. Y. S. M. The department of General McDowell included that portion of Virginia lying east of the Alleghanies and north of James River, exclusive of Fortress Monroe.

28—Brig. Gen. E. W. Pierce, Mass. Militia, was appointed to succeed Gen. Butler, promoted. In the case of Gen. Cadwallader, whose arrest for contempt of court was ordered, the Marshal re-

ported that he was refused admittance to Fort McHenry.

29—The American citizens in Paris had a breakfast at the Hotel du Louvre.

30—N P Banks of Massachusetts was appointed a Major General, and Robert C Schenck of Ohio a Brigadier General. Gen Butler having asked information from headquarters in reference to the matter of fugitive slaves, was ordered to retain such as came within his lines, employ them, and keep an account of their services and expenses.

31—Fight at Aquia Creek, on the Potomac, between the U. S. gunboat Freeborn and the rebel batteries. The Freeborn was beaten off.

JUNE 4—A number of skirmishes took place between the Federal and rebel pickets in the vicinity of Alexandria and Fairfax Court House. The rebels were routed at Philippi.

2—Gen Twigg appointed Major General in the Confederate army.

3—Gen Beauregard arrived at Manassas Junction and assumed command of the rebel forces. Senator Douglas died at Chicago.

4—Judge Taney's written opinion in the Habeas Corpus case of Merryman was published in the National Intelligencer.

6—A meeting was held at the Cooper

Institute, in New York, for the purpose of securing the co-operation of citizens in the endeavor to provide for the religious wants of volunteers.

8—Gov Hicks of Maryland issued a proclamation calling upon all persons having arms belonging to that State to surrender them. General T. A. Morris, commanding the U S troops at Phillippa, issued a proclamation announcing that Western Virginia was now free from secessionists. Addresses to the people of the United States and to the people of Kentucky, signed by J. J. Crittenden, James Guthrie and others, were published.

10—Major General Banks assumed command of the Department of Annapolis. A detachment of Federal troops from Fortress Monroe and Hampton, under command of Gen E W Pierce, met with a repulse in attempting to take Great Bethel.

11—In the Maryland Legislature, the Commissioners appointed to visit Montgomery, Ala., presented a report, accompanied by a paper from Jefferson Davis, in which he expressed a readiness to receive any proposition for peace from the United States Government. The Western Virginia Convention assembled at Wheeling. A resolution was adopted thanking Gen. McClellan for sending troops to Western Virginia.

12—Gov. Jackson of Missouri, issued a proclamation calling 50,000 State Militia into active service for the protection of the lives, liberty and property of citizens.

13—The fast proclaimed by Jefferson Davis was observed in the Seceded States. At a large meeting in Dover, Delaware, a resolution was adopted requesting the U S Senator from that State, James A. Bayard, to resign. An election for members of Congress took place in Maryland.

14—Harper's Ferry, Va., was finally evacuated by the rebels. Gov. Jackson of Missouri, having learned that General Lyon was on the way to attack him, evacuated Jefferson city. John A. Dix was appointed a Major General in the U S A.

15—Jefferson City, Mo., was occupied by Gen. Lyon. The captured privateer Savannah arrived at New York. The 1st Regt. Mass. Volunteers, for three years service, left Boston for Washington.

17—A Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted in the Wheeling (Va.) Convention. The rebel troops under Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price at Boonville Mo., were routed by General Lyon. A skirmish occurred at Vienna (about 15 miles from Alexandria) in which a detachment of Federal troops, under

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25—General Beauregard issued an order to the effect that no person, except from the War Department, would be permitted to enter the lines occupied by the army of the Potomac, with intention to pass thence into the United States, or the lines of the enemy.

27—Marshal Kane of Baltimore was arrested by order of Major General Banks. The Board of Police of Baltimore published a protest against the arrest.

28—Capt James H. Ward, of the steamer Freeborn, was killed in an engagement at Matthias Point, on the Potomac. Petitions for compromise, addressed to the President of the United States, which has been circulated throughout the

mulgated by Gen Scott: 'Henceforward the telegraph will convey no despatches concerning the operations of the army, not permitted by the Commanding General.'

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THE undersigned is a farmer, in moderate circumstances, between 30 and 40 years of age, and takes this method to inform the Marriageable Ladies that he is in want of a companion to take charge of his domestic affairs. He would prefer a Lady who has a good education, and understands housekeeping and is good looking, &c., &c. None but Persons of good standing in Society need answer to this. Will give further particulars and references by letter, if called for.

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Fairhaven, Dec. 2, 1862.

JULY 1—Gen Banks issued a proclamation announcing the arrest of the members of the Police Board of Baltimore. Brig-Gen Ben McCulloch issued a proclamation to the people of Arkansas, calling upon them to rally and drive the 'Northern horde back from whence they came.'

2—Gen Patterson occupied Martinsburg. The Legislature of Western Virginia organized at Wheeling, and Gov. Pierrepont delivered his message. President Lincoln modified the order authorizing General Scott to suspend the writ of habeas corpus.

4—The 37th Congress convened in special session; and the House organized by the choice of Galusha A. Grow of Penn. as speaker.

5—Col Sigel with 1500 Federal troops met the Missouri rebels, near Carthage, numbering between three and four thousand men, and by a series of skilful manoeuvres defeated them with great loss.

6—Major General Fremont was appointed to the command of the Western Department, composed of the State of Illinois and the States and Territories west of the Mississippi and on this side of the Rocky Mountains, including New Mexico.

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H. L. EDGAR.

Fairhaven, Dec. 2, 1862.

"I want to hire you, Mary; and I will pay you wages that will enable you to do all this."

"You want to hire me? What can I do for you?"

"Keep my house, and be my wife Mary." And then the town superintendent got his arm around Mary's waist and held her tight, though she struggled a little at first.

"Let me go a minute and I will tell you."

He released the little figure, and Mary stood before him trembling, blushing, twining the strings of the blue hat around her fingers, looking down upon the floor, glancing once into his earnest eyes, her breast rising and falling till the cameo swayed like a ship on the billows.

"Do you love me?"

"With my whole soul."

"Did you ever love anybody else?"

"Never in all my life."

"Can a little girl like me,—looking earnestly in his face—'can a little girl like me, devoted, loving you almost to reverence, make you happy always?"

"No one in all the world but you."

The little maiden stepped close to his side and hid herself under his arm.

"The jaunty blue hat is in a favorite closet of my friend's new house in a glass case, on the upper shelf."

Be content.

The Marine Coast Guard. Their Reception and Entertainment at Nantucket!

On Monday afternoon intelligence was received here that the Marine Coast Guard, under command of Com. R. B. Forbes, would arrive at Nantucket in the Island Home on Tuesday. It was very short notice, but with commendable alacrity the friends of Commodore Forbes set to work preparing for a proper reception. A meeting was held at the Selectmen's Room. Capt. Rufus Coffin was appointed Chairman, and A. P. Moore Sec. A committee was appointed consisting of the following gentlemen to make arrangements for the occasion:—Wm. Summerhays, F. C. Sanford, Rufus Coffin, Sanford Wilbur, Jos. C. Chase, J. H. Nickerson, C. F. Brown, E. H. Alley, F. A. Chase, O. F. Adams, H. Plaskett, C. F. Coffin, P. H. Folger, C. F. Robinson, Wm. R. Easton, Edward W. Gardner, E. M. Gardner, C. P. Swain, James Thompson. The Selectmen were invited to co-operate with the committee.

These gentlemen worked nobly, and in an incredibly short time there was a bountiful collation spread in the large tent upon the Fair Grounds, also a tent for the entertainment of the officers.

About one o'clock the "Island Guards" accompanied by the Brass Band, escorted the Selectmen and Committee to the landing to await the coming of their guests. As the Island Home neared her dock the cannon of the Guards announced their presence, and were quickly answered by others from on shore.

On the arrival of the Boat, Capt. Summerhays of the Nantucket Guards and Marshal of the day went on board with Philip H. Folger, Esq., and met Commodore Forbes who was soon after presented to Hon. William Barney, Chairman of the Selectmen who welcomed him very appropriately in behalf of the Town as follows:

COMMODORE FORBES.—With feelings of great pleasure in the name of the selectmen of the Town, and in behalf of the Citizens of Nantucket. I bid you, your officers, and gentlemen of the Massachusetts Coast Guard, a heartfelt welcome to our shores.

And permit me sir, to assure you, that we duly appreciate the noble exertions of your-

self and your gallant band in the enterprise in which you are so honorably engaged, knowing as we do, that should occasion call, the defence of our sea coast could not be entrusted in other hands.

Your noble acts sir, in the cause of suffering humanity in a foreign land, your generosity in behalf of American seamen, has endeared you to the hearts, of not only every sailor, but to the whole American people.

And now once again, sir allow me to welcome you to our seagirt isle.

At the close of his remarks Capt. Barney introduced the Commodore to Hon. E. M. Gardner, who represented the committee of arrangements, who further welcomed him and his command substantially in the following.

Commodore Forbes and officers of the Coast Guard.

I have been deputed by the committee of arrangements to express to you a welcome to Nantucket and it is with great pleasure that I am permitted to extend to you in their behalf and in behalf of the people of Nantucket a most cordial and hearty welcome.

We welcome you and congratulate you because you have been so prompt to prepare yourselves to fight in this new battle for freedom which has just begun. In so doing, to be sure, you only represent the feelings manifested by every portion of the Old Bay State, whose pulse began to beat before a rebel gun had been fired and who will yield her blood and treasure to utter exhaustion while a rebel foot pollutes the soil of our Union.

We welcome you and congratulate you that you have banded together so many men who carry in their features the firm, the fearless, the determined look of patriot warriors and whose looks will not deceive us.

We welcome you and congratulate you that your command bring with them a spirit imbued at the foot of Bunker Hill, infused into their hearts by the breezes from Lexington and Concord; who learned their lessons of devotion to their country in homes over which the shadow of the "monument" passes with every revolution of the earth.

We congratulate you and welcome you because you came from the noble city of Boston, that city which was so prompt and so liberal in furnishing the men and means to save the Federal Capital from the hands of rebels and traitors, and whose best citizens are this moment guarding it upon the further banks of the Potomac. How much better will be her history than that of faithless Baltimore whose head is now bowed at the feet of a Massachusetts Governor and who is kept in obedience by Massachusetts soldiers.

We welcome you and congratulate you because you came from the residence of John A. Andrew; a Governor, who is a whole and finished man from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; who has been alive all over, ever since the first speck of rebellion was seen in the southern sky and who will be prompt and efficient and unwearied till the last rebel footstep is effaced by the waters of the Gulf of Mexico.

We are sorry, Commodore that we did not know of your coming in time to have made better preparation for you, but we ask you not to make the feebleness of our exertions the measures of our feelings of regard to you and your command.

This is no season for a long speech, you are tired and hungry and allow me once more to welcome you and ask of these friends a manifestation of their intrust in your patriotic undertaking by giving you three hearty cheers.

When the cheering had subsided Commodore Forbes answered by a series of forcible and pleasant remarks in which he said:

He thanked the people of Nantucket for their invitation.

It was pleasant to him to meet the citizens of the Town and enjoy their hospitalities. He had visited here in his position as a director of the Humane Society and as such he came with interest now.

His officers and men were willing to do their part in protecting our Country and defending its flag. We are to be sure, said the Commodore, a kind of amphibious company. Our duty can be performed on the sea or on the land, and so as a company we are a little peculiar.

This double duty has made us some what discarded by the army on one side and by the navy on the other. To them we seem to be neither fish, flesh nor fowl, but however that may be we are ready to do our duty and go wherever we may be of service to our country. We like to do our part in the labors of these troublesome days and whenever and wherever our State or Nation wishes service to be done and labor to be performed there the Coast Guard will go cheerfully and promptly and I trust give a good account of themselves.

After having received a cordial welcome, the Coast Guard, with their howitzers, escorted by the "Island Guard" and citizens committee took up their line of march through Broad to Centre street, through Centre, Pearl Gardner, Main, and Orange streets to the Agricultural Grounds. After partaking of a hearty meal, the Guard went through their Howitzer and Rifle drill, much to the gratification of a large assemblage; their prompt movements showing them to be an efficient force in action. The Guard left their gunboats at Barnstable. On Tuesday night the Guard remained encamped upon the Grounds.

On Wednesday afternoon the Committee of Arrangements had a rousing Clam Bake upon the Grounds, and this in connection with the Picnic of the Methodist Sabbath School attracted a large concourse of people to the grounds. The scene was a lively one, hundreds of children, decked with flowers, sporting among the polished cannon and bristling bayonets, the martial music, the roar of artillery, the singing of national airs, all combined to form a scene never before seen upon our quiet island. The assemblage was appropriately addressed by Rev. Mr. Bodfish, after which the Sabbath School, the Home and Coast Guard repaired to the tent where nearly one thousand plates of refreshment awaited them. Here was another pretty scene. The tables neatly spread, adorned with flowers, and laden with the fat of the land, which was most liberally dispensed. The clams then came upon the docket most excellently cooked, and our guests as well as townspeople paid them due attention, and forty bushels of bivalves rapidly disappeared. Another drill both by the Home and Coast Guard followed, after which the "Island Guards" escorted the guests to town, not forgetting to give the inmates of the Asylum an opportunity to "see the soldiers" and hear the music, which was duly appreciated.

In the evening a military ball was given at Pantheon Hall, which was largely attended and passed off finely.

On Thursday morning the officers of the Coast Guard were escorted to the boat by the "Island Guards" and after bidding them adieu, salutes were fired by both companies. The Guard returns to Boston via Barnstable.

Com. Forbes expressed the greatest pleasure and satisfaction at the reception and entertainment he and his command received here, and great credit is due to the committee who planned and so successfully executed the various arrangements.

Where the hedge is the lowest, men commonly leap over.

When every one takes care of himself, care is taken of all.

HISTORICAL EVENTS

Connected with the Civil War in America, from October 4th, 1861, to January 1st, 1862.

ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

1861.

OCTOBER 5—Maj. Gen. Butler assumed command of the Department of New England.

7—The rebels made a night attack upon Wilson's Zouaves at Santa Rosa Island, and were repulsed with considerable loss.

8—Lewinsville, Va., was occupied by the Federals.

10—The State Convention of Missouri met.

11—The rebels were defeated in a skirmish at Hillsboro', Ky. The rebel Commodore Hollins made an attack on the blockading fleet of New Orleans.

14—Secretary Seward issued a circular to the Governors of all the States on the seaboard and lakes, suggesting the improvement and fortification of the defences of the States.

21—A portion of Gen. Stone's command crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry, and were attacked by a superior force of rebels and defeated. Col Baker, United States Senator from Oregon, commanding the California regiment, was killed. Adjutant General Thomas submitted his report on the condition of Gen. Fremont's department.

24—The people of Western Virginia voted in favor of seceding from Eastern Virginia. Telegraphic communication was established between St. Louis and San Francisco, Cal.

25—The rebels were driven from Springfield, Mo., by Gen. Fremont's body guard.

29—The great military and naval expedition, under the command of Com. Dupont and Gen. T. W. Sherman, sailed from Fortress Monroe for the Southern Coast.

31—Eight hundred political and military prisoners were confined in Fort Warren, Boston Harbor. The trial of the captain and crew of the rebel privateer Savannah, for piracy, terminated in New York with a disagreement of the jury, who stood, as reported, eight for conviction to four for acquittal.

NOVEMBER 1—Lieut. Gen. Scott offered his resignation, which was accepted,

and Major General George B. McClellan assumed command of the United States forces in the field. A skirmish took place between Gen. Rosecrans and Gen. Floyd at Gauley Bridge.

2—Major General Fremont was removed from the command of the Department of the West. The City Council of Philadelphia presented a magnificent sword to Gen. McClellan.

4—Gen. Hunter assumed command of the Department of the West.

6—A battle was fought at Belmont, Ky. The Federal force was compelled to retire before superior numbers.

7—The great expedition under Com. Dupont and Gen. Sherman, captured Forts Walker and Beauregard, at Port Royal. Beaufort was found to be deserted by the inhabitants.

8—Messrs. Mason and Slidell, Rebel Ambassadors to England and France, were seized by Capt. Wilkes, of the 'San Jacinto,' on board the British

steamer 'Trent.' Gen. Sherman issued a proclamation to the people of South Carolina. The Rebels were defeated at Picketon. Gen. Scott was waited upon in New York by the New York Chamber of Commerce and the Union Defence Committee.

10—The Federal forces at Guyandotte, Va., were defeated. Gen. D. C. Buel was assigned to the command of the Department of Kentucky.

13—General McKinstry was arrested at St. Louis.

14—The Baltimore mechanics appealed to President Lincoln for work; he promised to give them all proper aid in his power.

16—Major General Dix issued a proclamation to the people of Accomac and Northampton counties, Va.

18—General Halleck arrived at St. Louis and assumed command of the department of the North West. The Rebel State Legislature, in session at Neosho, Missouri, passed an ordinance of secession, and elected Gen. Rains one of the Senators to the Confederate Congress.

19—Warsaw, Mo., was burned by the rebels.

20—The army of the Potomac, including seven divisions, 7000 men in all, was viewed by Gen. McClellan and President Lincoln.

21—Gen. Halleck issued an order to the effect that no fugitive slaves should be permitted to enter the lines of any camp or any force on the march, and that those now within the lines should be immediately excluded. The steamship Constitution, with a portion of Gen. Butler's division on board, sailed from Portland, Me., for the Southern coast.

22—Fort Pickens was attacked by the rebels, and Pensacola navy yard and Warrington were burned by shells from the Fort.

24—Messrs. Mason and Slidell were confined in Fort Warren, Boston harbor.

25—Capt. Wilkes and the officers of the San Jacinto were received in Faneuil Hall, Boston, and welcomed by the Mayor.

26—The convention to form a new State out of Western Virginia, met at Wheeling. A banquet was given to Capt. Wilkes at the Revere House, Boston.

27—The news of the seizure of Mess. Mason and Slidell was received in Liverpool and London, and created excitement and indignation.—The Federal government placed certain restrictions upon the navigation of the Mississippi river.—The State of Missouri was admitted into the Southern Confederacy by vote of the Richmond Congress.

30—Her Majesty Queen Victoria, held a privy council at Windsor Castle, at which it was decided to demand the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell, and a special messenger was ordered to proceed with despatches to Lord Lyons, by the steamer which left Queenstown Dec. 2d. Consols declined 2 per cent, and shares from 4 to 5 per cent. The Secretary of the Treasury issued instructions to military commanders relative to the taking possession and disposing of corps and other property liable to confiscation in the seceded states.

DECEMBER 1—Brig. Gen. Henry W. Benham was ordered under arrest for permitting the escape of Gen. Floyd and his army in Western Virginia.

2—The first regular session of the 37th Congress convened at Washington.

Resolutions for the emancipation of slaves in the seceded States were introduced into the House of Representatives.

3—The President's Message was read before Congress. A resolution passed the House to expel Henry C. Burnett, of Kentucky, who had joined the rebels. The steamship Constitution, with a portion of Gen. Butler's expedition on

board, arrived at Ship Island, near the mouth of the Mississippi River.

4—The U. S. Senate passed a resolution to expel John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky. The Maryland Legislature met and organized, and the Governor delivered a message recommending immediate provision for raising and equipping Maryland's quota of volunteers for the Federal army. Secretary Seward addressed an order to Gen. McClellan, forbidding the arrest and imprisonment of negroes in Washington on the ground of their being fugitive slaves.

5—Brig. Gen. Phelps issued an anti-slavery proclamation at Ship Island.

6—The steamship Bavaria arrived at New York from Hamburg with 60,000 stand of arms for the Federal Government, purchased in Belgium.

9—The Secretary of the Treasury sent in his report to Congress.

10—The Richmond Examiner stated that the rebel Congress passed a bill admitting Kentucky into the Southern Confederacy.

12—Gen. Halleck issued an order at St. Louis, Mo., giving notice that the wants of fugitives from the southern parts of Missouri have thus far been supplied by loyal men; but as numbers more will be arriving, he shall make a levy upon those who do not volunteer their aid, of \$10,000 worth of clothing, provisions or quarters, or a money equivalent.

16—The news of the demand by the British Government for the surrender of Messrs. Mason and Slidell was received in the United States and created great excitement. It had but little influence, however, on the money and stock market.

17—The Queen's messenger arrived in the Europa at Boston, and proceeded immediately to Washington. The Committee appointed at the extra session of Congress, to investigate the Government contracts, made a report in the House of Representatives, revealing some stupendous frauds in the purchase and chartering of vessels.

18—The Federal troops under Gen. McCook defeated the rebels under Gen. Hindman, at Munfordsville, Ky. Brig. Gen. Pope cut off the rebel camp near Shawnee, Mo., and the rebels numbering 2200 men, scattered in every direction. He took 300 prisoners and all the wagons, tents, baggage, &c.

19—In the U. S. Senate a petition from the citizens of Ohio was presented, asking that John C. Fremont be appointed Lieut. General. A part of Gen. Pope's forces, under Col. J. C. Davis and Major Marshall surprised a camp of the enemy at Milford, Missouri, a little north of Warrensburg. A brisk skirmish ensued, when the enemy, finding himself surrounded, surrendered at discretion. Thirteen hundred rebel prisoners were taken, including three colonels and seventeen captains, and one thousand stand of arms, one thousand horses, sixty-five wagons, and a large quantity of tents, baggage and supplies.

20—A battle took place at Drainsville, Va., between a portion of Gen. McClellan's division, under Gen. Ord, and a party of rebels. The rebels were defeated.

21—The entrance into Charleston, S. C., was effectually closed by sinking seventeen old whaling vessels loaded with stone across the channel.

22—Two companies of the N. Y. 20th regiment were attacked by seven hundred rebels near Newport News, Va. They retreated without loss.

23—Garrett Davis, of Kentucky, elected in the place of John C. Breckenridge, took his seat in the U. S. Senate.

24—The War Department issued orders to stop the further enlistment of soldiers for the cavalry service.

26—Gen Halleck issued an order at St. Louis, declaring the territory along the railroads to be under martial law. Hon Alfred Elv, representative in Congress from the Twenty-ninth district of New York, returned to Washington from Richmond, where he had been confined as a prisoner of war since the 21st of July, he having been taken at the battle of Bull Run. He was exchanged for Charles J. Faulkner.

27—Diplomatic correspondence in relation to the seizure of four American traders on board the British steamer Trent, between the official representatives of the American, English and French governments, was published in the National Intelligencer. The American government acceded to the demand of England for the surrender of James M. Mason and John Slidell, rebel commissioners, and E. J. McFarland and George Eastis, their secretaries. Gen Prentiss, with four hundred and fifty men, encountered and dispersed nine hundred rebels, under Col Dorsey, at Mount Zion, Boone county, Missouri, killing and wounding one hundred and fifty, and capturing thirty-five prisoners, ninety-five horses, and one hundred and five guns. Our loss was only three killed and eleven wounded.

30—The banks of New York, Philadelphia, Albany, and Boston suspended specie payments.

31—The army of the United States, at this date, was made up of the following forces:

Volunteers 670,637
Regulars 20,234

The effective force of the navy, not including

vessels on the stocks or unfit for service, was as follows:

	Sailing Vessels	Guns	Steamers	Guns
Frigates	6	300	6	222
Sloops	17	342	37	326
Brigs	2	12	—	—
Small side-wheel	—	—	16	56
Iron-clad	—	—	3	18
Gunboats (new)	—	—	23	92
Gunboats bought	—	—	79	342
Ships bought	13	52	—	—
Barks bought	18	78	—	—
Brigs bought	2	4	—	—
Schooners bought	24	49	—	—

Total 82 837 164 1,055

Total effective vessels 246

Total guns 1,892

Seamen and Marines 22,000

The public debt of the United States was in round numbers, five hundred millions of dollars.

This, That and The Other.

Physicians rarely take medicine, or lawyers go to law—two hints not unworthy of attention.

The difference between the freight of a vessel and a vehicle—One is a cargo and the other a go-car.

Strong characters are brought out by change of situation, and gentle ones by permanence.

Sewing girls cannot be expected to compete with sewing machines, for they haven't such iron constitutions.

The mind that busies itself much with the future has need to be an uncommonly cheerful one.

The abuse of riches is worse than the want of them.

The blood of the soldier makes the glory of the general.

To whom you betray your secret you give your liberty.

The head and feet keep warm, the rest ake no harm.

COAST GUARD SONG.

"NON SINE CAUSA."

BY A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY.

TUNE—"Happy are we to-night."

Joyous are we, to-day, friends,
Joyous, joyous are we;
The bright scene around, friends,
Makes us sing cheerily:
Homes we've left, and those we love,
To roam the deep, deep sea,
Our glorious country's foes to meet,
When the call to us shall be.

CHORUS:

With joy we're filled, to-day, friends,
And Columbia's praise we sing;
And proudly wave her flag, friends,
While Coast-Guard cheers shall ring.

Joyous are we, to-day friends,
Joyous, joyous are we;
The bright scene around, friends,
Makes us sing cheerily;
Fling the Stars and Stripes out boys,
Along the sea and shore,
We'll stand by the good old Flag, Boys,
With our brave Commodore.

CHORUS:

With joy we're filled, to-day, friends,
And Columbia's praise we sing;
And proudly wave her Flag, friends,
While Coast-Guard cheers shall ring.

Joyous are we, to-day, friends,
Joyous, joyous are we;
The bright scene around, friends,
Make us sing cheerily:
One and all, come join with us,
Our hearts to Union true,
And give three rousing, hearty cheers,
For the Red, the White and Blue.

CHORUS:

With joy we're filled, to-day, friends,
And Columbia's praise we sing;
And proudly wave her Flag, friends,
While Coast-Guard cheers shall ring.

Have you heard of the Bowery boy who
being cut short in a hard life by a disease
which quickly brought him to death's door
was informed by his physician that medicine
could do nothing for him.

"What's my chance, doctor?"

"Not worth spunking off."

"One in twenty?"

"Oh, no."

"In thirty?"

"No."

"Fifty?"

"I think not."

"A hundred?"

"Well, perhaps there may be one in a hundred."

"I say then, doctor, pulling him close down and whispering with feeble earnestness in his ear, just you go in like all thunder on that one chance!"

The doctor went in and the patient recovered.

Mrs. H. was never regarded as a paragon of greatness. Not only was she anything, but near herself but showed a con-

tempt for it in others. Speaking of great people one day she remarked that her son Josiah was one of the most particular men in the world.

"Why, he threw away a whole cup of coffee the other morning because it had a bed-bug in it," said she.

There are a few people in this world, who are constantly trying to ruin the character of their neighbors.

Trade and commerce are universally cheating by general consent.

Try your friend with a falsehood; if he will keep it a secret tell him the truth.

Wolves sometimes lose their teeth but not their nature.

A Misunderstanding.

A Irish shopkeeper having ordered a quantity of haddock fish, by the Adams & Co's express, was somewhat indignant upon the delivery of the fish to find on the package the letters, 'C. O. D.'

"An' sure," says Pat, "I didn't order cod-fish!"

The expressman examined the fish, and pronounced them haddock.

"Well," says Pat, "c-o-d won't spell haddock." "Oh, no," the expressman replied, "c-o-d spells cod."

"An' says Pat triumphantly, pointing to the fish, 'them's fish.'"

"Yes—you are right there."

"Well, that makes codfish, don't it, ye spalpeen?"

"But, where do you get the cod from?" returns the expressman.

"Look here," says Pat, pointing at the portentous C. O. D., 'that's cod, to be sure.'

"Oh, no," replies expressman, 'that's C. O. D., which means collect on delivery.'

"Ah, bedad, I didn't think o' that," cries Pat, scratching his head with one hand, and feeling for his purse with the other; but young man, let me give you a bit o' advice. When yez bring any bundles for me, don't put on anything so mistirious again; but joost reverse the big letters, D. O. C., and then yez can deliver on collection, which any fool can understand.

The expressman walked off, much pleased, and promised to lay Pat's suggestion before the superintendent.

Living Within Means.

There is a dreadful ambition abroad for being 'genteel.' We keep up appearances too often at the expense of honesty; and, though we may not be rich, yet we must seem to be 'respectable,' though only in the meanest sense—in mere vulgar outward show. We have not the courage to go patiently onward in the condition of life in which it has pleased God to call us; but must needs live in some fashionable state to which we ridiculously please to call ourselves; and all to gratify the vanity of that unsubstantial genteel world of which we form a part. There is a constant pressure and struggle for front seats in the social amphitheatre; in the midst of which all noble and self-sacrificing resolve is trodden down, and many fine natures are involuntarily crushed to death. What waste, what misery, what bankruptcy, come from all this ambition to dazzle others with the glare of apparent worldly success, we need not describe. The mischievous results show themselves in a thousand ways—in the rank frauds committed by men who dare to be dishonest, but do not dare to be seen poor; and in the desperate dashes at fortune, in which the pity is not so much for those who fail, as for the hundreds of innocent families who are so often involved in their ruin.

The Courtesies of Life.

William Wirt's letter to his daughter, on the 'small sweet courtesies of life,' contains a passage from which a deal of happiness might be learned.

"I want to tell you a secret. The way to make yourselves pleasing to others is to show them that you care for them. The whole world is like the miller at Mansfield, 'who cared for nobody—no, not he—because nobody cared for him.' And the whole world would serve you so, if you give them the same cause. Let every one, therefore, see that you do care for them, by showing them what Sterne so happily calls the small courtesies in which there is no parade, whose voice is too still to tease; and which manifest themselves by tender and affectionate looks, and little kind acts of attention, giving others the preference in every little enjoyment at the table, in the field, walking, sitting, or standing."

GENERALS McCLELLAN'S DREAM.

The following is from the pen of Wesley Bradshaw, Esq., and makes a fitting companion to 'Washington's Vision,' which sketch, written by the same author, at the commencement of our National difficulties, was widely copied by the press, and commended by Hon. Edward Everett, as 'teaching a highly important lesson to every true lover of his country.'

—Exchange.

Two o'clock of the third night after General McClellan's arrival at Washington to take command of the United States army, found that justly celebrated soldier poring over several maps and reports of scouts. As the hour came tolling through the night, together with the dull rumbling of army wagons and artillery wheels, the wearied hero, pushing from him his maps and reports, leaned his forehead on his folded arms upon the table before him, and fell into a sleep, so deep that even the occasional booming of the heavy guns, being placed in position on the intrenchments, was insufficient to disturb it.

'I could not have been slumbering thus more than ten minutes,' said the General to an intimate friend, to whom he related the strange narrative, 'when I thought the door of my room, which I had carefully locked, was thrown suddenly open, and some one strode to me, and, laying a hand upon my shoulder said, in a slow, solemn voice:

'General McClellan, do you sleep at your post? Rouse you or ere it can be prevented, the foe will be in Washington.'

Never before in my life have I heard a voice possessing the commanding and even terrible tone of the one that addressed to me these words. And the sensation that passed through me, as it fell upon my ears, and I coweringly shrunk into myself at the thought of my own negligence, I can only compare to the whistling, shrieking sweep of a storm of grape shot, discharged directly through my brain. I could not move, however, although I tried hard to raise my head from the table. As a sense of my willingness, and yet helplessness to make an answer to the unknown intruder, oppressed me, I once more heard the same slow, solemn voice repeat:

'General McClellan, do you sleep at your post?'

There was a peculiarity about it this time; it seemed as though I—a mere atom of water—was suspended in the centre of an infinite space, and that the voice came from a hollow distance all around me. As the last words were uttered, I regained by some felt and unknown power, my volition, and with the change, the grape shot discharge sensation in my brain ceased, and a strange but new one seized my heart, one as if a huge, rough icicle was being sawed back

and forth through and through me.

I started up, or rather I should say I thought I started up, for whether I was awake or asleep I am unable to decide. My first thought was about my maps, and before my eyelids had half opened, my hand was grasping them. But this was all. The table was still before me, and the maps all crumpled in my tightening clutch, were still before me, but everything else had disappeared. The furniture

was gone the walls of the apartment were gone, the ceiling was not to be seen. All I saw was the tableau I am about to describe to you.

My gaze was turned Southward, and there spread out before me, was a living map; yes, a living map; that is the only expression I can think of as befitting the scene. In one grand *coup d'œil*, my eye took in the whole expanse of country, as far South as the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic Ocean on the East, to the Mississippi river westwardly.

Before fully fixing my attention upon the immense scene, however, I thought of the mysterious visitant, whose voice I had heard but a moment previous, and I looked toward him. An apparition stood on my left somewhat in front, at distance of about six feet from me. I sought for his features, hoping to recognize him. But I was disappointed, for the satuelike figure was naught but a vapor, a cloud, having only the general outlines of a man. This troubled me, and I was turning the matter over in my mind, when the shadowy visitor, in the same slow, solemn tone as before, said:

'General McClellan, your time is short! Look to the Southward!'

I felt unable to resist the command, even had I wished to do so, and again, therefore, my eyes were cast on the living map.

Out on the Atlantic I saw the various vessels of the blockading squadron, looming up with the most perfect distinctness in the bright moonshine, that illuminated everything with a strong, but mellow light. I saw Charleston harbor and its forts, with their pacing sentinels, and their sullen-looking barbette guns. My eyes followed the ocean line all the way round into the Gulf, to New Orleans, and thence up the Mississippi. Fort Pickens, and in fact, every fortification along this water boundary, I beheld with as much distinctness as you, sir, see that Corporal's guard passing there.

This sight filled me with delightful surprise; but it would be utterly impossible for me to describe the ecstatic amazement that followed as within the limits I mention, my eyes took in, in minute, but lightning-like detail, every mountain range, every hill, every valley, every forest, every meadow, every river, every city, every camp, every tent, every body of men, every sentinel, every earthwork, every cannon, and I may say, dispensing with further detail, every living and every dead thing, no matter what its bulk or height.

My blood seemed to stop in its channels, with joy, as I thought that the knowledge, and thereby advantage, thus given to me, would insure a speedy and happy termination of the war. And this one idea was engrossing my mind, when once more, that slow, solemn voice, said:

'General McClellan, take your map, and note what you behold. Tarry not; your time is short.'

I started, and glancing at the unearthly speaker, saw him extend his arm and point southwardly.

Still I saw no features. Smoothing out the largest and most accurate one of my maps, I seized a pencil, and once more bent my gaze out over the living map. As I looked this time, a cold, thrilling chill ran over me, and the huge, rough icicle again began its sawing motion through my heart. For, as, pencil in hand, I compared the map be-

fore me with the living map, I saw masses of the enemy's forces being hurried to certain points so as to thwart movements that, within a day or two, I intended to make at those identical points; while on two particular approaches to Washington I beheld heavy columns of the foe posted for a concentrated attack, that I instantly saw must succeed in its object unless speedily prevented.

'Treachery! treachery!' cried I in despair. And, as before my blood seemed to stop in its channels for joy, it now did so from fear. Ruin and defeat seemed to stare me in the face. At this dreadful moment, that same slow, solemn voice struck once more upon my ears, saying:

'General McClellan, you have been betrayed! and, had not God willed otherwise, ere the sun of tomorrow had set, the Confederate flag, would have floated above the Capitol and your grave. But note what you see. Your time is short. Tarry not!'

Ere the words had left the lips of my vapory mentor, my pencil was flying with the speed of thought, transferring to the map before me all that I saw upon the living map. Some mysterious and unearthly influence was upon me, and noted and recorded the minutest point I beheld, without the slightest effort, delay, or mistake. At last the task was done, and my pencil dropped from my fingers.

For awhile previous to this, however, I had become conscious that there was a shining light on my left, that steadily increased until the moment I ceased my task, when it became in an instant more intense than the noonday sun. Quickly I raised my eyes, and never, were I to live forever, will I forget what I saw. The dim, shadowy figure was no longer a dim shadowy figure, but the glorified and refulgent spirit of Washington, the Father of his Country, and now a second time its Savior. My friend, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to describe the mighty returned spirit. I can only say that Washington, as I beheld him in my dream, or trance, as you may term it, was the most God-like being I could have conceived of. Like a weak, dazzled bird I sat gazing at the heavenly vision. From the sweet and silent repose of Mount Vernon, our Washington had risen to once more encircle and raise up, with his saving arm our falling, bleeding country. As I continued looking, an expression of sublime dignity came gently upon his visage, and for the last time I heard that slow and solemn voice, saying to me something like this:

'General McClellan, while yet in the flesh, I beheld the birth of the American Republic. It was, indeed, a hard and bloody one, but God's blessing was upon the nation, and, therefore, through this her first great struggle for existence, he sustained her, and with His might hand brought her out triumphantly. A century has now passed since then, and yet the child Republic has taken her position a peer with nations whose page of history extends for ages into the past. She has since those dark days, by the favor of God, greatly prospered. And now, by very reason of this prosperity has she been brought to her second great struggle.—This is by far the most perilous ordeal she has to endure. Passing, as she is, from childhood to opening maturity, she is called on to accomplish that vast result, self-conquest, to learn that important lesson, self-control, self-rule, that in the future will place her in the van of power and civilization. It is here that all nations have hitherto failed; and she, too, the Republic of the earth, had not God willed

otherwise, would, by to-morrow's sunset, have been a broken heap of stones east up over the final grave of human liberty.

But her cries have come out of her borders like sweet incense unto heaven, and she will be saved. Thus shall peace, once more, come upon her, and prosperity fill her with joy. But her mission will not then be yet finished, for, ere another century shall have gone by, the oppressors of the whole earth, hating and envying her exaltation, shall join themelves together and raise up their hands against her. But if she still be found worthy of her high calling, they shall surely be discomfited, and then will be ended her third and last great struggle for existence!

Thenceforth shall the Republic go on, increasing in goodness and power, until her borders shall end only in the remotest corners of the earth, and the whole earth shall, beneath her shadowing wings, become a Universal Republic. Let her in her prosperity, however, remember the Lord her God; her trust be always in Him, and she shall never be confounded.

The heavenly visitant ceased speaking, and as I still continued to gaze upon him, drew near to me, and raised and spread out his hands above me. No sound now passed his lips, but I felt a strange influence coming over me. I reclined my head forward to receive the blessing, the baptism of Washington. The following instant a peal of thunder rolled in upon my ears, and I awoke. The vision had departed, and I was again sitting in my apartment, with everything exactly as it was before I fell asleep, with one exception.

The map, on which I had dreamed I had been marking was literally covered with a net work of pencil marks, signs, and figures. I rose to my feet, and rubbed my eyes, and took a turn or two about the room to convince myself that I was really awake. I again seated myself, but the penciling were as plain as ever, I had before me as complete a map and repository of information as though I had spent years in gathering and recording its details. My mind now became confused with the strange and numberless ideas and thoughts that crowded themselves into it, and I involuntarily sank down on my knees to seek wisdom and guidance from on high. As I arose, refreshed in spirit, that same solemn voice seemed to say to me from an infinite distance:

"Your time is short! Tarry not!"

In an instant, thought became clear and active. Hastening out couriers, with orders to have executed certain manoeuvres at certain points, (guiding myself by that, now, in my eyes unearthly map) I threw myself into the saddle, and long ere daylight, galloping like the tempest from post to post and camp to camp, had the happiness to divert the enemy from his object, which, my friend, I assure you, would have proved entirely successful, by reason of the last piece of treachery, had not Heaven interposed.

That map is looked upon by no human eye, save my own, and therefore treachery can do us no harm. I have on it every whit of information that I need—information that the enemy would give millions to keep from us. The fate of the war is settled.

The rebellion truly seems very formidable, but it is only struggling in the path of an avalanche. The mighty, toppling mass of national power and retribution will until the proper moment comes, now and then let slip down upon its victims forerunners of its approach. And when the proper moment does come, it will sweep down upon, and forever annihilate disunion, with a thunder that shall reverberate throughout the world for ages upon ages to come.

"Sir, there will be no more Bull Run affairs!"

God has stretched forth his arms, and the American Union is saved! And our

beloved, glorious Washington shall again rest quietly, sweetly in his tomb, until perhaps the end of the prophetic century approaches that is to bring the Republic to her third and final struggle, when he may once more, laying aside the ceremonies of Mount Vernon, come a messenger of succor and peace from the Great Ruler, who has all the nations of the earth in his keeping.

But the future is too vast for our comprehension; we are the children of the present.

When peace shall again have folded her bright wings and settled upon our land, that strange, unearthly, wonderful map, marked while the spirit eyes of Washington looked on, shall be preserved among American archives, as a precious reminder to the American nation, of what, in their second great struggle for existence, they owed to God and the Glorified Spirit of Washington.

Verily, the works of God are above the understanding of man.

The Battle Summer.

The Summer wanes,—her languid sighs now yield

To autumn's cheering air,

The teeming orchard and the waving field

Fruition's glory wear.

More clear against the flushed horizon wall

Stand forth each rock and tree,

More near the cricket's note, the plover's call,

More crystalline the sea.

The sunshine chastened like a mother's gaze,

The meadow's vagrant balm,

The purple leaf and amber-tinted maize

Reprove us while they calm;

For on the landscape's brightly-pensive face

War's angry shadows lie,

His ruddy strains upon the woods we trace,

And in the crimson sky.

No more we bask in Earth's contented smile,

But sternly muse apart;

Vainly her charms the patriot's soul beguile,

Or woo the orphan's heart.

Yon keen-eyed stars with mute reproaches brand

The lapse from faith and law,

No more harmonious emblems of a land

Enshrouded in love and awe.

As cradled in the noontide's warm embrace,

And bathed in dew and rain,

The herbage freshened and in billow grace

Wide surged the ripening grain;

And the wild rose and clover's honeyed cell

Exhaled their peaceful breath,

On the soft air broke Treason's fiendish yell—

The harbinger of death!

Nor to the camp alone his summons came

To blast the glowing day,

But heavenward bore upon the wings of flame

Our poet's mate away:

And set his seat upon the statesman's lips

On which a nation hung,

And rapt the noblest life in cold eclipse

By woman lived or sung.

How shrinks the heart from nature's festal

noon,

As shrink the withered leaves,

In the wan light of Sorrow's harvest moon.

To gleam her blighted sheaves.

There is an aged lady in this town ninety years of age, engaged in knitting a pair of fine stockings for exhibition at the coming Agricultural Fair. We saw the work a few days since, and although our judgment in such matters is not excellent perhaps, we think any young lady in town would be proud to exhibit work displaying such industry and skill. She has lived through three wars, and seen soldiers rob the house of silver, threatening the bayonet to all who offered opposition.

A PUBLICAN BIT.—A poor fellow, who had spent scores of pounds at the bar of a drinking shop, one day asked the landlord to trust him with a glass of liquor.

"No," was the surly reply; "I never make a practice of doing such things."

The man turned to a bystander and said:

"Sir, will you lend me sixpence?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

The landlord with alacrity placed the glass before the man, who swallowed its contents, then handing the sixpence to the lender, said:

"Here, sir, is the sixpence I owe; I make it a point, degraded as I am, always to pay borrowed money before I pay my spirit bill."

PAT'S ACCOUNT OF A FIGHT.—Jim Heely and me was dere, wid nothing in our hands but our fists, a looking on at de amusement. We seen Phil Connell wid a small sample of iron in one hand a wheeling and in his other fist he had his coat a-shreeling and crying out, "Who'll tread on the tail of me coat?" I couldn't stand, dat so the first blow I hit him I missed him. "You're down," says I; but he wasn't, for he gave me a tap on de head wid de stick he had and cured me of seeing anything else dat day. So I can give no more information in the business.

Useful Hints.

Iron stains may be removed from marble by wetting the spots with oil of vitrol, or with lemon-juice, or with exalic acid diluted in spirits of wine, and, after a quarter of an hour, rubbing them with a soft linen cloth.

Japanned Urns, waiters, &c., should be cleaned with a sponge and cold water, finishing with a soft dry cloth.

BRONZED Chandeliers, Lamps, &c., should be merely dusted with a feather brush, or with a soft cloth, as washing them will take off the bronzing.

SILVER and plated ware should be washed with a sponge and warm soap-suds every day after using, and wiped dry with a clean soft towel.

China tea-pots are the safest, and, in many respects, the most pleasant. Wedgewood ware is apt, after a time, to acquire disagreeable taste.

A mahogany frame should be first well dusted, and then well cleaned with a flannel dipped in sweet oil.

To clean knives and forks, wash the blades in warm (but not hot) water, and afterwards rub them lightly over with powdered rotten stone wet to a paste with a little cold water; then polish them with a clean cloth.

Meat may be kept several days in the height of summer, sweet and good, by lightly covering it with bran, and hanging it in some high or windy room, or in a passage where there is a current of air.

Householders would exercise precaution against fires by directing that the last person up should perambulate the previous to going to bed, to ascertain that all fires are safe, and lights extinguished.

For cleaning Brasses belonging to mahogany furniture either powdered whiting or scraped rotten stone mixed with sweet oil and rubbed on with a buckskin is good.

The best covering for a kitchen floor is a thick unfigured oil cloth, of one color.

A Tight boot or shoe goes on easier when thoroughly warmed by turning the soles next to the fire.

Glass Vessels, and other utensils, may be purified and cleaned by rinsing them out with powdered charcoal.

To soften hard water, or purify river water, simply boil it, and then leave it to atmospheric exposure.

349 Dr

1825

Baker & Barrett in ac

June 23	1/2 3 Sare of Pumps 95 Cts per pair	\$ 2 85
Aug 6	20 do of Pumps 95 Cts	19 =
Sept 1	28 do of Shoes Pumps 95 Cts	26 60
6	4 do of Pumps 95 Cts	3 80
25	4 do of Pumps 95 Cts	3 80
25	13 do of Pumps 95 Cts	12 35
Oct 6	8 do of Pumps 95 Cts	7 60
11	5 do of Pumps 95 Cts	4 75
14	6 do of Pumps 95 Cts	5 75
Nov 23	1 Sare of Boots 24/	1 65
28	Bill of Shoes 24/	3 67
Dec 12	2 Sare of Shoes for Tutor's man 11/	1 65
16	4 do of Boots 24/	7 =
	2 do of Boots 21/	4 97

Dec 12	Amount Brought Over	\$ 135 83
12	2 1/2 yd Peleas flannel 24/	1 30
	1 do linen	19 =
Jan 4	Order in favour of J. Knolls	12 =
9	4 1/2 yds green case 2/	4 50
10	3 yds Riben 12 1/2 Cts 1/2 yd silk 22 Cts	5 94
	1 pair Gloves 3/3	54 =
	Sundry goods	4 70
19	Mustard	50 =
20	do	75 =

To bill carried in \$ 155 10
 Balance due from carried to page 39 134 07
 21 03

with C. Insel Hambleton

C.

1825

June 7	by 7 yds factory cotton	1/9	—	1	87.
	3 1/2 yds striped	2/6	—	1	46.
	1 hatt 1/2 Mutton	—	—	3	25.
25	guds Delud wife	—	—	5	69
Aug 18	1 Trape ground Delud O 1/2	—	—	5	75.
23	1 1/2 yds Chath 18/- 2 Se silk 12	—	—	4	25.
28	Sundry guds Delud O 1/2	—	—	1	18.
	1 yd Trape	—	—	—	67
Sept 1	1 hatt 33/ 1 1/2 yd table flanel 6/9	—	—	7	19.
	1/2 yd lining 3/6 2 1/2 Satenett 6/9	—	—	2	81.
	12 1/2 yds Duck 18 Sts	—	—	2	30.
	3/4 yd table flanel 6/9 prominent 7 1/2 Sts	—	—	1	59.
	2 Se silk 10 Sts 1 Dux from buttons 8	—	—	—	18.
2	Order in favour of Th Knowles	—	—	5	75.
	Order in favour of Wren Chryse	—	—	8	20.
8	Order in favour of Edward May	—	—	5	23.
20	Order in favour of Th go Dunam	—	—	7	50.
	Order in favour of Segy Wier	—	—	5	—
Oct 3	Trimings for vest	—	—	—	7.
6	2 1/2 yds Satenett 5/3 2 Se silk 12	—	—	2	31.
	Order in favour of Eben Talent	—	—	7	279
24	8 yds Had 3/6	—	—	1	0.
	3/4 yd mutton 4/3 = 1 Jane Goves 3/	—	—	4	50.
31	1 1/2 yds Chath 18/-	—	—	—	77.
	Order in favour of Th Knowles	—	—	6	50.
Nov 2	3 yds Shuting 15	—	—	—	45.
	Order in favour of Th Knowles	—	—	8	—
	4 yds broadcloth 22/6	—	—	1	5.
	1 yd padding 3/ 3/4 yd buckram 4/6	—	—	—	75.
	Buttons 2/6 102 silk 13/-	—	—	—	92.
13	8 1/2 yds Duck 20 Sts	—	—	1	20.
17	Sundry Goods	—	—	1	45.
28	Order in favour of Eliza Rose	—	—	3	—
	Order in favour of E. May	—	—	13	583.

35

Paul Macy

in ac

1835

amt. Brought from Page 27 = 171 61

June 7

65 00 Boots at 28 Cts — 18 20

14

Mending 1 1/2 day at 12/ — 3 50

15

19 pair of Shoes 6/ — 19 =

July 20

Mending Shoe — — 6

Aug 13

Mending 1 Pair of Boots — 4 =

27

Shoe & Pumps Deliv'd to Gardner — 14 12

Sept 22

Mending 1 Boot — — 18

Nov 4

Mending 1 Pair of Boots to Macy — 3 =

bill rendered in — \$ 234 67

to by your Bill to this date — 183 78

Balance to new ac — \$ 50 89

Over charge on knives — 37

24

Mending 1 Pair of Boots — 37 1/2

Dec 5

Do 1 Shoe — 37 1/2

March 28

1 Pair Deliv'd Charles Macy — 2 =

April 23

Order on Albert Gardner — 3 =

May 20

Mending 1 Pair Boots — 20

June 30

Do — 62 1/2

Aug 25

Do — 62 1/2

Oct 16

1 Pair Boots Delivered to Charles Macy — 3 00

Order from A A Gardner — 61 46

3 55

\$ 65 01

36/ Dr
1824

William Swain

in gc

June 7	No 6000 Rivets at 28 Cts	\$16 80
30	700 Rivets at 30 Cts	2 10
Oct 10	400 rivets at 30 Cts	12 90
	Order from George Wing	1 20
Dec - 3	1850 Rivets at 30 Cts	5 55
	" " " " "	2 65

Dr Daniel Jones & Co

Feb 15 No 6500 & Rivets 15/ \$16 25

with

Israel Hamblen

Dr

June 10	by 1 Sixth 9/	1 Do 7/6	- 2 75
	2 Sheads 12/6	2 Riffell stones th	1 03
23	" Sugar		1
	" Order E. May		4
July 10	" nives & tacks		50
14	" 4 gals of Molasses 40 lbs		1 60
	" 6 lbs of Coffee - 25 lbs		1 50
20	" 1 Shovel 2 Crocker		1
	" 1 thimble		42
	" 2 gals Molasses 40 lbs		3 60
Aug 6	" 4 Do		1 60
Oct 24	" 3 gals Molasses 40 lbs		1 90
	" 1 tap cover		25
Nov 5	" 1/2 dozen tea spoons		4 87
Jan 3	" 5 Owl Haws - 3 lbs		15
	" 1 Paper nates		25
	" 1 Groce Tacks 20		2 72
			20
	to by due bill to balance		25 92
			63
			\$ 26 55

Contra

Cr

1826	By 6 Silver spoons	\$ 15 50
28	" Difference in thimbels	32
	" Owl Haws 2 Owls	37
		\$ 16 25

Edward Macy in ac

June	40	balance of ac Page	30	\$	9 45
July 1		Mowing for J Macy			67
Sept 3		Order on B & L Barrett			7 50
14		Sowing 86 feet of Horse at 9 Cts			7 74
		Cash			25 36
Oct 24		Order in favour of J Austin on B & L Barrett			15 =
Dec 5		Order on B & L Barrett			3 =
		Cash			43 36
10		1 bushel Potatoes			10 =
12		Sowing 84 feet of Horse 9 Cts			20 =
17		2 gals Oil 80 Cts			50
1826		18 1/2 lbs Solvent 25 Cts			7 56
Jan 2		Cash			1 60
12		Cash			4 69
		Cash			63
Feb 9		Order on Paul Macy			5 =
		Mending 1 Pair Suits			10
10		Cash			75
16		Cash \$5 - Order on H Swift \$350			1 =
March 8		Baskets no J Gibbs			8 50
					1 50
					115 09
24		Cash			10
		5 tickets 17¢ - 5 tickets 20¢			1 85
10		Vest & J trimmings S G			1 88
		1 Hat 87¢ 1 Silk Handkerchief 4/6			1 62
11		1 Pair Boots 1 Pair S G			2 =
		1 pack Ham &c			10
June 1		1 gal Oil			80
9		90 feet Horse 9 Cts			8 10
		5 lbs tallow Skin			50
27		Mowing			1 =
July 6		Do			2 50
14		6 Bushels Corn			6 =
19		2 Cord Pine wood			2 =
Aug 9		Mending 1 Pair Suits S G			35
19		Shooting 1 Pair Boots S G			3 =
Sept 15		2 Bushels Apples			1 =
					156 79

with

C. Wood & Son

Lb

Sept 8	..	lot of leather		\$ 19 42
14	..	59 lbs Solather at 25 cts		14 75
Oct 18	..	horse hide		1 33
Nov 5	..	horse hide of 1 half skin 18/		4 50
11	..	1 Side of seats leather		3 25
Dec 5	..	105 lbs Solather 20 cts		4 3 25
	..	6 half skins		2 1
12	..	2 sides of seats leather 18/		13
17	..	2 do seats leather 16/6		6
26	..	1 do Grand leather		5 50
30	..	1 do seats leather		1 50
Jan 1846	..	20 lbs Solather 25 cts		3
Feb 9	..	lot leather		5
16	..	20 lbs Solather 25 cts 7 1/2 lbs Solather 20 cts		10
21	..	10 lbs Solather 20 cts		6 50
March 24	..	42 lbs Solather 25 cts		11 4 75
	..	1 horse butt		1 0 50
May 2	..	1 side seats leather		3
28	..	1 side horse do		1 75
June 8	..	horse		50
July 19	..	13 lbs Solather 16/ horse - 2		2 50
Aug 3	..	22 1/2 lbs do leather 16/		5 50
9	..	1 side horse leather		1 50
Sept 19	..	1 do seats leather 16/6		2 75
	..	16 1/2 lbs Solather 25 cts		4 12
Oct 16	..	2 sides seats leather 8/6		14 7 45
21	..	37 1/2 lbs Solather 16/		2 50
Nov 2	..	2 sides of seats leather 5 lbs half skin		2 31
	..	Leather .. \$10		4 50
	..			11
Sept 15	..	amount brought from the author		\$ 174 82
26	..	1 pair shoes		15 6 79
Oct 21	..	Ordering 1 pair shoes		2 25
Nov 2	..	1 Lark line of Order on B Perivalls		10
	..	Mowing		169 79
	..	Cash to Balance		169 79

38 / Dr March Office in a/c

1826

March 3	Do	1 Pair Boots for Sarah Mitchell	2 25
17	"	Mending 1 Pair of Shoes for woman	- 50
April 6	"	1 Pair Shoes for wash woman	1 75
May 28	"	Making 1 Pair Denmark Pumps	- 1 25
June 6	"	1 Pair Shoes	- 2 -
July 24	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots	- 25
Aug 6	"	Do 1 Pair Shoes	- 58
14	"	Do 1 Pair Shoes	- 6
19	"	1 Pump leather & 2 Chapers	- 33
Sept 14	"	new Strapping Shoes	25
Oct 13	"	Bill of Shoes & Boots del'd A Gardner's } ^{order}	1 80
Dec 1	"	Mending 1 Pair over shoes	- 33
29	"	Shoes & Boots del'd A G order	13 02
			<u>\$5 4 37</u>

1826	June 22	Amount Brought from the outside	5 4 72
		" 10 lbs Rice 3/5 = 4 yd Muslin 4/6	- 69
	27	" Sugar 6/ 2 lbs M. tea 9/	- 2 33
	July 4	" Milk and Ginger L. bones	- 42
	5	" 1 lb. Mong tea 9/ niting Rice 48	- 71
	15	" 1 Casser 3/9 50/ 7 lbs Sugar 6/	- 1 62 1/2
	17	" 1 yd nutmeg 1/	- 17
	18	" 1/2 lb. young Tea 6/6	- 27
	24	" 10 lbs Rice 3/ 1 Pair Pisers 1/6	- 75
	Aug 1	" 14 buttons 1/4	- 87
	8	" 1 bed Cord 4/9 = Duck & buttons 9/	- 80
	128	" 3 1/2 yds ticking 2/9	- 1 60
	Sept 23	" 6 cups & Casser 3/6	- 58

1826
Jan 14 .. Goods not before listed \$6 5 54

To My bill paid in \$6 6 41

Balance paid to new ac \$1 2 04

with
1856

C. Burdett Chandler

Ch

Jan 13	By Balance of acct	Page 32	8	1	37 1/2			
18	" 1 shoe Knife				17			
19	" 1 1/2 yd Cotton Cloth	3/4 yd 1 lb silk	6		81			
20	" 2 pair trowsers				25			
30	" 1/4 lb silver 15 sh	5 1/2 yd silk brocade	4 1/2		34			
"	" 1 lbouchong Tea				67			
Feb 8	" 1 silk Handkerchief	4/6	1 yd ribbon	8 sh	83			
10	" 2 lb Sugar	6	1 silk Handkerchief	4/6	75			
21	" 1 Umbrella	7/6	= 1 paper pins	12 1/2 sh	37 1/2			
24	" 3 pair gloves	2/6	= 1 silk Handkerchief	4/6	2			
March 7	" 1 yd Cambric	3/4	pepermints	4 sh	54			
8	" 1 Silk Handkerchief	4/6	= 1 pair gloves	2/6	= 1 glove	42		
10	" 7 yd Calico	28 sh	= 2 silk Handkerchief	4/6	3	46		
"	" Cotton	20	= Cotton	2 sh		22		
14	" 7 1/2 lb Sugar			1				
"	" shoe Brush	12 sh	2 1/2 yd Calico	1/6		75		
24	" 1 1/2 yd Check	1/2	Cotton	12 sh	1 lb tea	4/6	1	104
29	" 2 1/4 yd Calico	1/6	Delv	0 1/4			56	
"	" 1 lb Shuang Tea						67	
April 3	" 2 yd broad Cloth	9 sh		18				
15	" 7 lb Sugar			1				
25	" 6 1/2 yd Check	15 sh					98	
"	" 2 lb Shuang Tea						33	
May 4	" 3 1/2 yd Calico	2/9					93 1/2	
10	" 2 1/2 yd Duck	1/6	3 sh				62 1/2	
"	" 2 silk Handkerchief	4/6		1			50	
15	" 1 Chamber						33	
26	" Goods Delv						11	
28	" 5 lb Coffee of one half Hymid	3/4		1			50	
June 1	" 1 yd Ribbon		2 oz silk	25			31	
2	" 1 lb Tea	4	1/4 lb Pepper	6 sh			73	
7	" 1 Silk Handkerchief	4/6	8 lb buttons	5 sh			80	
9	" 1 Chip Hat						12	
11	" 3 1/2 yd Cotton	Shirting	17 sh	5			25	
13	" 1 1/2 yd Check	45 sh	Campfire	10 sh			32 1/2	
"	" Sugar & tea Delv						87	
in 20	" for Delv	6 sh	23 sh	1			23	

39)

Baker & Barrett

Dr

1826

March 20 to 1 Pair Boots del'd George Mackway \$ 4 =

July 23 .. 2 Pair Pumps 7/6 John Lawrence 2 50
.. 3 1/2 lbs Solithers 1 =

Aug 8 .. 4 Pair Pumps 7/6 del'd J. H. Gard 5 =

Sept 19 .. Mending 1 Pair Shoes 58

Oct 6 .. Do + Pair Shoes 58

14 .. Order from J. Ewers by Whitman 2 =

.. Shoes del'd J. Lawrence 5 58

1827

Jan 3 .. Cash to Balance \$ 21 24

- 8 79

\$ 30 03

1829

Paul May

Dr

Jan 2 to Amount brought from page 44 32 18

Contra

1826	By Balance due then from Page 34	\$21 03
March 20	" 24 yds kid larsenear 15/- per yd	6 87½
May 23	" 17 do to Cloth 12½	2 12½
June 3	" 17 do to Cloth 12½	\$30 03

Contra

to

1829	By Amount brought from Page 44	21 22
Jan 2	" 1 yon kille 2½" 100 & 100 1/2 yds 1/6" 100 & 100 1/2 yds 1/6"	80

1826 Dr Baack Justin \$ 8

Aprill 4 6 Pair Shoes at 4/ - 46 -

July 20 .. Mending 1 Pair Shoes - 42

25 .. 1 Pair Shoes Del'd Lotrup - 1 50

Aug 12 .. 1 Pair Shoes - 2 50

Sept 5 .. Mending 1 Pair of Boots - 1 -

9 .. Sewing 41 feet of Hoase 11 Cts - 4 51

15 .. do 82 feet of Hoase 10 Cts - 8 20

Nov. 4th .. to mending 1 Pair Shoes self - - -

23 .. To 1 Pair Shoes Lotrup - - 75

Dec 14 .. 1 Pair Boots do A 8 - - 25

25 .. Mending 1 Pair Boots - - - 33

29 .. To 1 Pair Boots A 8 - - 75

Jan 7 .. Mending 1 Pair Boots - - - 83

12 .. This bill - - - 69 79

Balance owed to new for Page 468 2 07

Sept 21 Amount brought from the other side 85 6 55

Oct 12 the bond notes 10 Cts - 10 Cts the notes 11 Cts - 2 30

22 .. Ribbon 9 Cts & Suspenders 1/6 Del'd L & J - 34

Oct 10 .. 1 Cotton Blanket Del'd L & Crosby - - 50

11 .. 8 lbs. ^{raisins} 10 Cts per lb. - - 60

26 .. 2 1/2 nails 11 Cts - - 22

31 .. 1/2 lb. Leadels of Jones - - 8

Nov 25 .. 1 Brown - - 17

26 .. 2 Wives 12 1/2 Cts - - 25

Dec 7 .. 2 yds Melase 38 Cts 2 R other Notes 12 Cts - 88

13 .. 1/2 lb Leadels 20 Cts - 2 chels 4 Cts - 28

25 .. 5 1/2 yds Calico 1/6 = 1 1/2 yd Calico 1/9 - 1 81

Jan 4 1827 .. 1 Roll Paper 2/9 = 1/2 quire Paper 12 1/2 Cts - 58

5 .. 1 1/4 yd A Calico 3/9 = 10 yds curtain strings 10 Cts - 89

12 .. 1 yd Calico 1/6 - 2 chels 8 Cts - 33

Goods not before included - - 65 89

- 1 83

\$ 67 72

1826	Contra	P. 8
April 11	By Sunday Goods	2 50-
	31 1/4 yds Cotton Sheeting 1/6	7 94-
	1/2 oz silk 2/12 2 yds Buckram 2/3 1 yd tartan	7 6-
12	5 1/2 yds Muslin 5/6 1/2 yds Muslin 5/3	5 02-
	1 1/2 lbs buttons 2/4 4 yds denver shawl 4/4	80-
14	8 yds Calico 1/6 5 1/2 yds Calico 2/3	4 31-
	4 hanks Cotton 8¢ 3 1/2 yds Ribbon 8¢	3 5-
17	2 1/2 yds Calico 2/6 1/4 yds Calico 1/6	1 10-
	1 book 8¢ 1 trimmable 4¢	1 2-
19	1/4 yds Cotton 1/6 2 hanks Cotton 4¢	2 3-
20	1 Pair Belous 2/6 1 turtlet 1/6 ^{last time}	67-
	trimmings for vest	57-
23	Do for vest	54
25	1 1/4 yds Broad Cloth 28¢	5 94-
29	1 Role Border paper	50-
May 2	5 yds Paper 6¢	30-
3	1 Scone yarn	29-
4	15 yds furniture Calico 2/	5-
11	1 bottle Peppermint essence	20-
7	Goods delivd L Jones	1 33
10	trimmings for vest for L J	58-
14	6 1/2 yds Calico 29¢ L Jones	1 89-
15	Goods delivd L Jones	83-
	1 Chamber Wing	41 74-
	Muslin 5/3 & Cotton 12¢ &	17-
25	Goods delivd L Jones	60-
29	trimmings for Pantaloon for L J	17-
	3 1/4 yds t. shawl 3/9	2 49-
	thread 8¢ Buttons	26-
Aug 12	Cloath and silk L Jones	1 12-
	6 yds Cotton 1/ thread 1¢ L J	1 01-
17	1 Sg yarn 1/9 Paper Licks 1/2 2 shoe nines	7 1-
29	1 yd Cotton 1/6 Buttons 4¢ 1 yd Muslin	29-
30	3 1/2 yds Calico 23¢ 1 yd Ribbon 10¢	7 08-
Sept 12	1 lb yarn 1/6 3 yds Yellow flannel 3/9	2 13-
14	2 1/2 yds Calico 23¢ 1 1/2 yds Cotton 10¢	4 27-
	Amount owed to the other side	5 64 5-

411

Dr Settle Mulch 10

7 C

1825

Date	Description	Amount	Balance
July 14	Mending 1 Pair Boots		37½
20	" Do 1 Pair Boots		12½
Aug 15	" Do 1 Pair Boots		66
Sept 2	" Do 1 Pair Boots		42
Oct 31	" Do 1 Pair Shoes		58
Nov 14	" 1 Pair Shoes		12
25	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes	2	66
Dec 3	" Do 1 Pair Boots		20
14	" Do 1 Do		10
23	" Do 1 Shoe		67
28	" 1 Pair Shoes Delv S Gibbs	1	8
	" Showing for 1825	9	75
Jan 1826	Mending 1 Pair Shoes S Gibbs		50
23	" Do 1 Pair Boots		12½
Feb 6	" Do 2 Pair Shoes		90
17	" Do 1 Pair Shoes		37½
25	" Do 1 Pair Shoes S Gibbs		33
March 22	" Do 1 Pair Boots Gibbs		45
25	" Do 1 Pair Shoes Gibbs		50
31	" 1 Pair Boots	1	83
Apr 12	" Mending 1 Pair Boots		42
19	" 1 Pair Boots	1	67
24	" 1 Vest Delv S Gibbs 7/6 Mending Last	1	35
May 2	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes		33
4	" 1 Pair Pump Th M	1	67
16	" 1 Do Shoes Delv S Gibbs	1	50
24	" Mending 1 Pair Boots S Gibbs		75
June 9	" Do 1 Pair Shoes	3	0 45
24	" Do 1 Pair Shoes		83
July 1	" Showing for 1826	7	75
14	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes W Mitchell		75
18	" Do 1 Pair Shoes S Gibbs		75
21	" Do 1 Pair Boots		37½
Aug 12	" 1 Pair Shoes Th M	2	17
18	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes for S Gibbs		14
Sept 5	" 1 Pair Shoes Delv S Gibbs	2	25
23	" 1 Do Boots S Gibbs	2	75
Oct 6	" Mending 1 Pair Boots 2/6 1 Do Boots 2/6		75
	Amount Carried to the other side	\$	47 91

1826
 June 6 By Cash ———— 10 —
 Dec 13 43 gal Oil at 70 cts ———— 30 10
 \$ 40 10

1826
 Oct 28 Amount brought from the other side 47 91
 " 20 Shending 1 Pair Sumps at 11 — 92
 Dec 11 " Do 1 Pair Sholes ———— 20
 Credit ———— 48 53
 40 10
 Balance to new of Aug 42 \$ 8 43

42)

1826

Seth Mitchell

Dr

Dec 11	To Balance of ac	Page 41		\$ - 8 43
25	" Mending 1 Pair Boots			67
Jan 12	" Do 1 Pair of Boots			75
16	" Do 1 Pair Boots			8
26	" Do 1 Pair Boots			42
March 10	" Do 1 Pair Pumps			60
22	" Do 1 Pair Shoes			42
April 4	" Do 1 Pair Boots			16
13	" 1 Pair Pumps for Charles			50
May 15	" Do 1 Shoe	Th M		2
18	" 2 1 Pair Shoes			06
				50
26	" 1 Pair Shoes Th M			2 25
	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes			50
30	" Do 1 Pair Shoes Th M			67
June 12	" Do 1 Pair Boots			10
July 24	" Do 1 Pair Pumps Th M			42
Aug 3	" 3 Pair Pumps for Th M & J			4
	" 1 Pair Shoes Do			1 75
16	" Mending 1 Pair Shoe Th			42
Sept 2	" 1 Pair Boots			1 75
12	" 1 Pair Shoes for Th			1 75
15	" 1 Do Shoes for Daughter			1 62
22	" Mending 1 Pair Boots Self			67
	" Do 1 Pair Pumps Charles			56
				\$ 30 55
Oct 12	" 1 Pair Shoes for Daughter			1 75
23	" 1 Pair Boots for Self			4 50
Nov 23	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes			40
30	" Do 1 Pair Boots			80
Dec 8	" Do 1 Pair Boots			50
				37 80
	Polger & Mitchell's bill of Rovers & John Th M			7 25
	by Oil			\$ 45 05
				41 70
	Balance Carried to page 56			\$ 3 35

Contra

1827 #							
June 2	Ans	30 gals	Oil	60 Cts	per gal	\$	18 00
Dec 19	"	37 80		72 Cts		\$	23 70
						\$	41 70

43)

1826

Benjamin Sawmill Dr

July 10 -	1200	Rs Rivets	at 28 Cts per R	-	3	36
17 -	800	do	28 Cts	-	2	24
Aug 1 -	1400	do	28 Cts	-	3	92
15 -	850	do	28 Cts	-	2	38
25 -	600	do	28 Cts	-	1	68
Sept 4 -	1000	do	28 Cts	-	2	80
9 -	Order from Wm. Burkle			-	1	6
16 -	1 bushel Apples	2/6		-		42
23 -	2 do	2/6		-		83
Oct 13 -	1 Pair Shoes	Sch. Robert Edger		-	2	50
21 -	4 do	Pumps & Del. B. Clark		-	5	
"	2 do	Shoes 12/ do	B. C.	-	4	
25 -	850	Rs Rivets	28 Cts per R to S. Swifts	-	2	38
27 -	Mending 1 Pair	Shoes for Robert Edger		-		37 1/2
Nov 21 -	1000	Rs Rivets	30 Cts	-	3	
"	Order from Wm. Burkle			-	2	
1827 Jan 8 -	2050	Rivets at 30 Cts	per R to S. S. & H. H. H.	-	6	15
				-	5	9 03

Feb 15 -	550	Rivets at 30 Cts		-	1	65
March 12 -	1000	do	30 Cts	-	3	
April 19 -	25	Pair Shoes	4/6 per pair	-	1	8 75
25 -	300	Rivets	2/4 per R & Carid to S. S. & H.	-	1	
27 -	1	Pair Pumps & Del. Wm. Mores		-	1	50
May 16 -	4200	Rivets	28 Cts per R	-	1	1 67
				-		9 6 60

June 2 -	1	Pair Pumps & Del. George Hunter		-	2	
June 8 - 1827	Amount of bill rendered to B. S. J.			-	9	8 60
	for by his bill of goods			-		84 31
	Balance Carid to new ap.			-		1 9 29
				-		Page 53

1827 May 4	Any Amount of C. from the author side			-	82	72
28	11 yds silk trade 4 Cts			-		44
	1 do - 3 Cts - 14 yds ribbon 15 Cts & yd			-		22
	1 yd cotton			-		75
23	4 1/2 yds spon 3 Cts yd			-		14
31	4 yds duck 20 Cts yd			-		72
June 4	4 yds spon 7 Cts yd 1/2 lb & spon 3 Cts			-		15
	1 yd broad cloth not C.			-	1	75
	1 yd brown cloth do			-		
	4 yds ribbon 20 Cts yd 1 1/2 yds & 15 Cts			-		99
	Deduction in their Credit			-	8	8 63
				-		4 32
June 8 - 1827	Amount of their bill sent			-	8	4 31

Contra

Cur

1826

July 17	dy 3 yds Cotton 11 Cts		\$ - - 33
"	8 lb Super 1/		1-33
19	Peppermints		-17
20	1 lb		-28
21	1 lb		-28
23	Goods School Wife		-19
26	1 bottle Castor Oil		-58
27	1 Hat 10/6 Ribbon 6 Cts 1 lb peppermints 28		- 2-09
Aug 1	13 yds Cotton Sheeting 28 Cts		3-64
2	7 lb Silk 3/9 per yd Cotton 8 lb 19 Cts		4-56
9	1 lb Cambric		-18
12	3 hucks 8 eyes 6 Cts Cotton 2 Cts		-08
15	1 lb Peppermints		-28
19	2 1/4 yds Cotton 2/- 1/4 yd 20 Cts yd		-30
"	1 Cotton Handkerchief		-50
25	18 lbs Sugar 12/ 2 yds Cotton 11 Cts yd		- 2-22
Sept 4	1 lb Sh tea 64 Cts 1/2 lb young 4/		- 1-14
5	1 lb tobacco 1/6 = 1 lb Sh tea 64 Cts		-89
9	1/2 Super Sins 6 Cts 1 Pair Denmark Shoes 7/		- 1-23
12	6 yds Cotton 12 1/2 Cts yd 6 yds Calico 28 Cts		- 2-43
13	1/2 lb young Sh tea 3/- 7 lbs Rice 2/		-83
Oct 7	9 lbs Sugar 6/- 1 lb Sh tea 64 Cts		- 1-64
14	29 yds Cotton 11 1/2 Cts		- 3-10
25	3 lbs Sugar 4/ 2 lb Sh tea 64		- 2-28
"	1 1/4 yd Mouth 85 = 1 yd Buck 20 Cts yd		- 6-55
"	Goods School Wife		- 1-21
Nov 2	Order to E May		- 8
23	2 oz thread 1/ Cotton 8 Cts 8 Cts		- 25
25	4 lbs Peppermints 1/6		- 1
"	1 String Beads		- 8
30	3 1/2 yds Brown Cloth 21/ 1 yds		- 12-25
Dec 11	1 yd Silk 5/ 1/4 yd Buck 1/6		- 1-08
			\$ 61 67

1827

Jan 29	1 Red Kersey Shawl		- 2-25
Feb 1	2 yds Bumbazee 56 Cts		- 1-12
March 12	1 1/2 yd ribbon 3 Cts yd 24 hucks and eyes 12 Cts		16 1/2
14	38 yd Muslin 4/- 4 lbs Peppermints 6/		- 1-37 1/2
22	1/2 yd linen 6/9 per yd		- 56
April 24	20 yds Chokolates 2/3		- 7-50
25	11 lbs Sugar 6/- 7 yds Check 1/ 1 yd Cotton 28		- 2-39
May 4	22 1/4 lbs Solother 25 Cts per lb		5-69
	Amount of Cash paid to Dr Side		\$ 82 72

Paul Macy

Dr

Jan 14	To	5700 Rivets at 28 cts per c.	\$ 15 96
March 3	"	To Noting 1 Pair Boots for B Macy	2 37 1/2
27	"	" 1 Pair Boots L Macy	2 25
April 4	"	To 1 Pair Shoes for Edmond Macy	42
May 19	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots	75
June 14	"	To 1 Boot	83
19	"	2 pair Shoes 12/ per pair 2 pairumps 9/ per pair	121
July 26	"	Mending 12 Day - 12/ per day	7
Sept 6	"	Mending 1 Pair Shoes for G Coffin	3
15	"	1 Pair Shoes Self Edmond Macy	75
	"		2 25
20	"	2 Pair Shoes 10/6 per pair for G Coffin	3 50
	"	4 doumps 7/6 per pair for do	5
	"	Mending 1 Pair Shoes for do	75
Oct 12	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots L Macy	80
Nov 3	"	1 Pair Shoes Self G Coffin	2
7	"	1 Pair Boots for B Macy	6
9	"	2 Pair Shoes for George West 12/ per pair	4
	"	1 do Boots Mended for G West 3/	83
10	"	1 do Boots for Paul Macy	6
	"	Mending 1 Boot L Macy	10
16	"	1 Pair Shoes Self G Coffin	\$ 6 4 69
25	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots L Macy	1 50
	"	1 Pair Boots for Daughter	2 25
	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for son	2 25
Jan 25	"	To 1 Pair Shoes 12/ 1 Pair Boots 80 cts each	30
Jan 30	"	To 1 Pair Boots for G Coffin	1 30
	"	Mending 1 Boot for G Coffin	25
Feb 27	By	his bill to this date	\$ 72 90
	"	Balance do new ap	47 82
			\$ 25 08
Dec 26	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots for son	121
March 3	"	To 1 Boot for G Coffin	6
	"	1 Pair Boots L Macy	75
	"	1 do do	75
22	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for son	75
26	"	To 1 Boot for G Coffin	17
April 27	"	To 1 Pair Shoes L Macy	20
May 15	"	To 1 Pair Shoes L Macy	20
31	"	To 1 Pair Shoes L Macy	20
June 6	"	To 1 Pair Shoes L Macy	20
Sept 1	"	To 1 Boot for G Coffin	20
Dec 4	"	To 1 Pair Boots Self	6

Amounts due to page 39 \$ 3 2 18

1827

Contra

6

Jan 14	By Balance of old acc	1.75
16	2 lb Silk 12¢ 12 buttons 4¢	1.6
Feb 12	1 1/2 dozen huck 8 eyes	.9
19	2 yds Calico 1/6 3 3/4 yd Calico 30¢	.73
March 7	10 yds Linen 4/6	7.50
10	1 Kasp 20¢ = 1 oz of silk 3/4 = 1 pair of tape 4¢	.74
15	1 Cotton Handker 1/6 2 Cotton Handker 4¢	.37
24	2 1/4 yds Calico 1/6 = 13 Awtls = 14¢	.70
May 2	1 1/2 yds Calico 28¢ = 2 Lumpeters 60	1.02
7	3 yds Cotton & wool flannel 2/6	1.37 1/2
12	3 or Terry Cloth 3/6 = 2 yds Linen 1/6	2.8
15	1 yd Linen 1/6 = 1 order in favour of 8 d 33	3.17
22	1 1/2 dozen iron buttons 4¢ each	.6
June 29	7 yds Calico 1/6 yd	1.75
"	goods Delvd wife	1.28
Aug 3	baker better cover	.50
Sept 18	trimmings Delvd Samuel Jones	1.13
3	3 yds flannel 2/6 yd = 3 yds Duck 22¢ yd	1.78
4	1 shoe nife 9¢ = 6 hands Cotton 6¢ & thread 2¢	.20
6	6 cups 1/6 = 2 nates Delvd L. Jones 9¢	.37 1/2
Nov 2	huck & eye 4¢ = 1 hat Delvd Th. H. 1/6	2.67 1/2
"	6 lbs nates 8¢ Delvd L. Jones	.48
12	3 1/2 yds Calico 1/6 yd = 1/2 lb thread 1/6	.95
Dec 19	1 hat Delvd Th. H. 1/6 of 10 yds tape 20¢	1.20
1828	1 Spider & Cover	.75
Jan 2	wasted shirt for Th. H. 1/6 = Cotton & box 4¢	1.17
15	1 1/2 yds B. Cloth 12¢ yd	3.
28	1 yd Duck	.20
Feb 25	12 yds Calico 20¢ = 5 1/2 lb 28¢	3.95
"	7 lb 35¢ yd 1 glass lamp 2/6	2.98
"	13 do 28¢ yd	3.64
26	goods not before credited	1.87
March 14	1 Matt 19/6 1 paper buttons 22¢ 1 lb nates 14¢	3.61
17	1 case tape 4¢ 2 yds Calico 20¢ & yd	.46
April 22	Shirtry good for Olive	1.94
28	Sugar bowl & pot 28¢ 3 spoons 10¢	.38
"	1 guy 1/6 = 7 lb yarn 1/6 lb	2.
May 16	lot of screws 21¢ 3 Seams Thread 2/6	.58
July 10	2 pair tumbler 1/6 pair = 2 do 9¢	.75
Aug 4	2 Sitchers 1/6 each	.33
Sept 9	lot of shoe Jacks	.30
12	7 paper tape 26¢ 1 tumbler 4¢	.36
Oct 1	1 lb Wines 6¢ 6 yds Duck 1/6	1.58
Dec 15	8 yds 10¢ 7 ft iron wire 293	8.93
	Amount owed to page 39	21.22

45

1827

William Hadwin

To

January 14 To 6000 m Birds at 28 cts

\$ 16 80

1828

Daniel Jones

To

Oct 27 To 93 lbs birds 15 t sh
" Cash to balance

\$ 13 95
10
\$ 14 05

Nantucket April 1

Dear Charlotte when is your birth day for I want to give you a
birth day present if you will except of it and I want you to
answer good by from your friend Leizzie Marshall.

1827

Contra

R

Jan 14	By 6 knives 5/3 = 2 lamps 7/6 = 1 tea cubs 30 @ 8	2	43
15	" 1 Razor 2/3 1 box and brush 9		50
Feb 2	" 2 Do 1/6 2 Do 1/6 12 @ 50	1	30
8	" 1 Breast in school & wing		75
16	" Order in favour of Allen Kelley	12	
June 13	" 2	16	98

1828

Contra

R

Oct 23	By 2 1/2 gals Molasses 40 gal	-	1	--
"	4 lb sugar water	--	15	
Dec 3	" 29 lbs Sugar 9 @ 1/2 lb tobacco 9 @	-	3	75
4	" 2 1/2 gals Molasses 40 @ 20	-	1	20
20	" 1 tea cubs 20 " 1 fair fire 24 @ 9/6 2 @	-	1	78
"	2 hicks & Eggs	-	40	
1829				
Jan 19	" 1 oil stone	-	27	
Feb 16	" 16 lbs Sugar 12 @ 6 lbs coffee 4	-	3	--
26	" 1 paper naples for 5 @	-	25	
March 28	" 1 fair labour 3/ " 6 cubs 9 @	-	62 1/2	
April 6	" 12 lbs Sugar	-	1	50
"	1/2 gross hicks	-	12 1/2	
			\$14	05

1827

Daack Austin

Dr

Jan 14	To Balance of ap	\$	2 07
23	Mending 1 Pair Boots		40
27	1 Pair Boots		1 50
Feb 3	1 do		1 37 1/2
16	Changing 1 Pair of Boots		1 50
	Mending 1 Pair Shoes		42
26	To 1 Pair Boots Jumps		67
March 12	Do 1 Pair Boots		83
	Order from Jacob Macy		5
24	Mending 1 Boot & Mending 1 Shoe		20
27	Do 1 Pair Boots 3/6 = 1 do //		75
May 1	Do 1 Boot		8
4	Do 1 Pair Boots 5/- Do 1 Shoe 10 cts		93
8	Do 1 Pair Boots 14 Eastern		62 1/2
30	Extending 1 Pair Velvet Boots - 14 c		75
June 9	Do 1 Pair Velvet Boots wife		75
16	Do 3 Pair Velvet Boots 4/6 pair self	2	25
23	Do 1 Pair velvet boots	1	07 1/2
27	Do 1 Pair velvet boots		87 1/2
30	Do 1 Pair Velvet Boots Self	1	12
Aug 3	Mending 1 Pair Jumps 1/6 1/11 Pair Boots 1/6		50
Sept 14	Fixing 1 Pair Boots		1 50
22	Mending 1 Pair Boots		50
Oct 6	1 Pair Boots for Sun	\$ 2 5	67
13	1 do Boots for Daughter	1	67
30	1 do Boots for Boy	1	67
Nov 22	Mending 1 Pair Shoes		33
Dec 8	1 Pair Shoes Velv? Paris Hand	2 50	
14	1 Pair Boots	1 75	
16	Jacob Macy's Order		9
	by his bill		3 8 67
1828			3 3 24
Jan 14	Balance to New ap		43
	Mending 1 Pair Shoes 23 " 1 do 1/6		62 1/2
Feb 22	Mending 1 Pair Boots		1 0
22	Do 1 Pair Boots		42
April 5	Do 1 Pair Boots		30
14	1 Pair Boots for Wagon	1	75
23	Mending 1 Pair Boots 14 cts 1 do Daughter 1/6		67
28	Do 1 Pair Boots		50
May 27	Mending 1 Pair Boots 14 cts 1 do Daughter 1/6	1	05
July 4	Do 1 Boot		4
25	Do 1 Pair Boots Self		67
Sept 10	2 Pair Shoes 9/- per pair Jensen	3	
Oct 18	Fixing & Sewing 9 feet of best plate	1	25
27	1 pair calf skin Boots for Christian	3	
Nov 4	Mending 1 Pair Boots		37 1/2
14	Do 1 Pair Shoes for Wagon		58
	Amount carried to Dr side		14 96

Contra

B

1827

Jan 14	By 4/4 brush	5/6	-	8	-	92
15	1 1/2 yd cloth	22/6 per yd	-	4	-	69
27	1 pair gloves white & green		-		-	5 1/2
March 8	1/2 yd of black silk 4/6	1 1/2 yd ribbon - 4/6	-		-	50
16	15 yds cotton sheeting 19¢	9 yds cotton gd	-	3	-	35
20	1 quire paper 1/6	1 spot cotton 9¢	-		-	37 1/2
20	1 1/2 yd silk lace gd	12 needles 6¢	-		-	18 1/2
May 28	1 1/2 yd 5/6	1 shoe knife gd = 7 1/2 yd cotton 1/6	-	5	-	83
23	2 1/2 yds muslin 6¢	part board 4¢	-		-	12
28	7 1/2 yds cotton check 1/6	fatig. shirtings	-	1	-	87 1/2
30	2 1/2 yds 10¢	hooks & eyes - gd	-		-	26
June 8	6 1/2 yds cloth for sh. 1/3 yd		-	2	-	44
	1 1/2 yd cotton gd	1 shoe brush 4/6	-		-	94
22	8 yds cotton cloth	20 c. yds 1 1/2 yd dimity 2 yds	-	2	-	10
	2 yd cambric 15¢	1 quire paper 1/6	-		-	10
27	4 yds cotton 16 yd	2 yds cotton 20¢	-	1	-	40
Aug 2	3 1/2 yds cotton gd	2 shoe knives gd	-		-	71
Sept 2	6 1/2 yds cotton 30¢	2 1/2 yd 2/4 yd	-	2	-	78
	7 yds check 1/4 yd	twist & thread 1/4	-	1	-	26
Sept 27	Order in favour of Edward Macy		-	5	-	
	Yours Belovd wife		-		-	14
Oct 3	1/2 yd 1/4 yd	cloth	-		-	21
	Yours not before collected		-		-	33

83824

1828

Jan 19	2 yds cotton 1/6 yd		-		-	50
24	7 yds cotton check - 1/4 yd		-	1	-	17
June 19	2 pair stockings 2/6 per pair		-		-	83
	1 vict pepper mint		-		-	17
Aug 4	3 yds cotton 4/6 yd		-	2	-	25
Sept 13	1 hole paper 2/3	1 1/4 yd 1/6 6 yds	-		-	48
	1 gross tacks 1/4	2 tide crabs gd	-		-	29
Oct 28	2 yds duck 1/6	1 pair stockings 1/4	-		-	67
	2 scans yarn 1/6	1 quire paper 1/6	-		-	75
	1 shop yarn		-		-	32
Nov 25	2 shirts 5/4	Yours to Mrs. Hamlin 14¢	-	1	-	81
Dec 4	1 tank for sh. 42¢	7 yds fabric 1/6 yd	-	2	-	17
1829 Jan 13	1 lb tea 4/4	1 cotton Hank 1/6	-		-	92
Jan 6	Order in favour of George Macy		-	5	-	
	Amount or to paid to new bank day 7		-		-	817 33

81733

Nov 22	Amount brought for in tide		-	2	-	14 96
	20 fishing 1 pair boots 18/	4 straps put in 1/6	-	3	-	25
	1 pair boots 4/4		-		-	67
Dec 20	Mending 1 pair boots A. & L.		-	2	-	42
1829 Jan 30	Dr. 1 pair boots Christian		-		-	75
Jan 16	Shoeing & mending 1 pair boots		-		-	25
Feb 7	2 pair boots mended		-		-	84
	Amount paid to new bank day 7		-		-	821

3 1/2
8
0.
3
5
5 1/2

1827	Contra	Cr	
Jan 11	By 1 side of seats Leather	8	3
" 15	" 38 1/2 lbs Sole leather at 1/6 per lb	9	62 1/2
Feb 14	" 19 lbs Sole leather 4/6	4	75
March 5	" 1 side of seats leather 9/6 = 1 goat skin 4/6	2	25
31	" Lot of leather	14	50
April 10	" 20 1/2 lbs Sole leather 25 cts	5	12 1/2
May 22	" 1 horse hide 4/6 " 1 side of leather 15/6	3	25
June 3	" 12 3/4 lbs Sole leather 25 cts	3	19
July 30	" 10 1/4 lbs Sole leather 25 cts	2	56
July 4	" 1 side of seats leather	1	25
26	" 1 side of seats leather 13/6 = 1 sh skin 3/6	2	75
	1 bag 4 skins	4	
			\$56 25

1827	Contra	Cr	
Sept 2	By 12 3/4 lbs Sole leather 1/6 per lb	9	3 19
20	" 1 calf skin	2	
Oct 2	" 40 lbs Sole leather 9/6 per lb	5	
	" 1 side of seats leather	2	50
	" 2 fleshed calf skin 13/6 = 2 grand t skin 13/6	4	42
15	" 1 side of seats leather	2	50
30	" 1 do	3	50
Nov 10	" 2 calf skins	4	50
26	" 1 seat skin 1 goat skin	2	
Dec 4	" 1 side of seats leather	3	
13	" 58 lbs Sole leather 25 cts	14	50
5	" 5 calf skins	8	
19	" 1 side of leather 16/6 = 1 horse hide 4/6	4	
27	" lot leather	16	25
Jan 22	" 35 1/2 lbs Sole leather 1/6	8	87 1/2
28	" 1 calf skin	2	25
Feb 7	" 1 C. Brown 4/6 " 38 lbs Sole leather 9/6	5	50
			\$90 54

1827	Balance of old acc/		
Feb 12	76 lbs Sole leather 25 cts	16	20
	66 do 10 cts	6	60
	48 do 9 cts	6	
Oct 1	6 calf skins \$10 = 1 do \$1	5	11
	2 sides of leather	3	25
March 10	37 lbs Sole leather 4/6 per lb	9	29
April 16	Lot of leather	34	25
			\$97 08
	Amount owed to Page 58		

48)

Scuder & Patent

Dr.

Feb 9	to	2 Sider Parrels & One 1/2 Parrell	8	2	—
16	"	Mending 1 Pair Over Shoes	—	—	58
24	"	do 1 Shoe	—	—	12 1/2
March 2	"	Tryng out lard	—	1	—
3	"	Mending 1 Shoe	—	—	08
14	"	do 1 Pair Boots	—	—	83
25	"	do 1 Pair Shoes	—	—	30
May 3	"	Footing 1 Pair Boots for Nathaniel Patent	3	—	—
5	"	1 Tarving Ship	—	—	29
10	"	8 lbs tallow Candles	—	1	—
15	"	30 lbs hard Soap at 4 cts	—	3	50
19	"	lot beans 2/3	—	—	37 1/2
				13	28

Scuder & Patent

Dr.

1827 4	June 19	to 1 bakenpan Cover	—	—	42
	July 16	" Mending 1 Pair Shoes	—	—	38
	Oct 6	" 16 lbs tallow Candles 90 per lb	2	—	—
	10	" Mending 1 Pair Boots	—	—	25
	17	" do 1 Pair Boots	—	—	33
	22	" do 1 Pair Boots	—	—	12 1/2
	Dec 3	" Mending 11 Pair Shoes 5/3 per pair	9	62	—
	25	" Repairing 16 Pair Boots Capt Hamilton	13	33	—
	Jan 15	" William Cobb's due bill	—	—	50
	21	" do " due bill	—	—	58
	24	Cash to Balance	15	16	—
			1	35	—
				16	51

1827

Contra

Feb 2	By balance of ac	-	1	17
9	" 1 qt wine 1/6 = 1 qt W & Rum 1/6 = 1 lb of to	-	-	60
12	" 4 lbs rice 20 c	-	-	20
16	" Order in favour of Allen Keby	-	3	-
22	" do in favour of Edward Macy	-	4	50
26	" 1 peck Salt 1/2 = 1 lb purlash 12 c	-	-	29
March 8	" 2 qts of Rum	-	-	25
April 16	" 1 Empty Cider Barrel	-	-	50
May 8	" 18 lbs hard bread 2 1/2 cts per lb	-	-	45
	" 1 lb purlash 9 c = 1 doz eggs 9 c 1 lb Sup 19 c	-	-	44
15	" 1 qt wine 1/6 = 1 pint brandy 22 c	-	-	47
	" 2 lb Starch 4 c = 1 lb Starch 9 c	-	-	19
19	" black ball 6 c = beet head 4 c	-	-	14
26	" 1 pair shoes	-	-	85
	cash to balance ac	-	-	25
				1328

Contra

June 19	By 1/2 peck corn 1/6 = 1/2 peck fine salt 19 c	-	-	38
	" 1/2 peck corn 1/6 = 1 pint wine 9 c	-	-	37 1/2
	" 1 qt wine 1/6 = 1 lb butter 22 c	-	-	47
Aug 11	" 12 eggs	-	-	14
21	" 1 lb butter	-	-	15
Sept 6	" 4 lbs meat 12 c 2 qts gin 1/6	-	-	35
19	" 1 qt Molasses 40 c 2 qts of E rum 1/6	-	-	65
20	" 1 lb salt Pork 7 c lb	-	1	19
Oct 3	" 1 qt W & Rum 1/6 = 1 pint brandy 22 c	-	-	47
4	" 12 lbs Sweet Potatoes 2 c lb = 1 peck 24 c	-	-	37 1/2
8	" 1 broom 15 c = 5 lbs of butter 1/6	-	1	19
Oct 15	" mop yarn 17 c 1/2 qt of E rum 1/6	-	-	42
25	" 1/2 qt gin 1/6 = 9 lbs salt Pork 9 c lb	-	1	06
Nov 2	" 1 lb purlash 9 c beeswax 16 c	-	-	28
9	" 9 lbs salt Pork 10 c lb = 6 lbs of meat 12 c	-	1	12
10	" Sugar 3 c = 2 qt Molasses 44 c 2 qts rum 1/6	-	1	63
27	" 6 1/2 lbs of Goss 9 c lb 1 Cap Red 9 c 1/2 lb	-	2	99
Dec 13	" 6 1/2 lbs of Pork 10 c lb = 6 lbs of meat 12 c 2 lbs butter 1/6	-	1	28
16	" 2 lbs butter 20 c lb	-	-	40
25	" 1/2 peck salt	-	-	33
				1469
1828 Jan 2	" 3 pints of E rum	-	-	120
	" 1 qt of E rum 9 c = 1 qt gin 1/6	-	-	25
4	" 1 qt Molasses 44 c 6 lbs meat 12 c 1 lb of to	-	-	67
24	" 1 lb 44 c 2 qts gin 1/6	-	-	62
				1651

49)

1827

Mark Coffin

Dr

Feb 10	To	1 Pump leather Delivered by Sonsberry			
24	"	1 Pair Velvet Pumps			1 25
	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots self			75
March 24	"	1 Pair Velvet Shoes Pumps			1 25
	"	Mending 1 Pair Over shoes			8
May 21	"	2 Pair thick Shoes 12 = 1 per Pumps 9/		5	50
July 24	"	Mending 1 Pair Shoes			17
Sept 7	"	Do 1 Pair Shoes			12
Oct 25	"	Do 1 Pair Shoes for S. Mitchell			50
29	"	Do 1 Pair Shoes for quilt			33
Dec 25	"	1 Pair Shoes for A. Coffin		1	75
1828 Jan 16	"	Albert Gardner's bill of Boots & Shoes		26	16
		by his bill to Jan 1. 1828		38	02
				31	40
				\$	6 62

1828 Jan 26	To	Balance of A.C.T.			6 62
26	"	1 Pair Shoes for quilt		1	50
Feb 29	"	1 Pair Over shoes		2	75
March 3	"	David Mitchell Order		6	--
June 15	"	Mending 1 Pair Pumps for quilt			40
	"	1 Pair Shoes for		1	75
19	"	1 Pair Shoes for Lure		2	50
Sept 9	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots self			37
17	"	Do 1 Pair Shoes			10
Nov 17	"	David Mitchell order		4	50
Dec 12	"	1 Pair Velvet shoes wife		1	25
27	"	1 Do shoes for quilt		1	67
				\$	29 36

Contra

1827

Gr

Jan 14	By Balance of acct	page 38	\$ 12 04
March 24	12 Plates 7/	undry goods - 2/	1 50
April 24	6 cups & saucers	2/9	29
April 31	12 New edged plates		50
May 22	6 do	Plates	37 1/2
May 19	11 1/2 yds ticking	2/6 per yd	4 79
June 22	6 cups & saucers 1/9	6 iron spoons 2/	62
June 22	3 primers 9d	1 broken kettle - 2/3	50
June 22	3 pair tumblers 9d	pair: 5' 1/2 nitter cotton 1/9 & 1/11	82
July 24	1/2 lb young Mysen tea		54
July 24	Sugar 3/ = 1 lb 1/2 tea 4/		1 17
Aug 1	2 Drainers		12 1/2
Sept 5	7 lbs Sugar 4/ = 2 lb Handker 4/6		2 50
Oct 4	1 pair nippers 20 c	1 silk 9d	32 1/2
Oct 7	2 lbs Mung 1/11 = 2 yds ribbon 8 c		41
Oct 23	broken kettle cover 2/3	new yoke neck 1/6	62 1/2
Nov 1	1 State chd 9d	2 Handker 1/6	45
Nov 1	1 Dr David L gones 20 c	good silk 1/8 & 1/4	64
Dec 13	2 y Willets (brockmerhill)		1
Dec 14	1/2 guine paper 9d = 1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	Sugar 3/	1 29 1/2
Dec 31	1 lb 1/2 Ramfire 20 c	1 pair tumblers 3/ = 1/2 & 1/4	91
			\$ 34 40

Jan 16	1 lb Sugar & red pink 10 c	2 winners 22 c	1 32
Feb 8	1 lb 1/2 in favour of E. S. Maffey		3 71
March 3	Small table 4/6		75
March 12	7 lbs Sugar 4/ = 4 c needles 10	1 yd ribbon 6 c	1 16
March 16	5 plates 2/6	2 saucers 1/2	33 per 2 sa
March 24	1 1/2 lb wool 1/6 lb		37 1/2
Apr 10	1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	Apr 10th 1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	1 38
Apr 22	1 lb 1/2 Handker 4/6	1/2 Duxer cups & saucers	1 04
May 4	1 pair Plates 6 c	1 wash bowl 2/6	1 11
May 23	1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	1 lb 1/2 iron 8 c	2 54
June 26	1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	1 lb 1/2 black Pepper 1/6	12
July 26	1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	1 lb 1/2 ginger 1/6	84
Aug 4	7 lbs Sugar		1
Oct 28	2 oz nutmeg 1/2	1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	1
Nov 18	1/2 c needles 21 c	1 lb 1/2 tea 4/	88
Dec 20	1 lb 1/2 tea 1/	1 geografical 20 c	37
Dec 20	1 lamp 20 c	1 Speking Book 1/	37
Dec 20	Almanick 6d		8
Dec 20	1 Dish 1/2		35
Dec 20	1 Dish 1/2		71
over for his charge			7

Balance charged in new book page 6

\$ 26 64

50

1825

Samuel Barker

Dr

C

Feb 17	To mending 1 pair of boots for John	- 1	17
March 12	Do 1 pair shoes	-	62½
1827	Hired John one pair boots for ½ week of season	-	17
March 5	mending 1 pair shoes & 6 = do 1 pair boots 4/	- 1	42
April 2	1 pair boots	-	650
7	mending 1 pair boots	-	67
10	do 1 pair boots self	-	83
14	1 pair shoes self	-	2 50
		\$	13 88½

1828

Lackens Crocker

Dr

Feb 27	To string beds	-	24
March 22	½ lb Soap 12/ .. 11 lbs bar Soap 7 t	- 2	77
April 5	mending Mens collar 9d .. 1 pair boots 4/	-	19
May 27	do Heller	-	12½
June 14	1 scythe	- 1	25
Aug 2	1 pair pumps - wife	-	50
Oct 25	J Russys binder on C A Watts	2	25
Sept 5	string beds 4/ .. mending collar 2/	-	58
Dec 6	mending 1 shoe self	-	10
28	J Russys binder on C A Watts	- 1	25
1829	mending 1 pair shoes John	-	17
Jan 31	paper 1 quarter	- 9	43
Feb 14	sugar from L Morris	- 2	23
March 12	1 pair boots	- 2	67
Oct 3	1 pair boots	\$ 14	35
1829	1 pair pants & coat	- 2	67
Jan 13	1 pair boots	3	50
		4	-
		\$	24 52

Contra

1825					
March 14	By	ry Straw 3/ = 1 bottle	blacking 2/3	-	8 1/2
1826					
Aug 25	"	1 peck turnips 20 c = 12 Ears corn 9d	-	-	32
1827					
July 3	"	7 lbs calf skin 10 c = 18 1/2 lbs beef 7 c = 1	-	-	99
July 19	"	1/2 peck turnips 9d 1 peck peas 1/6	-	-	3 1/2
27	"	1/2 bushel Potatoes 2/3 = turnips 8d Squashes 8c	-	-	45 1/2
Aug 24	"	2 1/2 bushels Corn 9d 2 bushels	-	-	30
30	"	1 1/2 bushels Corn	-	-	18
Sept 6	"	2 bushels Corn	-	-	20
Oct 20	"	1 bushel Potatoes	-	-	60
Dec 8	"	2 bushels turnips 3/ = 6 bushels 8c	-	-	1 18
11	"	1 bushel Corn 9d	-	-	83
1828					
May 13	"	Wares to Cart 1 bushel Flour	-	-	10
				\$	7 80 1/2

Contra

1828					
Dec 31	By	Milk 2 of Corn	-	-	12 34
1829					
Jan 26	"	Discount on 1/2 bushel Soap	-	-	50
1830					
Feb 11	"	Bill of Milk	-	-	3 96
		Balance to new apt	-	-	1 680
		New book page 34	-	-	7 72
				\$	24 52

511

1827

William C. Swain

Dr P L

May 4 To 14400 Rivets at 26 cts per lb 37 44

William C. Swain

Dr

1828 #
 Jan 2 To 2000 c Rivets at 28 cts per lb \$ 5 60
 Feb 20 " 5000 c " " 28 " 14 00
 Apr 13 " 2400 c " 28 d " 6 72
 May 27 " 850 c " 28 c " 2 38
 Oct 1 " 14 1/2 lbs " 15 c per lb " 2 14
 Nov 1 " 73 3/4 lbs " 15 c " 11 06
 Dec 6 " 27 1/2 lbs " 15 c " 3 52

Nov 29th 1828 by bill

45 42

42 62

2 80

Balance to new at June 19

1827

Contra

Cr

£

May 4	By 3 Sythes 7/6 = 1 head 2/6 = 1 & Stone 6	-	4 25
5	12 Combs 3/- 1 gross tacks 1/- 1 Tarring nips 1/9	-	9 6
16	Order in favour of Frederick Gardner	-	5 60
	1 lamp 1/6 = 1 Sea pot 6/9	-	1 3 7 1/2
22	1 lb tobacco 20¢ Order in favour of B. D. G.	-	5 20
June 1	Order on S. Coleburn	-	1 25
13	2 Sythes 7/6	-	2 50
16	Order on S. Coleburn 85: 5 qts Oil 89¢	-	5 89
20	1 head 2/6	-	42
July 29	Order on Samuel Coleburn	-	10 -
			<u>37 44</u>

Contra

1828

Jan 2	By Warmingpan	ff	3 75
	1 Comb 20¢ = 1 Shoe punch 10¢	-	30
24	1 gross tacks 1/6 1 rasp 22¢	-	39
Feb 20	Order in favour of E. Macy	-	12 -
March 3	2 Mac knives 30¢ 1 1/2 Dozen awls 20¢ 1 Doz	-	60
Apr 5	Order in favour of Elias Rich	-	3 -
9	6 lbs notes 17¢ 1 lb	-	1 22
21	1 lb notes 1/6	-	1 3 1/2
22	1 pair Stationery 1/3 1 Dozen awls 20	-	57 1/2
28	1 pair fire dogs 9/6 1 paper notes 1/6	-	1 75
May 16	1 pair table knives	-	12
17	Shells & Sweet Maices	-	66
24	1 pair shoe brushes	-	28
June 29	2 Sythes 7/6	-	2 50
19	1 file	-	12
27	1 Rifle Iron	-	28
Sept 7	1 rasp 22¢ 2 shoe knives 1/6	-	47
11	13 plates	-	75
24	1 Dozen awls 20¢ 1 tumbler 1/6	-	45
Oct 28	2 lbs iron notes 18¢ 1 lb	-	36
Nov 1	Order on Baker & Barrett	-	6 -
4	Do in favour of E. Macy	-	6 -
11	1 bottle Blacking 20¢ 1 bottle Black ball	-	28
	1 Dozen Shovels 9/6 1 Doz	-	79
	Short Credit by his bill	-	19
			<u>42 62</u>

52)

Saley Crosby & Ansd Hamblin &

1827	June 4	Do one brown Cambrick Bonnet	\$	-	2	25
		" 2 1/2 yds ribbon 20 cts yd		-	-	45
	Aug 23	" Cash		-	-	50
	Sept 2	" 6 1/2 yds Calico 30 c		-	1	95
		" 1 pair shoes of Cash	85 c	-	1	85
						<u>7 00</u>
	Nov 12	" 1 handkerchief yd		-	-	12 1/2
		" 1 shirt from Lucia Hoxiers		-	-	20
	Dec 24	" 2 yds & wrap 3/4 yd		-	1	25
1828	Jan 14	" 7 1/2 yds green dress		-	1	15
	Feb 25	" 6 yds Calico 20 c yd		-	1	20
		" 6 cts - 25 cts		-	1	50
	March 28	" 12 1/2 yds Cotton Sheetting 18 c yd		-	2	25
	April 29	" 3 balls Cotton 3 c b		-	-	29
		" 1 Muslin Handkerchief 2/4 " 1 yd Muslin 1/4		-	-	50
	May 6	" 2 yds twist Cotton		-	-	48
	June 16	" 1 yd gingham 1/4 6 yds Lick 6/4 " 3/4 lining 2/4		-	7	75
	19	" 2 1/2 yds Cotton Cloth 1/6 " 1 1/2 yd ribbon 9d		-	1	60
		" 1 pair Denmark Bumpers		-	-	67
	July 10	" Muslin 19 " 1 pair gloves 2/4		-	-	54
	19	" Cash for Bonnet		-	2	7 1/2
	26	" 8 yds 1/2 Calico 30 c yd		-	3	-
	Aug 2	" 2 Do Cambrick 1/6 " 1 Muslin Shirt 16 c		-	2	40
				-	-	66
						<u>\$ 33 17</u>

1828.

Saley Crosby commenced work

Oct 8	" 1 pair of shoes returned		-	-	-	-
	" 2 yds Muslin 3/4 yd L. Hoxiers		-	-	3	7 1/2
27	" Cash		-	1	-	-
28	" 1 scarf yarn L. Hoxiers		-	-	-	20
Nov 6	" 2 1/2 yds Cord 4 c yd		-	-	-	10
20	" 16 yds Furniture Calico 1/6 yd		-	4	-	-
	" 1 pair gloves		-	-	-	58
29	" 3 yds Muslin 2/4 yd 2 1/2 yds 1/6 L. Hoxiers		-	1	42	-
Dec 1	" 1 pair Cans		-	-	-	37 1/2
	" Cash to Balance		-	-	10	-
						<u>\$ 8 25</u>

1827

Aug 6 By 9 week labour at 4/ per week - 6 -
 Sept 3 " 4 " do at 3/ - 2 -
 8 00

Oct 17 S. Crosby commenced labour at 3/ per week - - -

March 26 by 23 weeks bringing at 3/ per week - 11 90

June 4 " 10 do - - - 4/ per week - 6 67

July 23 " 7 do - - - 6/ do - 7 -

33 17

1828

Contract

Dec 1 By 11 weeks work at 4/6 per week 8 25

with

Annet Mambila

Dr

June 8	by 7 yds Check not before charged on his bill	1	17
"	4 do Duck for shoe linen ^{18c} not on m or bill	-	72
"	6 1/2 yds Cotton gd per yd 1 yd ribbon 3c	-	84
12	" 1 leg horn Matt 8/- 1 lb silk 4c	-	37
18	" 7 yds Cotton Stripe 22 cts per yd	-	34
"	1 pair Shoes 3/- 1 pair buttons 2/- 1 yd tape ^{15c}	-	36
22	" 1 pair gloves 3/- 1/2 yd Muslin 1 yd	-	75
"	goods sent wife	-	57
Aug 5	" 1 leg horn Bonett	10	-
"	4 lbs Peppermints	-	1
Sept 3	" 2 pair Pennmark Shaw 6/- 4 yds ribbon	2	16
12	" 1 1/2 yd Blue & Cloth 33-50 yd	5	25
Oct 23	" 2 yds Carline Maid 30c yd 1 yd linen 8c	-	68
Nov 1	" 2 1/2 yd Green flannel 2/-	-	83
2	" 1/2 yd Silk 3/- yd = 4 yds ribbon 1c	-	29
10	" buck & eye sent 4/-	-	6
Nov 26	" 1/2 yd Calico 28c yd Cotton 2c	-	156
Dec 10	" 1 cap sent 1/- 2/6 = 3 yds Calico 30c	-	12
"	3 yds Calico 28c 4 lbs Peppermints 6c	-	84
27	" 1 yd Cambric 48c 1/2 yd linen 1/2 yd 1 Spool Cotton 10c	-	86
31	" 2 1/2 yd red flannel 2/6 yd	-	94
"	1 Doz awls 20c 1/2 yd velvet 3/6 yd	-	35
"	1 do awls 20c 1 yd sand 6c	-	26
"	1 lb Peppermints	-	25

by mistake sent 36 47

32

36 15

Contra

1818	by 1 yd Red flannel	-	42
Jan 7	" 1 button hooks & eyes 6c 2 1/2 yd yd garters 7c	-	13
12	" 4 yds Calico 22c 6 buttons 5c	-	93
17	" 7 1/2 yds Calico 1/6 yd Cotton 2c 1 yd 9 yd 120	-	3 296
27	" 3 do flannel 3/6 yd 3 yds Calico 46c yd	-	2 25
Feb 2	" 1 white flannel 3/6 1 do 2/6	-	1
24	" 1 bottle blacking 9d 10 yds Cotton 9d yd	-	372
March 6	" 4 yds Cotton 9d yd 2 hands Cotton 2c	-	92
10	" 1 1/2 yd 1/2 Cloth 1/5 25 yd 1 yd Duck 20c	-	7 42
"	2 Seams silk 8c 1 pair buttons 4c	-	12
17	" 6 yds yellow flannel 3/6 per yd 2 h button 2c	-	4 24
20	" 3 yd Calico 30c yd 3 yd 22c yd	-	39
24	" 4 lbs Peppermints 28c per lb	-	1 40
26	" 3 yds to Cloth 18c yd 2 1/2 yd ribbon 6c yd	-	69
April 18	" 10 yds Duck at 20c yd	-	2 10
21	" 7 yds Cotton Check 1/2 yd 7 lbs shoe 2/-	-	1 58
23	" 6 yds Cotton 9d yd 6 plates 1/6 10 1/2	-	1 17
"	Order in favour of Eliza Mambila	-	3 70
Amount owed to Page 59		32	73

1826		Baas Thompson		Dr	
May 13	To Mending	1 Pair Boots		\$	33
July 29	Do	1 Pair Boots			75
Aug 18	Do	1 Boot & 1 Pair Pumps			10
Sept 12	Do	1 Pair Boots			12½
28	Do	1 Bushel Apples			50
Oct 7	Do	Do			25
23	Do	1 Pair Boots			12½
26	Do	1 Bushel Apples		2	
27	Do	Cash			50
Nov 7	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots		2	89
11	Do	1 Pair Boots		1	80
22	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots			14
31	Do	1 Pair Boots			08
Dec 6	Do	1 Pair Shoes			25
	Do	1 Pair Pumps			12½
1827	Jan 6	1 Pair Boots		1	33
15	Do	Mending 1 Pair Shoes			67
18	Do	1 Pair Shoes			75
March 6	Do	1 Boot			8
April 20	Do	1 Pair Shoes			67
May 19	Do	1 Pair Boots			62½
29	Do	2 Pair Pumps 9/ per pair		3	
12	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots			42
17	Do	1 Pair Boots			37½
29	Do	1 Pair Boots		18	01
30	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots		1	85
Dec 17	Do	2 Pair Shoes			12½
1828	Jan 10	Mending 1 Pair Boots		1	
22	Do	1 Pair Boots			33
31	Do	1 Pair Boots Daughter			50
Feb 24	Do	1 Pair Boots son			45
March 29	Do	1 Pair Shoes			42
Apr 16	Do	1 Pair Boots Daughter			33
30	Do	1 Pair Boots			62½
May 9	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots		1	33
	Do	1 Pair Boots			37½
21	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots		1	62½
June 19	Do	1 Pair Shoes for Hired Man			25
July 19	Do	1 Pair Shoes			10
18	Do	1 Pair Boots			50
	Do	1 Boot			50
					6
		Car by this bill		28	38
				26	80
		Balance to New York Page 70			158

Contra

1826

Oct 3

1828

May 9

By 1630 bricks at \$7 per 1000

" " bricks sold to May

" " Amount of his bill

\$ 11 55

\$ 15 25

\$ 26 80

Mr G

Mr George S. Ides

55

1827

Samuel Jones

Dr

Oct 28 Comenced boarding Sunday Morning

Dec 15 " 1st 1/2 tea of Sugar 3/4

April 5 " 23 weeks boarding at 13/6 per week

	1	17
	5	1 75
\$	52	92

1828 Samuel Jones

Dr

April 6 " Comenced boarding Sunday Morning

June 3 " 7 yds Check 18/-

July 12 " 14 Weeks boarding 13/6 per week

	1	2	6
	3	1	50
\$	32	76	

Samuel Jones

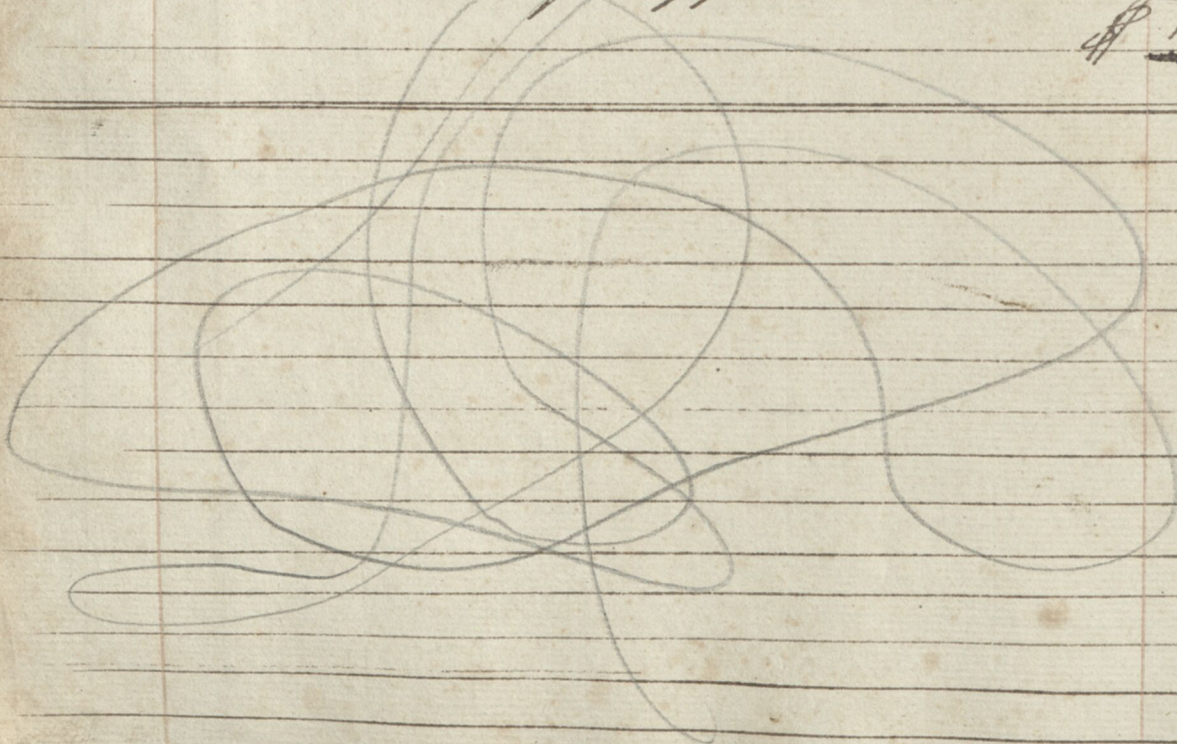
Dr

Sept 23 " 8 weeks boarding at 12/7 each per ^{wk} 16 80

" 1 calf skin — — — 1 75

" 1 basket of Apples — — — 75

\$ 19 30



1827

Contra

Cr

Dec 10	By Order on B. Percival	\$ 12 12
"	gasket for Thomas & Co	- 1 90
"	labour on boots	- 1 -
Jan 12	1828 Vest for Thomas & Hamblin	- 1 75
28	Cash \$ 6.00 Macking 1 pair shoes 45¢	- 6 45
"	19th Oct 46 1st pair	- 87
"	Order A. L. Lovel 1st Allowance for Cash paid	- 3 25
March 4	\$ 3.00 Cash to be credited	- 3 7 1/2
"	19th Oil 70¢ Lipp to the 4th	- 1 20
April 4	bill on Jerry Brown	- 5 50
"	corn for E. May 1/2 bushel Cham 146	- 2 92
"	Rivets \$ 10 Macking 1st pair shoes	- 11 -
"	Cash to balance	- 1 98
		\$ 52 92

Contra

Cr

May 9	By Shoe Macking for one 1/2 pair	- 2 -
"	Cash	- 5 -
June 12	Order on Bangs Percival	- 20 -
July 12	Shoemacking for 2 1/2 pair shoes	- 2 58
"	Cash to balance	- 3 18
		\$ 32 76

Contra

Cr

By	Shoe Macking	- 2 10
"	14 lbs Rivets at 14¢ per lb	- 1 96
"	5 lbs Molasses	- 50
Sept 21	Cash 9. Balance	- 14 74
		\$ 19 30

1827

Seth Mitchell

Dr

Dec 31	1827	To Balance of a/c	Page 42	\$	3	35
Jan 14	1828	1 Pair Boots for hired boy			1	83
19		Mending 1 Pair Boots				25
Feb 24		1 Pair Boots for Daughter			1	75
29		1 Do - - for Do - -			2	-
March 6		1 Do - - for Do - -			2	25
April 16		Mending 1 Pair Shoes self				75
April 28		1 Pair Boots - - -			1	-
28		Mending 1 Pair Boots & 1 Shoe 40				56
May 27		1 Shoe - - -				0.6
June 9		1 Pair Boots - - -				45
12		" " " " " "				50
July 9		1 Pair Sumps & 1 Pair Shoes for				67
19		1 Do - - & 1 Pair Shoes for			1	58
Aug 22		1 Do - - Sumps & 1 Pair Shoes for				75
Oct 1		1 Do - - Boots Mending & 1 Pair			1	12
				\$	19	87
4		1 Pair Boots for Daughter			2	-
7		Mending Bridle				25
11		Do - - tritching & one shoe				12
19		Do - - 1 Pair Boots self				83
				\$	23	08
Nov 8		1 Pair Shoes for Wm Coon			1	75
12		1 Do - - Shoes for Geo S Miller			1	75
29		Mending 1 Pair Boots W Coon				62
Jan 12	1829	1 Do - - 1 Pair Boots self			1	-
Feb 6		6 Straps put on Harness				75
		1 Pair Boots shoe sides fitted				33
		Mending 1 Pair Boots self				16
14		Mending 2 Pair Boots				84
19		Do - - Harness				12
March 10		1 Pair Boots			1	12
17		1 Do - - Boots			1	17
April 1		Mending 2 pair Shoes				25
May 20		Fixing 1 pair Boots			3	25
27		1 Pair Boots 12 p. 1 Do 11/6. Girths			4	09
June 13		1 Pair calf skin Shoes for Wm Coon			2	12
July 15		Mending 1 pair Boots 12 Straps put on one			2	6
Aug 17		putting 8 pieces on Harness				50
20		Mending 1 Pair Boots				30
Oct 9		Do - - 1 Pair Shoes Daughter				50
19		Do - - 1 Pair Boots self				70
27		Fixing 1 Pair Sumps with				75
31		1 Pair Boots & 1 Do - -			2	50
				\$	49	68

1823

Contra

Jan 19	by 1991 Oil		
Oct 22	.. 25 do Oil 78 lbs	22	62
Dec 24	.. Cash to Balance	26	31
		<u>\$49</u>	<u>68</u>

\$49 68

1826	Jan 4	1 Blank book 3/4 = 1 quire paper 1/6	8	-	75
1827	January 20	1 pair pantaloons richly made	-	5	75
		1 pair boots 18/6 = 1 pair shoes 1/6	-	3	25
	Feb 4	1 razor & box	-	-	50
	23	1 Matt from A & Soreth	-	2	75
	March 24	1 yd Calico given to Olive & M	-	-	25
	29	1 pair shoes	-	-	75
	April 28	7 yds Cotton check 1/4 yd from Percivals	-	1	17
	June 1	Short pay for Pantaloons	-	-	25
		Account one Month of 45/6 = 1 pair hat 6	-	4	58
		6 yds Cotton pane 2 3/4 yd = 1 yd Cotton 4 yd	-	2	65
	18	Embroidering jacket & pantaloons	-	1	-
	18	3 1/2 yds Cotton 22 1/2 yd = 18 buttons & thread 10 c	-	-	87
	Aug 3	leather for pumps	-	-	50
	Sept 29	1 Silk Handkerchief	-	-	75
	Oct 6	1 yd Cotton pane	-	-	19
	Nov 2	1 peck sweet potatoes sent to father	-	-	20
	16	1 Matt of Marys of 1 pair gloves 2/6	-	1	42
	23	1 patch for boots	-	-	50
		1 pair L Jones for gait 9/6 = 1 yd Calico 1/6 to 8 c	-	1	75
	Dec 14	1 sheet of 4 quire paper 90	-	-	62 1/2
	18	4 lbs peppermints to father	-	1	-
		1 Matt of Marys of 1 pair stockings 3/4	-	1	50
	28	linen & Cambric for shirt	-	-	39
			3	3	29
1828	Jan 12	1 sheet of 4 quire paper 90	-	-	12 1/2
	12	1 pair of L Jones	-	1	75
	24	7 yds Cotton check 1/4 yd = 1 pair Mittens 1/6	-	1	42
	Feb 2	1 white & handkerchief 3/6 = 1 pair S C Lacking Mittens	-	-	83
	March 10	1 yd of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 yd Duck 20	-	7	42
		2 Leaves Silk 8 c = 1 dozen buttons 4 c	-	-	12
	15	1 pair Pantaloons made by Oliver	-	-	75
	24	1 pair L Jones for pants	-	-	50
		1 penknife 9 d = given to Olive 9 d	-	1	62 1/2
	May 2	1 yd Calico given to Olive	-	-	57 1/2
	16	3 1/4 yd of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	2	15
		1 comb of Marys of 1 pair taps 24 c	-	-	37
	June 19	1 yd of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	1	69
		1 pair of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	1	12 1/2
	Aug 25	1 yd of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	3	10
	Oct 10	1 yd of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	1	45
	27	2 1/2 yds of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	1	87 1/2
	Nov 26	1 sheet of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	1	46
	Dec 20	1 comb of Marys of 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	-	62
		1 yd of 4 quire paper 90 = 1 pair of 4 quire paper 90	-	-	27 1/2
			8	63	32

Thomas Trevelin Hamblin

1817	June 18	To Cash 3/ for cash	Cash paid G. Wing for coat \$5	8 50
	Aug 3	.. Cash		- 1 ..
	Sept 29	.. Cash for 2 books		- 50
	Oct 6	.. Cash		- 30
	Nov 23	.. Cash for 2 H. G. books 3/9	Cash for cap 1/4	- 2 62 1/2
	Dec 18	.. Cash paid to Father		- 3 ..
	28	.. Cash for 2 H. G. books	Panterlons	- 1 ..
				17 13
1818	Jan 7	.. To for New top		- 50
	March 12	.. Cash for cutting Panterlons		- 40
	20	.. Cash for Matt		- 1 ..
	Apr 19	.. To for Matt 3/	Cash for Hors line 3/	- 1 ..
	June 10	.. Paid Lenses for Sanguis		- 8 ..
		.. Cash		- 1 ..
	July 7	.. Paid 2 H. G. for Jacket 1/4	To Panterlons 1/4	- 4 50
	28	.. Cash paid for shirt Oct		- 50
	Aug 1	.. Cash when going off		- 3 ..
	Sept 29	.. To when went to Boston		- 1 ..
	Oct 22	.. Cash for gones		- 1 ..
1819	Jan 2	.. Cost of Lenses		- 2 ..
	20	.. 2 Red under shirts		- 1 25
	29	.. Cash 3/	To Changing Matt 3/	- 1 ..
	Feb 4	.. Cash for S. oil 14 1/2	towards Matt 3/4	- 4 14
	March 5	.. Cash for watch Coat of J. Fish		- 53
	10	.. Cotton & Cambric & H. shirt		- 1 45
	20	.. 1 Matt 6/	1 Cotton Handker 2/6	- 1 42
	April 8	.. Cash 1/6	6 Granges 9d	- 34
	May 15	.. Cash of Lenses when went to Boston		- 2 50
	June 25	.. 1 pair Suspenders - B. & W. Lenses		- 20
	July 7	.. Cash & Tobacco		- 75
	18	.. Cash for vest		- 1 62 1/2
	August 1	.. Cash 2 - Solenters for Father & J		- 3 33
	Oct 15	.. 1 pair gloves from B. & W. Lenses		- 1 ..
	25	.. Cash		- 75
	27	.. 4 lbs tobacco 1/6		- 1 ..
	Nov 24	.. Cash to Father for bag & Lenses		- 1 50
	26	.. Cash Thanksgiving Day		- 1 ..
	Dec 5	.. 1 Cloth 3/ - 1 vest 2/		- 5 ..
	14	.. 1 pair Panterlons Made		- 3 62 1/2
1830		.. 2 3/4 Cotton 6	2 1/2 Lenses 19 1/2	- 94
	Jan 4	.. Cash 1/4 1 Stamp paid Lenses 25c		- 2 25
				76 76
		Change of the other side		- 63 32
				14 0 08
		Amount Carred to new book July 78		

58)

1828

Edward I. Macy

Dr

April 16	2 ^d amount of Sage	47	\$	49	26
May 9	Order paid to Nick Swain			7	87 1/2
	1/2 bush line of 1 Hott 2/			1	33
	3 pair Shoes 12 1/2 pair Camps 9 1/2 pair Starbuck			16	30
	1 pair Boots 12 1/2 pair Boots 12 1/2			15	25
	Tricks from J. Thompsons			4	70
	1 gal Oil 70¢ Cash not before change			1	60
June 19	1 lb butter 20¢			9	50
July 19	Armed Chases bill of 11 work			4	
	George Woods bill 20			4	75
Aug 16	Mowing & Binding hay				33
27	1/2 gal Oil				58
	Mending 1 pair Boots				35
Sept 6	1 gal Oil			6	31
	Said games Week in shoes				
			\$	123	00

1828

Edward Macy

Dr

Sept 20	to Balance of acc		\$	438	
Oct 8	Cash			8	
27	1 gal Oil				75
Nov 4	Order on W. C. Swain			6	
	do on S. Colburn			6	
10	1 1/2 gal Oil 2/6 gal			1	13
15	Cash			12	
	Saving 83 feet of Horse			10	
28	1 1/2 gal Oil 80¢			1	20
	1 pair Order to Allen Gibbs			4	25
	1 pair Boots of 1/2 gal Oil 40¢			1	40
Dec 20	10 1/4 lb butter 20¢			2	05
23	1 gal Oil				80
30	1 do Oil 80¢ Cash 85			5	80
	1 pair Boots for E. Cary			5	
1829 Jan 31	1 do Shoes 12 1/2 pair Mending 1 pair 2/6			2	42
3	Mending 1 pair Boots				33
7	Order on S. C. \$5.00 do on L. H. \$85			10	
17	1/2 gal Oil order on S. C.			10	
	1 pair Boots \$1.92 1 do of J. Macy			3	42
28	Cash			5	
31	80 lbs 1 keel. 2 keel. J. Austin			1	50
Feb 6	8 Cash line of 100 & Cash			12	
12	Mending 1 pair Shoes 2/6 pair Mary				45
	do 1 pair Boots J. Austin				54
	10 lb of 1/2 gal Flour 20			2	50
	Wheat Flour sold 20			3	50

Amount of Dr. Care into New York page 39 \$ 120 42

1828

Contra

Cr

April 16	by Amount of Page 47		94 08
May 9	15 lbs Sotter 1/6 lb Sotter 7/6		4 75
27	1 Side of Sotter 7/6 in dressing 1 Calf skin 5/6		2 17
July 19	2 Do 16/6		5 50
Aug 3	21 lbs Sotter 1/6 for lb		5 37
Sept 16	13 lbs Sotter 1/6 1 1/2 Side of Sotter 2/6		6 75
		118 62	
20	Balance of acct	4 38	
		<u>\$123 00</u>	

1828

Contra

Cr

Oct 3	by 17 1/2 lbs Sotter 25 + lb		4 44
13	2 Sides Sotter leather		6 25
27	1 Calf skin 13/6		2 25
Nov 4	Lot of Sotter	54	
17	16 lbs Sotter 25 +	4	
Dec 3	Leaving 4 Calf skins 5/6	3 67	
	Cash when note given		75
10	1 Side of Sotter	2 75	
22	16 1/2 lbs Sotter 1/6 19 1/2 lb 12/	6 19	
29	158 lb 18 lb	28 44	
1828 Jan 5	1 Side of Sotter	2 75	
19	1 Do 16/6 1 Sotter 7/6	4	
Feb 6	1 Side Sotter leather	1 50	
		<u>\$120 24</u>	

Amount of Cr paid to Wad Book Page

59

1828

Benjamin Perival

D

April 29	To Amount brought from Page 53	\$ 16 89½
30	Samuel Mitchell's Order	42 09
June 2	Gardner & Swifts Order	98 07
13	Lemuel Jones Order	20 50
Nov 29	Y ^r Masters Order	3 50
		<u>\$130 50</u>
Dec 20	To S & J Mitchell's Order in favour of Schuster	5 50
1830 Jan 18	Cash to Balance	2 17
		<u>\$138 17</u>

1828 Sept 29	By Amount brought over to this	\$125 64
Oct 2	" 2 yd Cotton velvet	12½
14	" 3 yds lining 1/2 yd 3 yd yellow blanket 2 1/2 yd	1 62½
	" 1/2 yd Duckram g.d. 2 Sc silk g.d.	25
27	" 4 lbs pepperminits - Parthen	1
Nov 5	" 7½ yd Cord 4 t yd	30
8	" 3 lbs shoe thread 2 lb	1
Dec 2	" 2 lbs pepperminits	50
	" Sundry good in Cart	1 33
		<u>\$131 74</u>
Dec 16	" Sundry good for ill goods	38
	" lining 10 t silk 5 for 40	15
1829 Jan 29	" 4 yds Cord 4 t yd 3 t	16
	" 1 pair gloves 1 lb	50
Feb 15	" 1½ yd Calico 30 t 1 yd silk 3/6 1/2 yd 15	1 18
March 10	" 1½ yd silk made 4 t yd 1 lb cotton 8 t	15
April 23	" 3 lbs shoe thread 2 lb	1
27	" 5 yd silk 3/6 1/2 yd 1 lb silk 4 t 2½ yd best 5 t	33
May 5	" 3 lbs pepperminits 1/6 lb	75
Nov 23	" 6 lbs pepperminits 1/6	1 50
	" 50 Sugar boys	33
		<u>\$138 17</u>

1828

Contra

Ca

April 29	By Chequer brought from Dye 53.	8	32	73
"	6 yds & sheeting 18 t yd .. 14 lining 1/4 yd	-	1	37
"	4 yd buckram 4 .. 3 banks Eton 4d	-	-	12
May 2	1 Handker 2/6 .. 12 yd Calico 1/6 yd 1/6 yd 10 t extra	-	1	00
5	8 3/4 yds Calico 2/ yd .. 1 pair gloves 3/6	-	3	50
"	7 yds Cotton 9d yd 2 yds Cotton 1/6 yd	-	1	37 1/2
"	4 yd Cambric 5 t Ribbon 5 t buck 2 yds 4 t	-	-	16
13	1 yds Calico 2 yd .. 1 yd do 22 t .. 1 pair of fins 9d	-	1	67
16	7 3/4 yds do Spain 2 yd	-	2	58
"	Order on D. Joy	-	1	-
20	4 yd Cloth for shoes 2/6 .. 3 yds Buck 20 t sheeting	-	1	02
24	1 bottle Stacking 2/6 .. Order in favour for M. H. H.	-	1	37 1/2
28	6 yd silk 6/9 yd .. 2 yds lining 1/4 yd	-	7	12
"	2 1/2 yds Calico 28 t .. 2 yds Cotton 1/6 yd	-	1	20
"	Comp 3/ .. silk brace 4 t	-	-	54
"	2 yd do plain 20 t .. 10 yds to Cloth 20 t yd	-	2	20
June 2	2 yds Buck 20 t yd buckram 3 t .. 1 lb. pepper mints 1/6	-	-	78
"	Order in favour of J. May 10 t .. Order in favour of M. H. H.	-	5	9 74
3	18 yd Furniture Calico 28 t .. 7 yds Buck 18 t	-	6	30
"	1 yd Calico 1/4 yd .. 2 yd nankeen 30 t yd	-	-	89
"	2 yds 2/6 .. silk 6 t 1/2 t & models 2/3 t	-	-	67
"	2 1/2 yds silk Ribbon 4 t yd	-	-	10
9	28 3/4 yds Cotton sheeting 1/4 for yd	-	4	79
10	15 yds Cotton Cord 1 t yd 2 yds buckram 2 yds 4 t	-	-	21
12	1 1/2 yd black & Cloth 3/75 yd 1 yd 4/4	-	5	28
14	1/2 yard Nankeen	-	-	15
16	2 yd 4 silk 80 t for 8 t	-	1	60
19	6 3/4 yds & Cloth 1/6 yd .. 3 lb. silk	-	1	69
"	3 do .. 1/6 silk .. 3 yds Calico 22	-	1	41
"	2 1/2 do .. Cotton Cloth 1/6 .. 1 1/2 yd Ribbon 9d	-	-	81 1/2
20	4 yds 4 Calico 23 t .. 1 yd Cotton 20 t 1 yd 6 5	-	1	19
July 6	1 pair gloves 2/ .. 6 yds Cotton 18 t yd	-	1	41
"	2 pair stockings 4/6 .. 1 yd Buckram 3/9 yd	-	1	66
10	3 knives & Crooks 5 6 t .. 1 lb. pepper mints 1/6	-	-	77
16	3 yds white Ribbon 60 t 3 do red 2/6	-	3	05
"	Sundry goods 28 t .. 2 yds Cambric 1/6	-	-	78
27	6 1/2 yds silk 6/9 yd .. 1 pair Buckram 3/6	-	8	06
28	8 yds do Calico 30	-	2	40
Aug 2	4 yd Buck 23 t .. 2 silk Handker 3/9	-	2	17
4	1 1/2 yd Calico 3/9 yd .. 1 lb. pepper mints 1/6	-	1	13
"	1 pair Pumps 5/6 .. 1 Cotton Handker 3/6	-	1	16
"	Order on D. Joy 1/4 .. 1 pair shoes 4/	-	2	67
30	2 yds Ribbon 8 t .. 1 1/2 yd silk 80 t yd	-	1	08
Sept 27	1 yd Green Cotton 2/ .. 1 yd & sheeting 4/	-	-	39
Am. Carew to Dr. Side			125	61

69
1828

Charles Mussey

Dr \$ Cts.

May 1st	To	1 Pair Boots for E & H	-	2	25
21	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for E & H	-	1	25
28	"	1 Pair Runners for Self	-	1	75
Sept 20	"	10 1/2 lbs S greens E & H	-	-	52 1/2
1829 Jan 24	"	1 Pair Boots for Edward H	-	6	-
"	"	1 Pair Shoes for E & H wife	-	1	75
"	"	Discount on one barrel of Soap	-	1	-
27	"	4 barrels of Ashes g'd	-	-	50
Aug 10	"	Ashes 2 green	-	-	60
Sept 1	"	Footing 1 pair Boots E & H	-	4	-
Nov 4	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots E	-	-	67
			\$	19	17

S S

I Charlotte Augusta Hamblin
Entered the High School November 1st
1852, Mr Augustus Morse } Principals
Maria Talant } Assistants.
Caroline Bassett }

5-
2-
5-
2-
5-
7-
7-

1828

Contra

Dr

Cts

May 184	By	2 1/4 lbs Soap	7c				16
28	"	2 1/4 lbs "	"				16
"	"	1/4 qts. Sifted					12 1/2
June 13	"	1/2 Bbl. Soap					2
"	"	7 3/4 lbs Soap	7c	117	20	7c	- 1 03
Sept 20	"	1/2 Bbl Soap	12/	4	lbs bar soap	7c	- 2 28
Nov 9	"	2 lbs Soap	7c				- 14
1829							
Jan 26	"	1 Bbl Soap					- 4
June 3	"	38 lbs bar Soap	7c				- 1 96
Aug 10	"	1/2 Bbl Soap					2
1831							
April 10	"	Task to Balance					\$14 85
							4 32
							\$19 17

Mr George G. Ide's
 wife died Sunday at 11 o'clock
 January 23^d 1853. She was Mr
 Frederick Worth's daughter. He
 was from Tennessee. She leaves a
 husband & one child. He is teacher
 of the ~~new~~ North Grammar School.

1827

Josiah Macy.

Dr \$ Cr.

Oct.	13 th	Do	1 Pair Boots		6	
Nov.	22 th	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots		1	12
Dec.	6 th	"	3 Pair Shoes Delivered D. Gorham		5	
	14	"	2 Pair Do " Meder		2	50
1828	20 th	"	1 " Boots " S. Sherman		1	12 th
Feb.	5	"	Mending 1 Pair Shoes			42
		"	" " Boots			83
	12	"	1 Pair Boots			80
	22	"	Paints by Thomas Smith	1	6	
		"	1 Pair Boots for S. Sherman			80
March	7 th	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots			60
	22	"	" 1 Boots			6
	29	"	" 1 Pair Boots			60
April	12 th	"	12 Pack Apples	\$	30	02 th
	14	"	Mending 2 Pair Shoes for S.S.			58
	22	"	" 1 " "			50
	29 th	"	" 1 Shoe			25
May	2	"	1 Pair Boots for S.S.		5	
	21	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots			25
	30	"	Bottoming 1 Pair Boots		1	
June	4 th	"	1 Pair Cloth Shoes			45
	9	"	Mending 1 Pair Pumps			15
July	16	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots S.S.			17
	26	"	1 Pair Boots Self		3	25
		"	1 Do Shoe			37
		"	Mending 2 Pair Shoes for D. Gorham		1	12
				\$	13	42
Nov	21	"	1 Pair Pumps for wife			75
Dec	1	"	fitting 2 Aprons 2 " Mending 1 & bottoming 1			67
	13	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Self			75
	20	"	Do 1 Shoe			10
		"	1 Pair Pumps - 1 gal of oil or -			75
	27	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots 70 & 100 Boots 14			84
1829	7	"	1 Pair Boots for your boy		3	50
		"	1 Do Boots for S. Sherman		1	
Feb	5	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots			42
	12	"	21 th lbs Rivets at 14		3	19
	15	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots S.S.			60
	26	"	Do 1 Pair Boots Self			55
March	14	"	Do 1 Boot Self			37 th
	25	"	Do 1 Boot 28 th 1 Pair Boots 30 th 1 Pair Boots 50		1	08
April	2	"	Do 1 Pair Boots			10
	10	"	1 Pair Boots S.S.		1	
			Amount Carred to the outer Side		15	07

1827

Contra

Ex. \$ Mo.

Dec 14	By	Order on S. Austin	4	
1828 Feb 11	"	" in Favour of E. May	5	
May 20	"	" on H. Colburn	2	
May 15	"	" on S. Colburn	8	
June 28	"	To or John H. Shaw	11	2
			\$ 30	02

\$30 02

1828

Oct 21 By Order on Samuel Colburn \$ 13 42

1829

March 34 By 1/2 Wt. Fork of S. C. \$ 8 00
 " " " " " " " " 50
 " " " " " " " " 44
 \$ 18 95

Amount of Dr brought from another Side 15 87
 April 27 To Mending 1 pair Boots 33
 May 20 " 1 pair Boots for S. Herman 2 50
 " " 1 do do do 25
 \$ 18 95

(62)

1827

Lydia Mosier

Dr

Oct 24	To 1 Pair Boots Mending 1 pair shoes 50¢	- 1	92
Nov 7	" Mending 1 Pair Boots	"	58
14	" Mending 1 Pair Boots	"	45
21	" " " "	"	50
Feb 24	" Mending 1 Boots	"	121
27	" To 1 shoe	"	8
March 28	" 1 Pair Boots	1	45
16	" 1 do Boots	1	50
June 8	" 1 Pair Pumps	1	25
July 26	" Mending 1 Boots	-	28
Aug 15	" do 1 Boots	-	28
		\$	8 71
Oct 4	" 1 Pair Boots	-	1 50
		\$	10 21

1829

Lydia Mosier

Cr

March 30	To Amount of 6 brought from outter ledger	\$	1 8 37
April 1	By 4 lbs Lard 9¢ - 2 pint oil 6¢	-	1 75
"	" 2 Silk Handker 4/6 - 1 lb Calico 20¢ - 1 lb S. 20¢	-	25
"	" 2 lb Mustard 5/6 - 1 lb Turbace 9¢	-	68
May 6	" March & Cotton	-	7
9	" 4 lb Lard 9¢ - 1 lb Calico 1/6 - 2 lb Lard 20¢	-	95
"	" 1 quire paper	-	25
17	" Sundry goods for Omiller	-	4 41
		\$	27 91

1828

Lydia Mosier

Dr

Oct 25	To Mending 1 Pair Boots	-	62 1/2
28	" do 1 do	-	58
Nov 25	" 9 Pair Pumps 8¢ - 2 do shoes 10/6	-	15 50
Dec 10	" 1 Pair Boots Richens	-	25
15	" Mending 1 Boots	-	10
1829 Jan 4	" do 1 Pair Boots	40	42
6	" do 1 Pair Boots	8	62 1/2
14	" do 1 Pair Boots for R H	-	40
March 25	" 1 Pair Boots for E H	-	75
April 26	" Mending 1 Pair Boots	-	62 1/2
May 30	" do 1 do	-	58
Aug 13	" 1 Pair Boots for W 10¢ - 1 do for A 8¢	-	3 58
		\$	25 45
17	Cash to Balance	-	2 46
		\$	27 91

Contra

CR B 1851

Nov 6	by Laundry goods	-1	24
1820	" 2 1/4 yds. Calico 22 cts yard		50
Feb 11	" Sundry goods		64
24	" 1/4 lb. Starch		5
"	" 1 Pair stockings 1/6 100 Millins 1/6 Cotton & Lape gals		59
March 22	" Little Braid & Muslin		26
April 29	" 6 Balls Cottons 3 cts		18
2	" 1 lb. Burlark		12 1/2
16	" 2 Balls Cottons 3 cts 2 Gallons oil 40 cts	1	46
21	" 1 lb. Burlark		12 1/2
26	" 1 White wash Book		33
May 15	" 1 yard Gingame 1/6		17
June 6	" 1 lb. Burlark		12 1/2
9	" 5 lbs. Butter 1/6	1	25
July 4	" Muslin to S. Crosby	87	04 1/2
24	" 2 lbs. putash		25
Aug 4	" 1 Chamber Mug		20
Sept 11	" 1 lb. Groes 10 cts Cotton 7 cts		17
15	" 1 lb. nutmegs 1/2 2 powder Sides 4/6		92
27	" 3 lb. Sugar 12 cts 3 balls Cotton 9 cts		47
"	" 1 lb. y. 1/6 Tea		46
Oct 8	" Sugar 20 cts putash 1/6		34
			<u>\$1021</u>

Contra

CR

1822			
Oct 4	By 3/4 yd Muslin 3/ yd S. Crosby	-	37 1/2
12	" 1 Pair stockings	-	17
24	" tot gingam	-	29
28	" 1 lb. red wool 6 cts 1/4 lb. opers 4 cts	-	10
"	" 8 hanks Cotton 8 cts 1 Seane yarn 20 cts	-	28
Nov 20	" 1/4 lb. beeswax 9 cts 1 lb. Starch 20 cts	-	32 1/2
26	" 5 lb. Sire 5 cts 2 1/2 lb. Sire 10 cts 1 lb	-	50
Dec 13	" 1 Silk Handker 3/9 5 stones	-	62 1/2
17	" 1 Doz of plates 3/ one paper of pins 12 1/2 cts		62 1/2
20	" 10 1/4 lbs butter 20 cts 1 lb. for E. Macf	2	15
"	" 1 lb. 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6	1	25
"	" 1 lb. 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6	1	17
1829			
Jan 7	Order in favour of the W. W. W.	5	-
24	" 3 bars of Soap sundry June	-	60
27	" 9 lbs Cotton balls for 1/2 yd	1	12 1/2
Feb 5	" 7 wice glass 3/6 2 plates 2/3	-	95 1/2
11	" 1 lb. y. 1/6 tea 5/6 100 putash 9 cts	1	09
"	" 1 Seane yarn 1/6 1/2 lb. 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6	-	31
14	" Sugar 20 cts 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6	2	-
23	" 24 lbs pins 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6	-	45
March 5	" 2 1/2 lbs Soap 10 cts 1 lb	-	27
17	" 1 lb. 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6 1/6	-	47
Amount or to be paid to other side			<u>\$1021</u>

63)

1827		Samuel Mitchell		D B		cts	
July 27	To	1 Pair Booties			1	75	
August 7	"	Mowing 2 Days	18 1/2		3	50	
Nov. 10	"	1 Pair Booties Brg			2	11	
"	"	"			1	45	
Dec. 5	"	Mending 1 Pair Booties				67	
27	"	"				42	
1828							
Jan. 3	"	1 Pair thin Booties			2	12	
"	"	"			2		
"	"	Rigging 2 Pair Seats				3 1/2	
25	"	1 Pair Booties			1	83	
28	"	Mending 1 Pair Booties				45	
"	"	1 Boot for Self			1	16	
Feb. 7	"	1 Pair Shoes				50	
"	"	"				58	
26	"	"				50	
March 12	"	"				67	
"	"	Footing 1 Pair Boots			4		
29	"	Mending 5 Booties				8 1/2	
April 5	"	1 Booties				10	
8	"	1 Pair Boot				6	
17	"	"				12 1/2	
"	"	1 Shoe				8	
"	"	1 Pair Shoes				50	
"	"	Booties				50	
"	"	"				3 1/2	
"	"	"				20	
26	"	Mending 1 Pair Booties				12 1/2	
29	"	"				50	
"	"	"				42	
May 6	"	"				67	
July 24	"	Mending 1 Pair Shoes & M				12	
"	"	1 Pair Sumpers				20	
Amount carried to Page 65					83	243	

1827

Contra

Type B Loc.

July 25	By	4 Gallons oil	70 cts	2 80
Dec 5	"	1 " "	75	1 75
20	"	2 " "	"	1 50
27	"	10 " "	"	7 50
1828				
Feb 26	"	2 1/2 " "	70	1 75
March 26	"	2 1/2 " "	"	1 75
May 8	"	4 " "	65	2 60

Amount paid to July 65 \$ 18 65

There were also



(64)

1828		Albert Gardner Dr		cts.
Jan	11	Do	Mending 1 Pair Boots for Self	45
	23	"	" " Boots for L. Gardner	75
		"	" " " "	67
	30	"	1 Pair Shoes for A. Bels. & H. G.	2 50
Feb	24	"	1 Pair Boots for H. G.	8
March	18	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for Self	83
	25	"	" " " "	10
April	18	"	" " Fine Buckles	25
	25	"	1 Pair Boots for Self	1
		"	" " " "	67
May	15	"	1 Pair Bumps for H. G.	2
	22	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for H. G.	4
June	14	"	1 Pair Shoes Self	2 50
July	7	"	1 Do - Bumps for L. Gardner	2
		"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Do	67
	29	"	Do 1 Pair Bumps	58
Aug	9	"	1 Pair Shoes Bel'd & Joseph Hunter	1 75
Sept	17	"	1 Pair Boots for L. H. G.	6
		"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Do	75
Oct	7	"	Do 1 Pair Boots Self	70
	31	"	Do 1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	67
Dec	5	"	1 Pair Shoes Bel'd & Joseph Hunter	1 75
	6	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for L. H. G.	67
		"	48 lights of Lark & per light by H. Canon	3 34
1829				9 1 40
Jan	3	"	1 Pair Boots for L. H. G.	6
	10	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots for Self	4
	20	"	Do 1 Pair Boots Self	4
Feb	4	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	75
	14	"	1 Pair Boots for L. H. G.	6
	19	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	25
March	21	"	Do 1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	1 12 1/2
April	9	"	Do 1 Pair Boots Do	12 1/2
May	1	"	1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	6
	2	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Do	75
	23	"	1 Pair Buck Skin Shoes L. H. G.	2 50
June	15	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Do	67
July	18	"	Do 1 Do Boots Do	67
Aug	14	"	1 Pair Morocco Bumps	2
	20	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	75
	26	"	1 pair Shoes for John Dickless	2 50
	29	"	Mending 1 Pair Shoes Do	75
		"	1 pair Buck Skin Shoes Self	2 50
Sept	3	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Self	6 12 1/2
	19	"	1 pair Boots Self L. H. G.	6
Oct	10	"	4 Straps put on Boots	20
	27	"	Mending 1 Pair Boots Self	45
	31	"	Do 1 Pair Boots L. H. G.	67

\$ 96 98

1828

Contra

C. B. lbs.

March 21	By	25 1/2 lbs. Cordage 14 to per lb. Del'd to Capt. Sanders.	3	54
June 22	"	Order for Cordage in favour of G. H. Swift	50	"
			53	57
	By	Balance & New apt new buck page	10	49 71
				\$103 28

Nov 6 To Amount brought over \$ 96 98

" Mending 1 pair Boots & 49 - - - 67

Dec 5 " Do 1 pair Coat do - - - 75

23 " 1 bottle Blacking - - - 4 12 1/2

25 " Looling 1 pair Boots & 49 - - - 75

25 " Mending 1 pair Boots do - - - 75

\$105 28

(65)

1828

Samuel Mitchell

Dr.

Aug 9	To	Amount brought from page 63	32	43
Sept 12	To	1 Pair Boots	1	87
20	To	1 Do Boots	2	25
		Mending 1 Pair Shoes		58
		old bill on ac of Tue bill	37	14
Oct 22	To	two bills rendered in to him	43	92
		Amount from another side	96	39
Oct 25	To	1 Pair Boots 13/6	1	10
27	To	1 Do 12/6 Boys	1	10
30	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		62
Nov 14	To	1 Do 1 Do Boots		50
22	To	1 Pair Boots 10/6	1	10
24	To	1 Do 8/6 Mending 1 Pair Boots 2/4	2	04
Dec 15	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots A		67
25	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		10
1829 Jan 24	To	1 Pair Boots R A	2	12
29	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots 2/6	1	10
	To	1 Pair Boots 2/6	1	10
Feb 24	To	Mending 1 Pair Shoes		70
March 4	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		25
14	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		42
17	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		50
23	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots 2 M		50
April 9	To	1 Pair Shoes 1/6	1	10
	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots 12/6 Boys	4	17
	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		67
10	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		25
15	To	1 Pair Boots 2 M		42
25	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots	34	50
May 6	To	1 Pair Boots		17
8	To	1 Pair Boots		87
23	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		62
27	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		10
	To	1 Pair Boots 12/6 Boys	1	67
June 6	To	1 Pair Boots 12/6 Boys	1	83
10	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots	2	25
12	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		54
20	To	1 Pair Shoes for Robert	2	
	To	1 Do 1 Pair Shoes	2	25
	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		8
Aug 25	To	1 Pair Shoes for A	2	25
30	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots for Francis		67
Sept 3	To	1 Do 1 Pair Shoes		33
5	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		54
11	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		10
19	To	1 Pair Boots	1	42
Oct 1	To	Mending 1 Pair Boots		42
2	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		37
3	To	1 Do 1 Pair Boots		37
	To	1 Pair Boots 12/6 Boys	4	67
	To	1 Pair Boots 12/6 Boys	1	75
	To	1 Pair Boots 12/6 Boys		46

1828

Contra

Lm

Aug 9	By	charmant brought from Sige	639	18	65
		there over share on oil	-	1	30
Oct 22	..	old fuel given to him	-	6	-
Nov 26	..	10 gals oil 75¢ t gal	-	2	595
Dec 11	..	7 lb Molasses 40¢ t lb	-	7	50
1829	Jan 14	..	order on Baker & Barrett	10	-
	Feb 13	..	do on Baker & Barrett	10	-
	March 17	..	2 gals Molasses at 40¢ t lb	-	80
	April 8	..	2 do Molasses 40	-	80
	May 6	..	2 do 40	-	80
	June 23	..	12 do 40	-	80
	July 25	..	order on Barrett & Upton	10	-
	Oct 9	..	2 gals Molasses M & E	-	80
	Nov 12	..	order on Barrett & Upton	30	-
	March 16	..	do do	35	46

\$140 31

1829

1829	Oct 30	To amount brought from other side	160	46	2
		" 1 foot bawl for Robert	-	25	-
	27	" Mending 1 pair boots Andrew	-	42	-
		" do 1 pair shoes Samuel G	-	67	-
Nov	4	" do 1 pair boots Francis	-	83	-
		" 1 pair boots & A	-	2	25
		" Mending 1 pair shoes do	-	58	-
		" do 1 boot & Maltan	-	125	-
	14	" do 1 pair boots self	-	67	-
Dec	5	" do 1 pair boots Francis	-	10	-
		" do 1 pair shoes	-	20	-
	15	" do 1 pair boots self	-	67	56
	22	" do 1 pair boots & A	-	1	08
	26	" 1 pair boots Samuel G	-	5	50
		" do Robert M	-	4	50
	30	" Mending 1 pair boots Robert	-	42	-
		" do 1 do shoes Mary	-	50	-
1830	Jan 4	" 1 pair boots Francis	-	6	-
	15	" do & A	-	6	-
		" 1 do boots for Andrew	-	1	62
	20	" Mending 1 pair boots	-	54	-
		" do 1 pair boots O Gardner	-	17	-
		" Shoe put to Kate	-	8	-
Feb	4	" Mending 1 pair shoes Robert M	-	50	-
		" do 1 pair boots Samuel G	-	50	-
		" do 1 boot & 1/2 do Sarah G	-	67	-
		Amount card to other side	26	39	-

66)

Bunker D Mitchell Jr

1828	March 1	to 300 t rivets	28 t	-	-	-	84
	April 12	" 100-2/ - 2000 lb	28 t	-	-	-	5 93
	Sept 5	" 2 lbs rivets 15 t lb	100 t	2	33 t	-	63
		" 837 rivets	28 t	-	-	-	2 34
		" 2000 lb rivets at 25 t	-	-	-	-	50
	May 6	" 1800 t	28 t	-	-	-	5 04
		" 1500 lb rivets at 15 t lb	-	-	-	-	2 39
							\$ 22 63

1829	Dec 20	to 100 t rivets	28 t	-	-	-	28
1830	April 7	" 150 - 2	at 4 1/2 lb	-	-	-	96
	May 13	" 600 - 2	at 12 t lb	-	-	-	1 86
	24	" 200 - 2	at 28 t	-	-	-	5 6
	Aug 17	" 100 - 2	28 t	-	-	-	28
	Dec 13	" 1500 t	28 t	-	-	-	4 20
1831	25	" 1 pair boots for Mr Mitchell	-	-	-	+ 4	-
	March 7	" 100 t rivets	-	-	-	-	28
		" 400 t	at 28 t	-	-	-	1 12
	April 1	" Mending 1 pair boots	-	-	-	-	50
	May 9	" 500 t rivet at 28 t	-	-	-	-	1 40
	21	" Mending 1 pair boots for Mr Mitchell	-	-	-	-	67
		" 1 pair boots boy	-	-	-	-	12
	30	" 1 pair shoes W B M	-	-	-	-	50
							\$ 16 58

January 1853

{ January 1853 I commenced taking the books of Northern Farmer at 25 c per year. From W. H. T. New York }

1828

Contra

6

Oct 22 by 29 gals oil 78¢ 9¢ -

22 62

\$22 62

1831

July 21 by Cash of W. S. Mitchell 6 09

Oct 7 Cash of W. Bunker for Skivets 10 49

\$16 58

\$16 58

So

J

1828		Berziter Mary.		Do	
March 3	Do	Mending 1 pair boots		\$	83
17	Do	1 Do			17
April 29	Do	1 Do shoe			20
May 15	Do	1 Do			09
31	Do	1 Do shoes			50
June 6	Do	1 boots			20
Sept 1	Do	1 pair shoes			75
Nov 5	"	1 pair boots self			60
8	"	1 Do boots Gunt			75
1829	Jan 23	" Mending 1 pair boots			12 1/2
March 17	Do	1 pair boots			62 1/2
April 9	Do	1 pair shoes self			08
July 21	"	1 pair shoes self			2 30
Oct 5	"	Mending 1 pair boots			83
24	"	1 pair boots, John John Mury			1 62 1/2
Nov 13	"	1 pair boots Gunt			2 --
"	"	Mending 1 boot self			08
1830	Feb 6	" Boots 1 pair boots self			4 --
March 25	"	Mending 1 boots Gunt			25
"	"	2			25
April 6	"	1 pump leather & Clara Doff			25
May 13	"	1 pair calf skin shoes & Clara Doff			1 75
June 1	"	2 pieces of leather of Mury			20
				\$	25 02

In Spain there are about
16 millions of Merino Sheep &
15 thousand Shepherds

1828

Contra

63

October 27	By 5 gals oil	75 c	gal	-	-	5	75
Nov 7	" 8 do	75 c	gal	-	-	6	-
1829 Feb 16	" 1 gal oil			-	-	-	75
July 25	" 4 gal oil	4/		-	-	2	67
Dec 9	" 4 do	4/6		-	-	3	-
						16	17
1830 Sept 17	Sept 12 balance to, now get new book						
Oct 16	"					8	85
						25	02

25 12

134

42

92

134

492

For Expense

176

26

58

1828

Bengaman Knowles

Dr

Jan 20	So	bill rendered in to him	\$	27	44
29	"	Mending 1 pair boots			75
Feb 15	"	1 pair boots for boy		1	50
March 18	"	Mending 1 pair boots			75
26	"	Do 1 pump			10
April 27	"	Do 1 pair shoes of M			75
"	"	Do 1 pair shoes			25
June 11	"	Do 1 pair boots			58
Aug 23	"	1 pair breeches for M			75
"	"	1 pair calf skin shoes		2	25
"	"	Mending 1 pair boots			25
Sept 26	"	Do 1 boot			12
Oct 10	"	1 pair boots for M		2	25
15	"	Mending 1 pair shoes			75
29	"	1 pair boots for M		2	25
Nov 7	"	1 pair shoes wife of M		2	75
"	"	Mending 1 pair boots		4	
Dec 11	"	1 pair boots self		2	25
"	"	1 pair boots when I Gardner		6	
1829 17	"	Mending 1 pair boots for M			75
Jan 2	"	Do 1 pair boots for M		5	6
14	"	Do 1 pair boots for M			75
17	"	1 pair boots for John Sherman		6	
20	"	1 pair boots for Culver Boy		2	25
27	"	Mending 1 pair boots			50
Feb 4	"	Do 1 shoe for Mother			56
26	"	Do 1 pair shoes			75
27	"	Do 1 pair boots			50
"	"	Do 1 pair boots			60
March 10	"	Do 1 pair boots			58
17	"	Do 1 pair boots			58
Apr 15	"	Do 1 pair boots		1	57
24	"	Do 1 pair shoes		1	25
25	"	Do 1 pair boots			12
May 27	"	Do 1 pair boots			37
June 6	"	Do 1 pair shoes			67
10	"	1 pair pump boots			58
July 10	"	1 pair calf skin boots		1	75
"	"	1 pair pump boots		2	
18	"	4 pair shoes of 5 pair pumps		10	87
"	"	Mending 1 pair boots			75
30	"	Do 1 pair shoes			75
Aug 5	"	Do 1 pair shoes			25
Sept 2	"	Do 1 pair boots			90
11	"	1 pair boots		2	25
"	"	Do 1 pair boots		1	85
25	"	Mending 1 pair boots			75
Oct 17	"	1 pair shoes		1	75
24	"	Mending 1 pair boots			75
Nov 10	"	Mending 1 pair boots		3	67
Dec 4	"	Do 1 pair boots			58
6	"	Do 1 pair boots			50
20	"	Do 1 pair boots		1	

105 98

1828

Contra

Cr

Nov 1	by 1900 t rivets at 28¢	—	—	—	—	5 32
Dec 10	4400 t 2	—	28¢	—	—	12 32
1829 Jan 10	7200 do	—	28¢	—	—	20 16
March 3	3800 do	—	28¢	—	—	10 64
31	15 lbs Spikes 4 t lb	—	—	—	—	— 60
April 9	1100 t rivets at 28¢	—	—	—	—	3 08
27	4 1/2 lbs 9 Stone Whiff 9 1/2 lb	—	—	—	—	— 59
May 9	700 t rivets at 28¢	—	—	—	—	1 96
13	1500 t do	—	2	—	—	4 24
26	1000 t do	—	2	—	—	2 80
June 12	1000 t do	—	2	—	—	2 80
	Order on Easton & Mitchell	—	—	—	—	3 —
Sept 5	1300 t rivets 28¢	—	—	—	—	3 64
"	omision in to	—	—	—	—	3 13
"	Order on A. Jerviss	—	—	—	—	3 62
						<u>11 0 48</u>

	Amount brought over	105 98
Dec 3	to 1 pair boots Selme of Juddell	5 —
24	" Mending 1 pair boots	— 50
29	" do 1 pair boots Self	— 75
		<u>11 2 23</u>
June 10	1 pair boots pumps for A. H. out	— 1 75
		<u>11 0 48</u>

1827

Thomas Smith

In

Feb 4	90	Balance of acct			6	72
May 18	"	Mending 1 pair shoes boots				75
Aug 9	"	1 pair shoes			1	67
21	"	Mending 1 pair boots Wm C S				37½
Dec 22	"	1 pair taps below Cr Hussey				25
1828 Jan 18	"	1 do boots			2	25
March 8	"	Mending 1 pair boots				50
20	"	1 pair boots 15/9				12½
April 30	"	1 do shoes 10/6			3	08
May 10	"	1 do shoes			2	25
19	"	Mending 1 pair boots				60
28	"	do 1 do 2/6				50
June 17	"	do 1 do shoes				50
Sept 19	"	1 pair boots			2	50
1829 Jan 3	"	1 pair boots of 1 do shoes 3/			2	
Feb 7	"	1 pair boots			1	10½
Aug 22	"	1 do boots			1	92
Oct 17	"	Mending 1 pair shoes				25
30	"	Mending 1 pair boots girth				45
Nov 29	"	1 pair boots			2	25
1830 Jan 27	"	Balance to new acct new book page 83			3	06
					4	13
					3	7 13

Contract

1827	June 4	By 3 - 6	paint of blinds		
			2 - for bedrum		7
		5 - 1	green up	2	11
		11 -	for latching	2	75
					23
1828	Feb 22		1 pint oil 18t 1/2 lb putty 5 +		
			Painted for J. May	10	
	June 16		Paints for C. Stevens	1	0 7 1/2
			Paints Glazing & co Onst. J	19	43

\$37 19

1. Edward Marshall.
2. Marietta Marshall.
3. Nellie Marshall.
4. Nora Marshall.
5. Joseph W. Marshall.
6. Lebbie Marshall.
7. Melvina Marshall.
8. Mary A. Marshall.
9. Eunice Marshall.
10. Eliza Marshall.
11. Joseph Marshall.
12. Abby Marshall.
13. Lucia Marshall.
14. Baska Marshall.
15. Peter Marshall.
16. Annie Marshall.
17. Isabella Marshall.
18. Eliza Marshall.
19. Lydia Marshall.

\$37 19

1827		Thom	Thompson	R		
Sept 23	"	Balance of acct	Page 54	\$	1	58
Sept 23	"	Mending 1 pump				6
Sept 4	"	Do	1 pair shoes			25
	"	Do	1 pair boots self			12 1/2
Oct 23	"	Do	1 shoe			30
Nov 3	"	Do	1 pair shoes			12 1/2
Dec 5	"	Do	1 do boots			42
	"	1 pair shoes 3/4	1 do 2/3			87 1/2
13	"	Mending 1 shoe				6
17	"	Do	1 pair boots			33
Jan 2	"	Do	1 shoe			37 1/2
17	"	Do	1 pair boots			25
Feb 3	"	Do	1 pair boots			40
7	"	Do	1 boot			6
16	"	Do	1 shoe			8
28	"	Do	1 pair shoes			25
March 2	"	Do	1 pair boots			42
5	"	Do	1 do boots			8
17	"	Do	1 do boots			42
20	"	Do	1 do boots			12 1/2
April 24	"	Do	1 do boots			62 1/2
	"	Order paid to M Lewis				
				\$	12	21
May 22	"	Mending 3 shoes				16
June 4	"	Do	1 shoe			8
July 2	"	Do	1 pair shoes			8
Aug 4	"	Do	1 do shoes			12 1/2
24	"	Do	1 pair boots			12 1/2
Sept 30	"	1 pair boots self		2		25
Oct 3	"	Mending 1 pair boots				37 1/2
Nov 10	"	Do	2 pair shoes			33
Dec 7	"	Do	1 pair boots			37 1/2
Jan 5	"	Do	1 boot			6
20	"	Do	1 pair boots			50
Feb 4	"	Do	1 pair boots			50
April 23	"	Do	1 pair boots Eliza St			50
May 20	"	Do	1 do boots James			42
June 2	"	Do	3 boots			25
15	"	Do	1 pair boots self			80
Sept 17	"	Do	1 do boots self			50
Oct 1	"	1 pair self skin shoes for James		2		25
19	"	6 pair pumps at 9/2		9		
27	"	Mending 1 pair boots		\$	1	14
Nov 4	"	1 pair boots for self		2		25
Dec 9	"	Mending 1 pair shoes				58
23	"	Do	1 do boots			20
30	"	Do	1 boot			8
Am paid to the cutter self						34 41

1829

Contra

May 5 by Bricks Delv & May

Dec 5 3000 Bricks for J. Macy Ketner

1831

Jan 1 Balance forward to New York page 100 24 01

\$ 3441

Lizzie Marshall. Etta Marshall.

Henry Ann Marshall. Wintucket Hops.

1831

Jan 1 To balance brought from contra page 100 24 01

\$ 3441

1827

Thomson May

Dr

Sept 23	"	1 pair shoes	50
Sept 4	"	1 pair shoes for self	25
"	"	1 pair shoes for Logskat	25
"	"	1 pair shoes for Banker	25
"	"	1 pair shoes for Mr May	25
			<u>\$ 11 08</u>
13	"	1 pair boots for A Turner	25
26	"	3 pairs 81c saving & letter #6	6
"	"	Mending 1 shoe Logskat	10
30	"	1 pair boots D May	5
Dec 9	"	1 pair shoes self	2
17	"	Mending 1 pair boots for Banker	12 1/2
"	"	Rigging 1 pair boots Mr M	17
27	"	1 pair shoes Banker	75
1828 Jan 12	"	1 pair boots self sold to C	50
"	"	Rigging one pair boots	17
24	"	1 pair boots self	4 50
"	"	1 pair shoes Daniel M	2
"	"	Mending 1 shoe self	6
29	"	Mending 1 pair boots Wyle	62 1/2
Feb 7	"	1 pair boots self	6
			<u>\$ 0 31</u>
March 20	"	Mending boots & shoes	78
27	"	1 pair shoes for George	12 1/2
"	"	Mending 1 pair boots	1
June 5	"	1 pair shoes self	25
July 16	"	1 pair shoes for Charles	50
30	"	Mending 1 pair boots self	75
"	"	1 pair shoes self	2
Aug 5	"	putting strings on 1 Apron	16
19	"	Mending 1 boot	10
29	"	1 pair soft thin shoes for C Brill	25
Sept 5	"	Mending 1 pair boots Logskat	8 1/2
27	"	1 pair shoes self	75
26	"	1 pair shoes to	2
Oct 10	"	1 pair boots D May	50
"	"	Mending 1 pair boots	16
"	"	1 pair boots for Banker	2
"	"	Mending 1 pair boots self	37 1/2
24	"	1 pair boots self	6
26	"	Mending 1 pair boots self	67
Nov 14	"	1 pair boots Wyle	2
25	"	Mending 1 pair shoes A Turner	40
Dec 5	"	1 pair boots for G May	4 50
7	"	1 pair boots for Mr May	2 25
			<u>\$ 70 70</u>

1828

Contra

Oct 27	By 2000 M	drivets	25 +	¢	
Nov 1	" 2000 M	Dr	Dr	-	
3	" 432 ¢	Dr	Dr	-	
<hr/>					
Dec 20	" 2000 M	drivets	25 +	-	5
1829 Feb 14	" 1033 ¢	Dr	25 +	-	15 08
March 4	" 1334 +	Dr	25	-	4 98
13	" 2300 ¢	Dr	25 +	-	5 75
					<hr/>
					\$ 30 41
May 5	" 1000 M	drivets	25 +	-	2 50
July 22	" 1000 M	Dr	25 +	-	2 50
Oct 1	" 4000 M	Dr	25 +	-	10
Nov 23	" 6000 M	Dr	25	-	15
					<hr/>
					\$ 60 41
					<hr/>
					balance in new acct paid & new book 10 29
					<hr/>
					\$ 70 70

\$ 70 70

1827

Thomas with Cephas Ames & Asa Hamblin
 Sept 23rd ... of learning the shoe making trade
 Sept 4th ... the Ames is to serve with the sd Asa Hamblin
 ... three years at the shoe business exclusive of the time
 that he may want to visit his friends or other purposes
 and is to show fore weeks for Asa if wanted each
 year for the before mentioned services Asa Hamblin to
 pay Cephas Ames one dollar per week 15 6 dollars for the
 three years and is to find him his food lodging
 clothes washed & mended the sd Cephas is to have
 three months evenings for to go to school the first
 winter after that he is to work the usual time
 evenings to the above we both agree

Genas Hamblin Witness Asa Hamblin
 November 24th 1828 Comenced work Cephas Ames

1828	Mar 25 th	Cephas Ames to Asa Hamblin		
		To Broke Coat of Asa Hamblin	- 2	50
		" 1 Check shirt	-	83
	Dec 12	" Cash for your father	7	-
		" 1 Silk Handkerchief 3/4 " 1 Cotton do 1/6	-	87 1/2
1829	20	" leather for mending boots	-	17
Jan	2	" 1 pair Senterborns of Genes	- 1	50
		" 1 Coat of Thomas	- 2	25
	6	" Cash for boots 4/6 " 1 1/2 yard linen	-	75
	10	" Senterborn for boots & mends	-	50
1829	29	" Hat of Thomas	- 1	50
Feb	5	" Cash for Sweet Oil	-	14
	17	" leather for mending boots	-	20
	25	" Cash for Schooling 7 weeks	- 1	40
March	10	" Balance due for thirta and oil	-	25
	20	" Cash for new tax	-	29
April	7	" Cash 25¢ changing boots of 6 oranges &	- 1	37
	24	" 46 lbs Senterborn at 6 Cts	- 2	75
May	14	" Cash of Genes	-	50
	31	" 2 of Gotham	-	50
June	2	" bucket from Barrells & Ytters	- 1	37 1/2
	3	" Paid Order in favour of J Conant for coat	- 5	-
July	22	" 1 Check shirt	-	67
	26	" Cash for your father	33	-
Dec	5	" 1 pair taps for Asa Ames	-	25
1830	Jan 1	" 1 Check of Fisher	- 3	-
	Feb 10	" 1 Hat from J Macy	- 1	37 1/2
	25	" Cash for letter	-	25
March	4	" leather for boots	-	25
April	1	" Cash of Genes Then went to Boston	3	14
Amount paid to new book page 26 \$ 73 58				

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Thom^{as} Derick Lawrence Jr

Sept 23	"	giving	1 pair boots	5	
Sept 4	"	giving	1 pair boots		75
	"	giving	1 pair boots	1	75
	"	giving	1 pair boots		80
	"	giving	1 pair boots		62 $\frac{1}{2}$
	"	giving	1 pair boots	1	
	"	giving	1 pair boots		75
	"	giving	1 pair boots		12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Jan 6	"	giving	1 pair boots		8
14	"	giving	1 pair boots		8
20	"	giving	1 pair boots		62 $\frac{1}{2}$
23	"	giving	1 pair boots	3	50
March 27	"	giving	1 pair boots		8
					15 15
April 24	"	Mending	1 pair shoes James L	x	62 $\frac{1}{2}$
27	"	giving	1 pair boots self	x-3	50
30	"	Mending	1 pair boots do	x	67
May 2	"	do	1 pair shoes do	x	50
27	"	do	1 pair shoes do	x	62 $\frac{1}{2}$
July 15	"	do	1 pair boots George	x	75
27	"	do	1 pair shoes for James	x	76
30	"	Mending	1 pair shoes for J L	x-2	10
Aug 8	"	do	1 pair shoes for J L	x-2	50
	"	Mending	1 pair shoes do J L	x	25
20	"	Mending	1 pair shoes do J L	x	58
26	"	do	1 pair shoes George	x	25
29	"	do	1 pair shoes for James L	x-2	50
Sept 10	"	Mending	1 pair shoes do	x	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
19	"	Mending	1 pair shoes do J L	x	92
23	"	do	1 pair shoes do	x	92
	"	do	1 pair shoes do	x	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
Oct 3	"	do	1 pair shoes Mr Lawrence	x	37 $\frac{1}{2}$
10	"	Francis Lawrence	2 Mr boots	x	17
	"	Frederick	2 Mr boots	x	62 $\frac{1}{2}$
	"	George L	2 Mr shoes	x	30
27	"	James L	2 Mr shoes 30c 1 pair boots	x-4	30
	"	George L	2 Mr shoes 40c 1 pair boots	x-4	6
Nov 9	"	Francis Lawrence	2 Mr boots	x	12 $\frac{1}{2}$
	"	Frederick	2 Mr boots	x	10
14	"	Francis L	2 Mr boots	x	8
16	"	Frederick Lawrence	2 Mr boots	x	75
Dec 9	"	giving	1 pair boots do	x-3	50

pair

C. M. M.

